The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DEWALD & CO.

See Our New Lines of

Dress Goods!

They Excel in Extent, Beauty, Variety and Finish All of our Previous Efforts.

We have an Immense Line of

IMPORTED ❋ GOODS!

And have made Special Efforts in Styles. In

DOMESTIC ❋ GOODS!

Our Lines will be found complete and unsurpassed in variety.

GEORGE -|- DEWALD

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COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

LACE CURTAIN STRETCHER.

Any lady can do her curtains better than they can be be done at any laundry.
Try our frames and you will never send any more curtains from home.
Every housekeeper needs one. For sale at

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

22 CALHOUN STREET.

Dr. Wilbur's Eye Water.

If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Detzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. B. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.

☞ This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated occulist, in his practice for fifteen years — april30-d&w-3m

JOS. M. CLARK & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

34 EAST BERRY ST.

Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

Black and Colored LACES

For Over Dresses. No such line has ever been shown in Fort Wayne.

The Handsomest and Newest Styles Out.

FISH NET!

In Striped, Dotted and Plain.

Point de Sprays & Chentilla Laces.

No effort has been spared to make this the

Grandest Selection!

To be seen, and we are showing some of the Lovliest Patterns to be had.

You Must All Come!

We have the goods and prices to suit every one.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.,

Our carpet department still continues to attract attention.

FREMONT'S GOOD LUCK!

The Old General Faints When Informed That the Government is Indebted to Him in the Sum of $21,000.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Second comptroller of the treasury department has just discovered that the government is indebted to General John C. Fremont in the sum of $21,000.

For many years the treasury department has charged General Fremont with $19,000 for which it was thought no voucher had been issued. When General Fremont had been placed upon the retired list under special act of congress recently he called at the treasury department to say that if his pay was held back to make up this $19,000 balance, he would be left in want.

A few days ago he called on the second comptroller to see what conclusion had been reached. The second comptroller told him that the two vouchers had been discovered which proved that instead of a debt of $19,000, there was a credit of $21,000 in his account. The news was so startling that General Fremont fainted. A warrant for the amount due him has been delivered to General Fremont.

CYCLONES.

Several of Them Strike the Country and Do Damage.

MARYVILLE, Mo., May 10.—Yesterday afternoon a cyclone passed about three miles north of this city. It blew down the barn of Fine Conrad, the house of George Cox, the house of Wm. Alexander and the house and barn of Geo. Shronck. The families in the houses escaped without serious injury.

BRIDGEPORT, Ill., May 10.—Severe local storms prevailed in Lawrence county yesterday which did great damage to fences and small buildings. A freight train on the O. & M. was caught in the vortex between here and Lawrineville and wrecked. Several cars were unroofed and badly torn up. Telegraph wires are badly broken.

BLITHDALE, Mo., May 10.—A furious cyclone passed north of this city last evening at about 6 o'clock, doing great damage. A dozen or more dwellings were completely demolished and numerous barns blown down. The family of Henry Young were all severely hurt, and Mrs. Young will die. The storm passed in a northwesterly direction.

NORWICH, N. Y., May 10.—Three more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Chenango county poor house at Preston, yesterday. This brings up the total of those recovered to thirteen. It is feared that several more bodies are still burried in the debris.

IOWA'S FIRST DECISION

In Reference to the Original Package Decision of the Supreme Court.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 10.—The first decision of an Iowa court in accord with the recent original package decision of the Federal supreme court is that of Steele vs. Verstraetten and others, of Brooklyn, charged with maintaining a nuisance, which came up in the district court at Grinnell yesterday.

The counsel for the defense moved that the jury be instructed to bring in a verdict for the defense on the ground that the evidence showed only sales by an importer or his agent in original packages, the sale coming under the recent decision by the supreme court of the United States. The county attorney assented to the motion. Judge Ryan so ordered and the case was dismissed.

TABLES TURNED.

The Master Carpenters on the Offensive at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—The tables are turned. The journeymen carpenters have finished their strike. Now master carpenters are taking the offensive. A committee appointed by the carpenters and builders' association to take charge of the employment of new men, has sent out circulars to different cities inviting workmen to come to Chicago. The secretary is preparing a revised list of members for the use of architects and material men. These two classes have joined hands with the master carpenters in their effort to defeat the new boss carpenters' association. The members of the latter are relying on the union of the journeymen to pull them through the present difficulty.

REV. FATHER KEEGAN.

Death of the Vicar General of the Diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 10.—The Very Rev. Father William Keegan, the vicar general of the Roman Catholic church in this diocese, died this morning of pneumonia at his home in this city. He had been ill since Monday last, when he was attacked with chills and fever with resultant pneumonia.

No churchman of any denomination was more favorably known than he was, nor had any more friends, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher being one of his warmest admirers. Father Keegan was about seventy years old.

Dr. George E. Harrison and wife, representing Mrs. Longshore-Potts, M. D., the lecturer, are in the city They have engaged the Temple for a date early in January, 1891.

MRS. CHAS. L. HILL.

Death of a Well Known Christian Lady of This City

This forenoon at 11 o'clock, at her home on Spy Run avenue, occurred the death of Mrs. Emily M. Hill, the beloved wife of Mr. Chas. L. Hill, the prominent dealer in musical instruments.

The cause of her death was locomotor ataxia, with which she has been suffering for some time.

Mrs. Hill was sixty-one years of age, a noble Christian lady and was loved by a large circle of warm friends.

The funeral occurs at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Trinity Episcopal church, Rev. A. W. Seabreese officiating.

MR. HARRINGTON.

Mr. Harrington, of the Sixth ward, died this afternoon. Deceased was the son of the former owner of the Harrington block.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. M. W. Simons is in the city.

Dr. A. J. Laubach is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Gun, of Toledo, is the guest of Mrs. McKenzie, 121 Butler street.

Judge Lowry has returned from Decatur where he is interested in a case.

Mrs. Mungen will open the Woods mansion as a first-class boarding house.

There is no truth in the report that the organ factory will have a base ball club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Madison, of Wallace street, will spend Sunday in Chicago.

Miss Jennie Lance, of the consevatory, will spend Sunday at Marion, her home.

Mr. Hoveril and family will soon move into their new home in South Wayne.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Borden, formerly of this city, now of Dakota—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn celebrated their first wedding anniversary last Thursday evening.

Miss Grace Strong gave an elegant reception last evening in honor of Miss Bowser, of Chicago.

St. Julian council, No. 89, C. B. L., will hold an important meeting to-morrow evening at Library hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, of Jackson street, celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of their marriage yesterday.

The German Lutherans will have a meeting to-morrow night at Carpenters' hall for the purpose of organizing a sick benefit society. THE SENTINEL erred in announcing that the meeting was to be held last evening.

The Emmett Dramatic club will shortly begin the rehearsal of their new play, "E Pluribus Unum," which will be produced on the stage of Library Hall. Rev. Father Byrne has the arrangements in charge.

"Around the World in a Chariot of Song." by Philip Phillips, the noted song lecturer, will be given at the Baptist Tabernacle to-night. This is Mr. Phillips' last entertainment in this city and he should have a crowded house, for he is magnificent in his performances and charms his audiences with his lecture and songs.

The general association of Congregational churches and ministers of Indiana is now in annual session at Terre Haute. The opening sermon was preached on Wednesday evening by Rev. D. P. Breen, of Michigan City, who was chosen moderator of the convention. Rev. C. A. Gleason, of Angola, was chosen scribe.

TO-NIGHT.

DON'T MIND THE RAIN!

Glittering bargains for this evening's trade at the Bee Hive.

Each customer presented with a pretty souvenir.

Every purchaser of goods amounting to $5,00 or more is presented with our handsome illustrated volume, containing views of principal cities of the world.

READ! READ! READ! READ!

Special attractive bargains to-night!

100 gold tip umbrellas at 85c each.
50 ladies' gossamers 35c each; worth $1.25.
20 dozen extra fine quality ladies' ribbed vests 18c; worth 50c.
20 dozen ladies' ribbed vests 8c each.
20 dozen black silk mits—good quality—at 22c a pair.
500 regular 50c corsets reduced to 41c each.
30 dozen white aprons at 11c a piece; regular price 15c.
50 dozen ladies purses reduced from 25 cents to 17c each.
100 dozen mull ties at 9c each; regular price 15c.
100 dozen ladies' hose reduced from 25 cents to 12½c a pair.

Splendid bargains in parasols, buckles, ribbons, jewelry, etc., etc.

M. FRANK & CO.,

Bee Hive.

60 Calhoun street.

CRAIG CAPTURED!

The Lightning Rod Swindler Arrested at Upper Sandusky--Hill's Partner Caged at Last.

Lemuel C. Craig, who is wanted in this city on an indictment of the grand jury for larceny and procuring money under false pretenses, has been placed under arrest at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, for another swindle. Waldo E. Hills and Craig were indicted at the same time for perpetrating a lightning rod swindle in which William Warcup, of Perry township, was the victim. Hills, as is already known, had a trial and the jury disagreed. In the meantime Craig had crossed the Indiana border and worked his clever swindle in the Buckeye state. He victimized farmers in the vicinity of Loudonville, but the bold manner in which he operated soon had the officers on the alert. Sheriff Herzog, of Ashland county, got a clew and yesterday he apprehended his man in the express office at Upper Sandusky. The prosecuting witness against Craig will be one Brown, a farmer, who was swindled out of $900 by the prisoner.

Sheriff Herzog had received from Sheriff Viberg a description of Craig, and to-day Deputy Tom Wilkinson received word of the man' arrest. While the law of Ohio is being satisfied, the indictment from this county will still hang over his head.

Hills, who was Craig's partner, is in jail awaiting his second trial, which will be called up on the 21st inst.

A NOVEL TRIP.

The Fifth United States Artillery Arrive in the City To-day En Route West.

A special train of fifteen Wagner sleeping cars and two baggage cars arrived from the east over the Nickle Plate at 8 o'clock this morning.

The train had on board the Fifth United States artillery, 450 strong, composed of batteries A, B, C, K, M, H, and band, en route from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope. The regiment is under orders to proceed to Fort Presitio, San Francisco, Cala., relieving the First United States artillery, who take their place in New York Harbor under command of Col. A. C. Witehick. The party left New Jersey at 6:30 p. m. 8th inst.

A SENTINEL reporter was shown courtesy at the hands of Sergeant F. G. Hamilton, of Battery K, who is a gentleman in all respects.

W. H. Coffin, adjutant, and John D. Miley, lieutenant, who are with the party, were comrades with Lieut. Chas. McQuisten, of this city, and while here they had a pleasant chat with their friend's father, the venerable Mr. John McQuisten.

The departure of the boys in blue was witnessed by several hundred, and 'mid the playing of the band and the waving of many handkerchiefs the train was lost to view.

GENTLE ANNIE.

The Notorious Cull Girl Bound Over On Complaint of Her Mother.

Annie Cull, whose name is inscribed on the pages of the mayor's docket more times than Annie has fingers and toes, is again in trouble.

Annie, when under the Bacchanalian inspiration, can do almost anything from stopping a clock to whipping a good-sized man. She accomplished neither feat last night but devoted about fifteen minutes of her valuable time to the task of beating her mother at her home on Baker street. The girl was arrested by Officer Lee and taken to the police station. On her way down she emitted oaths loud and profuse enough to create excitement all along the route, and it was all Chief Wilkinson could do to quell her rebellious actions.

The prisoner was bound over by Mayor Harding for surety of the peace on complaint of her mother.

Annie Cull has been in the insane asylum once and it is believed by some that she belongs there now.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

A Thief Carries Away an Armful of Umbrellas.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. C. Hettler entertained friends at their home, on East Lewis street.

The guests arrived in a pouring rain and they left under the same condition, but to their discomfiture they departed umbrellaless.

The guests deposited the umbrellas in the entry, and while the party were absorbed in sociability some thief entered and carried off the entire outfit.

C. W. Howey, the deputy postmaster, was one of the heaviest losers and he notified the officers of the theft.

An Expert Bookkeeper.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 10.—The Albany City bank is short $30,000, due to the peculations of its book-keeper, George P. Whitney.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—For Indiana: Colder, southwesterly, shifting to northwesterly winds; threatening weather and rain; colder Sunday.

The Emmett Dramatic club will have a business meeting to-morrow.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

Street Paving to Be Commenced Early Next Week--A Force of Men Arrive From Detroit.

The laying of cedar block pavements on many of the streets this summer will cause a great deal of confusion, and give the city a torn-up appearance. The work on a greater portion of the contracts will be simultaneously in progress, not, however, to the great interference of travel.

The Talbot Paving company, of Detroit, have the largest amount of pavement to lay, their contracts representing nearly 70,000 square yards of cedar block. The company will commence upon their first contract, West Jefferson street, Monday or Tuesday next, a large force of men having already arrived in the city to-day to begin the work. It will not be long before this company will have one hundred and fifty men employed in this city.

The Talbot company, on contracts so far secured, will lay cedar blocks on the following streets: Jefferson (West), 11,892 feet; Wallace, 4,807 feet; Fairfield avenue, 10,666 feet; Washington, 2,660 feet; Broadway, 15,075 feet; Hanna, 16,300 feet; Harmer, 430 feet; Harrison, 4,300 feet.

The company has filed eight bonds, in the sum of $10,000 each, for the fulfillment of its contract in paving these streets, F. C. Brase, William Moellering and James Woulfe are sureties.

Mr. Joseph Derheimer will receive the contract for paving about 30,000 square yards with cedar blocks, his bids to be approved at the next council meeting, on Tuesday evening. He will have work commenced on his contracts without delay.

DESERVED HONORS

Come to Mr. A. L. Woodworth of the Pittsburg Shops--New Roadmaster on the Grand Rapids.

New honors have come to A. L. Woodworth, assistant foreman of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, and they came unsought. He has received the appointment of foreman of the blacksmith department of the company's extensive works at Logansport, Ind., and will leave for that place to enter upon his new duties about the 1st of June.

Mr. Woodworth has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania company for ten years, the last five of which have been spent as the assistant foreman of the blacksmith department of the works in this city. He is a thoroughly competent man and is well qualified for filling the position to which the officials have assigned him, possessing a knowledge of all branches of the railroad blacksmith work. He is the inventor of several appliances which the company have adopted and put into use, and is known as an artizan of superior excellence.

The news of his appointment will come to the boys in the shops as a sort a thunder clap, for he is deservedly popular with them and they will regret to have him taken from their midst. The writer, in the gathering of the every day news of the railroads, was thrown for a few years, into intimate relations with Mr. Woodworth, and knows him as a man of sterling qualities—attentive to business and honorable in all his dealings—and he predicts for him not only a cordial reception at Logansport, but higher honors in the future, and they will come.

Mr. Woodworth formerly resided at Logansport for several years, and will be "at home" in his new location. His family will remove to that place.

The successor of Mr. Woodworth will be Mr. George A. Szink, at present employed in the blacksmith department. He is capable and popular and in every way qualified for the position.

Supt. W. B. Stimson, of the northern division of the Grand Rapids and Indiana has announced the appointment of J. H. K. Bergwin, of Kalamazoo, to the position of roadmaster of the same division, to take effect May 12. Mr. Bergwin is a practical engineer, and has had much experience. From the office of the chief engineer he was appointed an assistant roadmaster and had charge of the road from Cadillac to Mackinaw City. He resigned this position last fall and spent several months in Europe. Returning he spent a short time in the office of Chief Engineer Johnson, when he was appointed assistant roadmaster of the southern division with headquarters at Kalamazoo. His present position is considered by railroad men a very fitting one.

Hair Goods Less than Cost Untill closed out At MRS. FLAGLER'S, 14 West Berry St.

For a nice Prayer Book, Statue, Picture or other religious articles, call at A. KOENIG'S, 176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall.

The Phillips entertainments are the best ever given in the city.

To-night is the last and best of the series.

At the Baptist church at 8 p. m.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

The Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow's Worship.

Come to the Baptist tabernacle.

Missionary services at the Christian Chapel to-morrow at 7:30 p. m.

Second Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. No morning or evening services.

Regular service at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffatt; Sunday school at 9:30, a. m. All welcome.

Rev. T. J. Gardner, of Elyria, Ohio, will preach in the Plymouth Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

Come to Trinity M. E. church to-morrow, both morning and evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Our motto: Holiness to the Lord. N. D. Shackelford, pastor.

Berry street M. E. church. Preaching 10:30 by Rev. John F. Naugle, "campmeeting John." Young people have charge of Epworth League services at 7:30. Sunday school 2:15 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church, 94 East Washington street, to-morrow morning at 10:30, evening at 7:45. Topic for the evening sermon, the second in the Home series. "Home Influences."

You are invited to attend services to-morrow at Wayne street M. E. church, at the following hours: Class, at 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10.30; Sabbath school, 2:00; Epworth league, 7 p. m., preaching, 8 p. m.

The evangelist of Columbus, O., Mr. John Nagel, will conduct the young men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Good singing and practical speaking. Young man, you can not afford to miss this meeting. 4 p. m. city time.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Department of the Y. M. C. A. at 3:30, standard time. One hour. Good music; short talks by young men; a pleasant and profitable hour assured. All men, strangers especially invited.

At the Church of God, Sabbath school at 9:15; preaching at 10:30: teacher's meeting at 6:30; preaching at 7:45; prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, at 7:45; O. Y. P. A. Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Pastor E. H. Shanks continues his talk on the "Attributes of God" in the evening.

One of Christ's Incomprehensible Comparisons Concerning Love, will be the subject of the Rev. John M. Driver's Sunday morning sermon at Simpson M. E. church, corner of Harrison and Dawson streets, one block from beltline street, one block from Belt line street cars. In the evening he will discourse on, The Divine Call, in which he will touch incidentally on the labor question. Strangers will find attentive usher, free seats, good music and a hearty welcome.

St. Paul M. E. church, on Walton avenue. Preaching at 10:30, by Rev. J. V. Gilbert, and 7:45 in the evening a Bible reading and praise service will be held, conducted by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Class meeting at 9:30 in the morning. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon, and yoke fellows' meeting at 6:45 in the evening. Good music will be furnished by a full choir of voices, and all who attend this church will receive a cordial welcome from the pastor and membership of the church.

BASE BALL.

Anderson Loses Its First Game--The Fort Wayne Club at Elkhart To-day.

The Fort Wayne base ball club left for Elkhart over the Pittsburg road at 6:30 o'clock this morning, and arrived in that city at 10 o'clock. The following players went on the trip: Scott Quirk, Bruton, Allen, Downing, Cain, Ellery, Ferris, Gallagher, and Murphy. Carson and Malone will remain in the city until sent for.

ASSOCIATION GAMES.

Brotherhood—New York, 2, Boston, 4; Philadelphia, 5, Brooklyn, 7.

National League—New York, 16, Boston, 3; Brooklyn, 1, Philadelphia, 6; Cleveland, 10, Pittsburg, 5.

American Association—Syracuse, 4, Rochester, 7; Brooklyn, 2, Athletic, 4.

NOTES.

Bluffton did not play yesterday on account of rain.

The Fort Wayne club will be gone on their trip until the 28th of May.

Anderson lost its first game yesterday, Peru breaking their record. The score was 5 to 3.

Bluffton and Anderson are tie for the first place, and Fort Wayne and Muncie for the third place.

The game between Muncie and Marion yesterday, resulted in favor of the former club by a score of 5 to 4.

The Fort Wayne base ball club will play fourteen games on their present trip. Two games will be played in each of the following places: Elkhart, Marion, Kokomo, Peru, Anderson, Muncie and Bluffton.

Hear Mr. Phillips sing "Your Mission" as he sang it in the hall of the house of representatives in Washington, at the request of President Lincoln.

WILL THEY GO?

The Muncie Offices in This City. It is Said, Will Go Either to Indianapolis or Muncie.

The Indianapolis News of yesterday says: "The stockholders of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road will meet on 28th inst. to ratify the sale of the road to the Lake Erie and Western company. It is probable that the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville will be consolidated with the Lake Erie and Western system immediately thereafter, and its offices at Fort Wayne brought to this city. It is not yet known whether W. H. Fisher, general passenger agent, Tom Peck, general traveling agent, and other young men to whom the credit for the recent great improvement in the property is due, will be retained."

A dispatch from Muncie gives these further particulars: "Arrangements are making in the Lake Erie and Western freight depot and telegraph buildings for the accommodation of all the offices of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railway now at Fort Wayne, and they will be brought here. The passenger trains of that line will cease running to the Big Four depot, and passengers will be taken on trains at the Lake Erie depot, which road has purchased the Muncie route."

The Muncie Herald says: "Mr. D. S. Hill, general superintendent of the Lake Erie and Western railway, arrived in the city this morning and met by appointment, Mr. H. H. Crosby, train dispatcher of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, and arranged for the removal of his office from Fort Wayne to this city. Mr. Crosby will occupy the rooms on South Walnut street across the track from the Lake Erie and Western passenger depot adjoining the telegraph office."

MRS. ANN THOMPSON.

Death of a Pioneer Lady. Well-Known and Beloved.

Mrs. Ann McFarland Thompson died at Oak Ridge, South Wayne, the home of Mr. Byron S. Thompson, at an early hour this morning.

The deceased was born at Pittsburg, Pa., and had attained the ripe old age of eighty-five years.

Mrs. Thompson was an old resident of Fort Wayne and was beloved by many for her kindness and noble character. She had been failing of late years, the last few months being especially painful ones to her. She was the mother of Byron Thompson and Mrs. Col. Reed, whose husband was interred at Lindenwood only a few days ago.

The funeral will take place Monday at 3 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church.

MRS. DAVID NILES.

Mary Ann, wife of David Niles, of 105 Wells street, died last night from paralysis of the brain, age 52 years. She had been unconscious for five days. The funeral will take place Sunday at 3 o'clock from the Baptist church.

Phillip Phillips' entertainments are the finest, most instructive and best that ever visited our city, and to-night is the best night of the series. At the Baptist church, at 8 p. m.

Excursion to Rome City, May 24th, given by the Ladies' Society of First Presbyterian church. Tickets, $1.00. On sale at Keil Bros., Dewald & Co.'s and Foster Furniture Store.

Money to Loan.

For particulars apply to Allen County Loan and Savings association, rooms 6 and 7, White's block, over Fruit House.
10 eod-6t

Be up with the times and smoke the Fawn cigar.

At Keil's, 116 Calhoun street, you can buy a cloth curtain mounted on a spring fixture for 20c; a Dado curtain mounted the same way for 35c, also a large stock of plain and Dado curtains equally low.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

1-5th off sale on all Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Notions, will continue until To-night. Every one should come and buy to-day, at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Excursion Rates to Indianapolis, via the Wabash Line.

The Wabash line will sell tickets at excursion rates to Indianapolis on the following dates, viz: May 12, 13, 14, Indiana State Medical Society, May 18 to 23, Grand Lodge, I. O. O, F.; May 26 to 28, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M. Remember the Wabash is the popular and old reliable route to Indianapolis.
10 eod-9t

Try the Fawn cigar. Manufactured by Schele Bros.

For a fine Watch, Clock, Jewelry and Silverware call at A. KOENIG, THE JEWELER, 176 Calhoun St., opposite Library Hall.

Ladies are surprised when they find how very low they can buy Millinery Goods at Mrs. E. A. Flagler's, 14 West Berry street.

The Columbus Buggy Co., will hold a reception at Joe W. Bell's Repository, 13 East Columbia street, May 16, from 8 till 11 p. m., for both ladies and gentlemen. 8 3t

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

DR. ELLBECK HUNTER TALLIAFERRO, a successful inventor, of Nashville, Tenn., fancies that he has solved the problem of perpetual motion. He does not claim for the device that it has the property of imparting power to any kind of machinery, though this is one of the possibilities, but it is asserted that it will run itself, and that it is a most wonderful mechanical toy, if nothing else. An account says: "It is hard to give an intelligible description of the perpetual-motion device, but in brief it may be stated that a weight is attached to a wheel, which then moves from a given point and makes a complete revolution, replacing the weight in identically the same relative position to the centre of the wheel, as at first. This is a fact accomplished never before attained by mortal man. Then the same principle is carried on to a more perfect machine, and the moving of weights by self-adjustment, alternately, from one set of pins to another causes them to travel in a path all the way around the face of the wheel upon pins jutting outward, making exact connection with the pins upon which the followers or weights first started. That this most wonderful piece of mechanism is without a balancing point seems certain. The best mechanical expert in Nashville says that from the most accurate drawings and tests a preponderance of weight is always in favor of the running of the device.

WAILE breaking new ground for a farm on the left bank of the Arkansas, half a mile from Booneville, Col., the laborers exhumed the petrified body of a man clothed in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest. The dress and shoes and hose had also become stone, and the figure might have passed for the cunning handiwork of some great master of sculpture. The two hands were clasped about an ivory crucifix, which hung from a rosary suspended about the neck, while the head of an arrow still protruding from the breast told the story of how the worthy father met his death; and the fact, so plain to be seen, that the body was hastily buried without coffin and the grave unmarked by the smallest token, showed that he and his brethren or some faithful friend were fleeing from the Indians when he was killed. The petrified body was removed to the Church of the Annunciation, where it was visited by crowds from all over the country, and whence it was given Christian burial. The face is that of a young man of refined and intellectual features and the hands and feet are of elegant proportions.

W. W. STANTON, mate of the schooner Addie Shaefter, while fishing for bass 300 miles off St. Augustine, Fla., drew in his line and found entangled therein the strangest fish, if it is a fish, that has ever been seen in that section. This strange creature, or mermaid, is about six feet long, pure white and scaleless. The head and face are wonderfully human in shape and feature. The shoulders are well outlined and very much resemble those of a woman. In all there are four flippers, two of which are placed at the lower termination of the body and give the impression that nature made an effort to supply the strange creature with lower limbs. Mr. Stanton confesses to quite a fright on first sight of his queer prize, which, when drawn on board, gave utterance to a moaning cry which might easily be mistaken for the sobbing of a baby. The schooner was thronged by curious visitors, who expressed much wonder and astonishment at the strange object. Mr. Stanton, after visiting several ports and showing his queer catch, will donate it to the Smithsonian Institute.

THE recent death, in London, of the unfortunate Viscountess Kingsland, ended a life of strange vissitudes. She was married in 1819 to Viscount Kingsland, the needy representative of an old title. At his death she fell into the greatest poverty, and occupied a small room in a back street of Lambeth, with hardly any furniture. By making shirts at four cents apiece she managed to earn from fifty to seventy-five cents a week. For nearly twenty years she continued her employment of shirtmaking, receiving occasional outdoor relief from the parish. When she was seventy-nine she applied to the Universal Benefit Society for aid. The committee immediately made her an allowance of $2.50 per week, and eventually secured for her a gift of $500 from the royal bounty fund. Afterward a special subscription was raised and a government pension of $250 a year purchased for her, so that the last few years of her checkered existence were passed in comparative comfort.

A ST. LOUIS jeweler outwitted his landlord in a rather unique fashion. He desired to move, but was compelled to pay a full month's rent of $200, because he had not given the required thirty days' notice. He consulted a lawyer, but was assured that the claim was valid. "I can use the store, can I not?" he asked. "Certainly," said the lawyer. His stock had nearly been moved to the new store, but the remaining occupant of the store, who was the landlord, was much surprised when the jeweler returned with a select assortment of four dozen cheap alarm clocks. These the owner set to suit himself and then went out for a walk. Then the alarm clocks began to go off one after the other. The landlord was almost frantic with the noise, and he hunted up the jeweler and tendered him his money in return, but the jeweler did not want to be out the price of the clocks, so he drove a sharp bargain, accepted $300 and moved out.

IT doesn't seem possible that a man could be identified by a number printed on his shirt, and yet that was what happened in the case of a young man found drowned in Brooklyn a few days ago. There was nothing on his person to lead to a discovery of his identity until an officer noticed on the tag of the shirt the name of the maker and the number 100,026. The manufacturer was called up on a telephone and asked if he could tell who had bought a shirt with that number on it, and, by referring to his book, he discovered that such a shirt had been made for John Robinson over a year before. At Mr. Robinson's residence it was learned that he was missing, and a member of the family quickly identified the dead body.

AUNT NANCY LUCE, an eccentric character known to thousands of summer visitors at Martha's Vineyard, is dead. She won notoriety, if not fame, by reason of a pamphlet sold on the island along with her photograph, entitled "A Memorial of Two Favorite Chickens." During the last two years of her life, Aunt Nancy spent her life training bantam chickens until they were capable of performing many really interesting tricks. When her pets died she was almost inconsolable and erected marble tombstones to their memory. She wrote verses to them in eulogy of their moral character and intelligence. In her photograph two dearly beloved hens are pictured seated on her lap.

A CHILEAN audience will not endure any nonsense, and its vengeance is as warm as it is effective. An unwise theatrical manager at Santiago recently changed the play without warning and cut certain parts. The result was disastrous, for the enraged play-goers rose as one man, hurled their benches on the stage, demolished the drop curtain, made kindling-wood of the piano, and would probably have torn the manager limb from limb if he had not prudently escaped with the actors. Such methods as these are not to be commended, but they probably save Chilean audiences from the infliction of bad plays. Not even a veteran "barn stormer" could withstand such heroic measures as these.

A HUNDRED and sixty years ago, one Adam Giesmann, of Vienna, Austria, made a bequest of 1,000 florins, which were to be invested, and when the sum had grown to a certain amount by the addition of interest, it was to be used in providing for children whose parents had died in an epidemic. Upon the proposition of a town councillor it has been decided to regard the influenza as an epidemic, and to grant 10 florins a month to every child whose father had died of influenza during the past winter. It will be for the mayor to consider the applicants' claims.

A FELLOW has recently been gaining much notoriety in the city of New York by a freak which can only be the result, it would seem, of monomania. He goes along the chief promenade streets and throws an indelible dye upon ladies' dresses and outer garments. The dye is a deep red, and so intense that it penetrates the fabric and stains the inner garments, leaving a spot like blood. The liquid does not burn or corrode, like acid, but simply dyes the goods, and chemists who have examined the clothing thus dyed are at a loss to know what the dye or chemical is.

THERE can be such a thing as too much natural gas, although its discovery has led to fortune in some cases. A farmer in Indiana is in trouble over the matter, for gas is escaping all over his farm. A lighted match will start a fire of the escaping gas in hundreds of places on his land, and even the water in his well is forced out by the gas. The family are frightened and talk of removing to escape being blown up.

THE Manhattan (Kan.) Republic exposes a fraud which is practised by sharpers with a double fountain pen and two kinds of ink. An agreement is made out with a writing fluid that fades and signed by the victim with ink that does not fade. Then an entirely different agreement is substituted, and the dupe finds himself confronted with a promise to pay.

MR. JACOBS of West Chester Pa., weighs 320 pounds and his wife tips the beam at 175. There are eight children in the family and each weighs over 200 pounds. Mr. Jacobs' mother was a very weighty lady, weighing over 300 pounds. Combined, the weight of the family is considered over 2200 pounds.

A PARISIAN thief recently performed a feat worthy of the wild frontier of this country. Watching his opportunity while a night cabman slept on his seat the thief quietly unhitched the horse, removed the harness, mounted the animal and rode off, leaving the driver in serene unconsciousness of his loss.

A MAN recently hanged in a Southern State was born on Friday, was married on Friday, presented with twins on Friday, committed his crime on Friday, and was hanged on Friday. And his name wasn't Friday.

WORCESTER, Mass., has a spineless girl who can sleep only with her body bent backward into a circle and her feet crossed under her chin.

Handsome Dinner Cards.

Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season. One stationery firm has turned out three hundred thousand in the last two months, and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent apiece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost ten dollars a dozen. A prominent item on the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast. Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid eighty-five dollars for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawing and engraving were exquisite. At the dinner which Gen. Breckinridge gave, the cards cost one dollar apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon the cards for which were carved by hand at a cost of eighteen dollars a dozen. No one thinks of giving a big dinner without something fine in the way of cards, and a great many of the menus are hand-painted. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the cards. They cost seventy-five cents apiece.—[Argonaut.

Napoleonic Luncheon.

It is not a little singular that the wife of one of our great war generals should be a great admirer of Napoleon. Mrs. George B. McClellan has managed to get together a large collection of mementoes of the exile of St. Helena. Not long ago she gave a luncheon party at which the favors were exquisite steel engravings, each representing appropriate incidents in the life of the great French soldier, and in the centre of the table was a large Napoleonic hat, the body of which was of purple violets, and the cockade of white violets. The candles on the table and about the room, were shaded with white satin covers, on which were the purple violet, the Napoleonic flower, and everywhere about the room were implements and weapons of Napoleon's day. There were also many relics of value, a lock of Napoleon's hair, a book written by him and a death-mask of the Emperor, the iron crown of St. Helena, a sword worn by him, with a cutlass and armor of the hero; in fact, everything breathed of Napoleon. Perhaps it may be the beginning of a new fad.—[New York Mail and Express.

The Outlaw Stud.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, led by a thoroughbred, known to the stockmen as the "outlaw stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, and Peavine, Nev. Years ago the stud, a fine racer, escaped to the mountains and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band every year and drive out the colts. The horses range on the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure.—[Picayune.

NOVELTIES IN DRESS.

CHARMING FANCIES BROUGHT OUT TO ADORN THE FAIR.

Many Artistic Costumes for Outdoor Summer Wear—Dainty, Fantastic, and Indescribably Picturesque Hats—The Dahlia as a Garniture for the Hat.

TO BE LOOKED AT.

A MAN, says Bismarck, has not really lived until he has smoked ten thousand cigars and drunk five thousand bottles of champagne; and I suppose a woman may not claim to have cut any figure in the world until she has worn, say, two thousand elegant dresses and the same number of lovely hats. We must manage to keep even pace with these men, or they'll not respect us.

"How is it, Jane," growled old Joshua Stiggins, one day, "that I don't see your dresses mentioned this year in any of the accounts of parties and receptions?"

"They were all mentioned last year, Joshua. To use the argot of the day, you mustn't pick the world up for a flat."

Now the season is at hand when outdoor toilets will be the order of the day. Races, base-ball, and athletics of all kinds call for fresh, new, crisp, "tony" toilets, and although I don't say, "Stay home if you have got nothing new to wear," I do say, "Don't strut in the old plumes. Wear them quietly and modestly. They'll do very well for a back seat, but bear in mind that no woman can expect to create a furor with a new set of teeth or a fresh box of poudre de riz."

The lady seated at the top of this column expects to be looked at; otherwise, she'll not get the worth of her money. She is attired in a black gros-grain jacket finished with handsome ornaments of passementerie. The skirt of fawn-colored cloth is made perfectly simple, and falls straight and plain. Her bonnet has a great deal of cachet about it, being composed of pale-blue silk and black silk China crepe, trimmed with pale-blue satin ribbon—a most delightful combination, with thought enough in it to catch the eye and make a man ask himself, "I wonder if there is anything besides hair

VERY ARTISTIC.

days to be natural. For instance, it is promised that the dahlia is to be very popular this summer as garniture for hair; not, however, the dahlia of art, double and triple, but the plain, old-fashioned dahlia of grandma's flower garden. And why? Simply because it is so uncommon, so rarely met with, having been pushed out of existence by the swelling, burly, rotund article of the art florists. This simplicity must be not only visible in what you wear, but also in the arrangement of flowers on your mantle, or fruits on your table. They must have an air of having been picked from the trees.

The last sketch in this article represents two delightful costumes suitable for a visit to any garden party, outdoor recreation, or summer entertainment. The one on the left is a beige-colored cloth, the stripes being in pale-green velvet, made in a strikingly original and artistic style. The hat, an extremely picturesque composition, is of black tulle flecked over with natural-looking flies. The other dress is more startling, in fact quite a sensation in color and arrangement. It consists of a striped merveilleux, alternately black and yellow, the black stripes being dotted over with small yellow spots. The hat is likewise an elegant production, a flat crown of black silk gauze with a garland of yellow flowers. Now, if you have imagination you'll get some of the effect of this black and yellow arranged as described. I know my male readers will simply look stupid and say: "Would like to see the dress on a pretty woman."

"Really, my dear," said some one to Mrs. De Freeze, who, by the way, has a beautiful throat, "you leave nothing for the imagination."

"Men have none," was the curt reply.

With these charming toilets for summer outdoor entertainments, there goes a large wrap of Lyons lace, embroidered with narrow braid and lined with tulle so as to make it rather an airy nothing than a protection, although it will serve for

NATTY TAILOR-MADE SUIT.

and diablerie under that little bunch of crepe and ribbon?"

I pity any man who has three daughters to buy hats for this season. It does seem as if some of them were hardly fashioned by earthly fingers, they are so dainty, so fantastic, so indescribably picturesque. Then again, there is another class of the "earth, earthy" pert, saucy, piquant with an "Ah-don't-you-wish-you-may?" air. I am quite reconciled to being a woman, for after women came bonnets.

"Mamma," asked little Hortense, one evening, as her mother, who was a wee bit inclined to embonpoint, was struggling to create a figure, "if God wanted you to be small there, why didn't he make you so?"

"Sh-h! my child, go to bed. He hadn't time."

"It may take time to make it, but it's good when it's ready to drink," said a famous concoctor of punches. Possibly that was what this rosebud thought when she was getting into the natty tailor-made suit with its puffed scarf manfashion, and jaunty felt hat, sharpshooter style. It is a game of base-ball or something in the outing line which is occupying her thoughts, but I'll wager she'll occupy yours if she sits anywhere in your neighborhood. She may take her lorgnon out of its case to give her an excuse to stand up alonside of some man's scrawny wife.

"What a superb creature!" murmured Stiggins. His wife looked to see which way his eyes were turned. Fortunately for Stiggins, they were fixed on the man at first base.

The coming season will produce some charming things in outdoor effects. Russian-cotton stuffs will be used, because the red cannot be imitated, and the patterns will be worked over with Japanese silk.

A lovely blouse has been invented, consisting of real white crepe de Chine, with a sky-blue leather belt, embroidered with gold and silver and set with imitation gems. Never were women better dressed than at the present day.

"Bah!" cried my friend Bob Spray, "that's what Adam thought as he and Eve started to hunt up a flat!"

I hear a growl against kerosene, and it comes from the elegantly dressed women who complain of the absence of that soft, "caressing" light which tapers alone can produce. Lamps make a fine effect in a drawing-room, but unless most carefully supervised they are apt to emit a disagreeable smell, while the tapers, which exhale an odor of cedar, delight the senses in a double ratio. I was at a reception the other evening given by Miss Estelle Cory Boggs. She affects lamps to an insane degree. Toward 12 several of them began to sputter and go out with a strong odor of a Pennsylvania oil well. Miss Cory Boggs apologized.

"What a foolish virgin Miss Estelle is!" I remarked to Bob Spray.

"I don't know why she should be without oil," yawned Bob; "the old lady is such a bore, I should think she'd strike it every day."

Here are two very artistic costumes, the one on the left being composed of a woolen material woven in a design of squares of Parma violet color, black and white. The dress is cut bias so that the squares take a diagonal line down the skirt. The sleeves are trimmed and the collar made of pansy-colored velvet. The hat has a very outdoor-ish air about it, and forms a perfect chord with the dress. Its material is black gauze with garniture of soft yellow corded silk and yellow roses, and the gloves are white. Sunshade is also in harmony. If she had the printing of the programme that too would melt in with the whole scheme of color. On the right stands a less picturesque but more stylish figure, clad in a pale plum-colored silk trimmed with applied black passementerie. The bonnet is a mere suggestion, being a tiny turban composed of several rows of cut jet, with a feathery looking jet aigrette set at the side. This dainty turban reminds me of a creation in black tulle I saw the other day, a capote having for sole ornament a jet viper which had twisted itself around and raised its head in front, aigrette style.

ARRAYED FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

A woman is nothing if not audacious.

"I wonder if General Bonaparte would marry me, if I let him ask me?" mused Josephine.

"Make him ask you!" cried a friend.

"Don't you think that is a loud dress Mrs. Fitz Folly has on?"

"Oh, no; not at all. She dresses to please her husband, and he is quite deaf."

But to come back to that serpent on the capote. How things are changed! Ophidian stock is up; his snakeship was put under woman's heel, but she gives him the place of honor over her brow.

"Place of honor!" queried Bob Spray, who heard this remark of mine; "place of weakness, you mean!"

If you are to believe the great minds who "create" fashions, the aim is nowadays to be natural. For instance, it is promised that the dahlia is to be very popular this summer as garniture for hair; not, however, the dahlia of art, double and triple, but the plain, old-fashioned dahlia of grandma's flower garden. And why? Simply because it is so uncommon, so rarely met with, having been pushed out of existence by the swelling, burly, rotund article of the art florists. This simplicity must be not only visible in what you wear, but also in the arrangement of flowers on your mantle, or fruits on your table. They must have an air of having been picked from the trees.

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Rather Close.

It is not often that a Western man is charged with lack of generosity, but now and then a case occurs that rivals any ever told of New England thriftiness.

There is a man in one of the new Territories who never buys anything new if he can get the old article repaired. For years he has been in the habit of going to a blacksmith shop with different farm utensils to have them mended. Among these have been horse-bits of the hinge pattern which had become worn through so as to break. The blacksmith charged him twelve cents for mending them. The price of an entirely new pair of bits of this pattern is only ten cents.

This same man has the legal right to a water-power in a little stream near his farm. He has always claimed the exclusive use of the water for some distance above the dam. This right has been disputed in the courts, but the question has, owing to legal technicalities, never really been decided, and the old man jealously guards his use of the water in the stream.

During a dry season, a farmer living at a distance drove down to the stream near the dam with an empty barrel in his wagon and asked if he might get some water. The following talk took place:

"How much d'ye want?"

"Only a barrelful."

"I suppose you know this is my stream?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may have the water, but—ye better get it below the dam!"—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN it takes a fellow eighteen minutes to assist a girl to don her sealskin sacque the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her.

BE quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, May 11, may be found in Luke 9: 10-17.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And the apostles. Whose first expedition is described in the opening verses of the chapter.——Returned. They went forth like a little band making a momentary sally from the central citadel.——Told him. The word for a full and orderly narrative of facts. They made a complete return of occurrences.——They had done. Miracles and works of power.——He took them. To take to one's self in close intimacy. The same word used in Col. 2: 6: "As ye have therefore received (paralabon) Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him."——Went aside privately. For more quiet and sympathetic converse.——Into a desert place. Not in Tischendorf, and indeed scarcely consistent with what follows.——Bethsaida. Perhaps to the privacy of Philip's house. John 1: 44; 12: 21, or its vicinity.

People. Or multitude (okloi). It was probably some throng on their way to the Passover, one of the great festivals of the Jewish church.——When they knew it. Aorist participle, coming to know it. Jesus had but a brief respite with his disciples.——Followed him. Like sheep after a shepherd.——Received them. Or welcomed. See Variations.—— Spake unto them. To talk. The word for familiar and protracted discourse.——Concerning the kingdom of God. Of which the people are ever ready to hear.——Need. The ground of Christ's beneficence.——Healing. It is from the Greek of this word that our term therapeutics comes.

Wear away. Or incline. Poetic for the approach of sunset.——Came the twelve. With kindly intent, according to human reckoning.——Send the multitude away. Originally, to loose or set free. As if the people were held enthralled by his words; and were they not?——Into the towns and villages. According to the custom of the pilgrimage.——Lodge. Literally, to loose or unbind, referring to the packs usually carried by travelers.——Victuals. Provisions. Used by Xenophon of foraging.——Desert place. Uninhabited, probably, on the outskirts of the town.

Give ye them to eat. The ye is emphatic, in form and position. Literally: give them to eat, yourselves.——We have no more. That is, their available supplies.——All this people. With a tone of hopelessness, and perhaps a hint at the simple absurdity of it, humanly speaking.

Looking up to heaven. A familiar posture of the Christ. Literally it is into heaven, (eis.)——Brake, giving a portion doubtless to each of the twelve. Gave, Kept giving (imp.)——To set before the multitude. God's gifts to his near servants are often, if not always, for the sake of the remoter multitude.

Were all filled. The verb is used of eating to satiation. In Rev. 19: 21, it refers to birds of prey.——Fragments. Pieces, broken off. Not necessarily refuse portions of the feast but food suitable for others.——That remained. Rather, that were more than enough.——Twelve baskets; usually carried by the pilgrims.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Told him all that they had done. How inexpressibly sweet their privilege. Like home returning after days of weary toil, like the mother's bosom after the child's perplexing tasks. It was more. They were coming back to the center and source of their power; coming back for new equipment and encouragement. But is not that our privilege to-day? ours even more to the deeply spiritual understanding than it could be then? They must gather about him after their toils, but Peter's elbow, perhaps, struck against that of James or Andrew, and much as they could get from him, and near as they could draw, they could not have him, each one of them, as do we, all to himself. "For we have not an high priest, which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." He is in touch with our weakness. Let us, therefore, "come boldly."

And he took them and went aside. How tender he was! How considerate! That word took—received—has a wealth of love and sympathy in it. Have you seen two ardent friends meet after an ordeal on the part of one of them? Have you not seen the deep, voiceless emotion of the moment as the one draws the other aside, where, unhindered by the throng, they can look into each other's faces, and verily into each other's hearts. "Come," said Christ, as they returned, perhaps trembling with the tumultuousness of their new emotions. "Come aside," and he drew them with him. What he said and did in that time of separateness we are not told. But what he has done for us when hot and bewildered we have gone aside to him in life's throng and press—of that we are well aware.

The people when they knew it followed him. Knew what? Simply that Jesus was there. When the people knew where to find the Son of man they went out to him. Knowing as much to-day they will still follow him. There is no coldness between Christ and the multitude. Let them but see him and they will flock to him. Let him but speak to them and they will acknowledge him. Suppose we tell the people of Jesus. Make him known as nigh at hand ready to greet them and help them, and perhaps as of old we shall need to take pains to secure privacy rather than to be perpetually planning to bring out the multitude. The multitude will come of itself, if only Christ be made manifest. Be that the burden and prayer of every teacher and preacher, to have audiences with Christ. Audiences with men will speedily and blessedly follow.

And he received them. The feeling was mutual. Christ gave the multitude no less cordiality of greeting than they gave him. "Welcomed" is the word used in the new revision. Jesus gave tender welcome to the people when they pressed to him. In this he was but returning the courtesy of a few days previous. For in Luke 8: 40 are same words in the original as applied to the multitude who, when Christ came back from the country of the Gadarenes, "gladly received (welcomed) him." Truly we may believe it: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Jesus stood on earth awhile as a picture of the eternal God in the heavens, rebuking no earnest seeker, however weak or darkened. Said one of the profoundest theologians of this country the other day in the hearing of his brethren: "I read the gospels through again at a sitting the other day, and I want to tell you that I found not one single case in all the record where the Lord declined a simple, sincere request." He will receive you. Trust him.

Give ye them to eat. It is the Savior's command. "But we have so little," is the answer; "but five loaves and two fishes." Never fear; it is the Savior's command, and all good things are his. "And they are so many. How can we buy food for all his people?" Be still and know that it is God who speaks, with whom is all power. See he takes our littles and under his hand how amazing the increase! All are fed and more is left than when we began. Ah, this is our God. One who can prevail by many or few, one who can satisfy by much or little. Bring what you have to him. Bring it in faith and he will make it great. Yea, is it not so every Sunday in school and congregation? We make the people to sit down by fifties, more or less, in a company, and when we look at what we have to give them, what is it more than five loaves and two fishes? Yet let Christ be present to bless and O, the feast that God grants! May there be many such by his bounteous grace to-day.

Next lesson—"The Transfiguration."—Luke 9: 28-36.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Gimlet Soup.

One fine Saturday Willie went to visit his old nurse, and it being a long walk, he was both tired and hungry when he got there.

Nurse Brown had something cooking on the stove which smelled, oh! so good to the hungry boy, and when dinner was ready it tasted just as good as it smelled.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It's giblet soup," said Nurse Brown. "Do you like it?"

She needn't have asked, for the way Willie was eating it told the whole story.

"It's awful good," he said, "but how did you make it?"

"Oh! I buy the giblets in the market; they come all strung together. It makes a cheap soup, but we all like it."

When Willie was on his way home he had to pass the market, so he went in and asked a dapper young clerk: "Do you keep gimlets here?"

"This isn't a hardware store, young man," the clerk said.

"Well, have you any gimlets all strung together ready to make soup of? Nurse Brown said you kept 'em."

"Nurse Brown must be mistaken, then," the young man said, and Willie went out disappointed.

He told his mother about it when he got home, and though the family all laughed at the idea of gimlet soup, he still stuck to his text, until the next time his mother saw Nurse Brown, when she found out about the matter.

Jimmy and the Calf.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy and he was thought to be a very brave little fellow by all his relations and friends, because he was not afraid of the dark and did not seem to be afraid of anything else.

Jimmy himself often boasted of his courage and quite looked down on those of his playmates who did not dare to go out of the house after nightfall. But the time came when his pride had a fall, for, having occasion to step outside of the door one evening, he had scarcely closed it behind him when his parents heard a shrill scream. Then came a rush and a scramble, followed by the bursting open of the door, and Jimmy's appearance on the threshold with pale face and dilated eyes.

"Why, Jimmy," asked his father, "what is the matter?"

"Oh!" replied Jimmy, in a voice that he tried to make steady, "how I did scare that calf. I scared him awful."

It seems a little calf had chosen the sheltered corner of the house for a lodging place that night, and startled by Jimmy's sudden appearance, it sprang suddenly to its feet, nearly knocking the small boy over as it did so, and I'll leave it for my young readers to judge which was the most frightened for the moment.

Anyhow Jimmy has never heard the last of scaring the timid little calf, although he is a man now, as you will know when I sign myself

JIMMY'S WIFE.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The Way He Fetched 'Em."

Ezek Jones, like many diminutive men, was conceited beyond description. He was known through his native county as the greatest braggart within the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. His stories of his own exploits were hardly surpassed by those of Baron Munchausen.

It was Ezek who once ran up to a couple of Irishmen that were scuffling, with the determination to part them. One of the combatants paused long enough to give Ezek a back-handed blow which caused him to turn a rear somersault. Springing to his feet he delivered a prodigious kick at the men, who were fully a rod beyond his reach.

"There, take that!" he exclaimed, walking away. "The next time I'll half kill you."

One afternoon and evening Barnum's circus showed in Sykesville. After the performance several of the gymnasts visited the village inn and indulged in something of a lark. They became so boisterous in the bar-room that several of the spectators who knew Ezek's peculiarities went to him.

"It's a shame," said one of them, "that such things as this should be allowed. It ought to be stopped."

"That's so," assented Ezek, compressing his lips and shaking his head indignantly; "shall I stop it?"

"I wish you would," said the landlord, coming up just then.

"All right; just give me room. I'll teach 'em better."

Ezek seized the largest of the athletes.

"See here, my friend, this has gone far enough——"

At that instant the circus man, who had got a firm grip on the peace-maker's coat collar, gave him a whirl which caused his heels to strike the ceiling. The next instant he dropped on his back in the middle of the room with a shock that made the windows to rattle.

Ezek rose briskly to his feet, brushed the dirt from his clothes, and striding triumphantly to the side of the room, shook his head and said with a proud smile. "That's the way I always fetch 'em. I just throw myself on my back and they're gone!"—*Boys' Holiday.*

A Fair Railroad President.

Mrs. Haines is the first woman ever chosen to the Presidency of a steam railroad, but in her case there can be

no doubt of the wisdom of the selection, her qualifications for the position being conceded by all who know her. She is the wife of Mr. C. D. Haines, senior member of the well-known Haines Brothers, brokers and owners of the street and short-line railroads in several States. They own a number of railroads, steam and street, in the Lone Star State, the Medina Valley being one. Mrs. Haines, the fair President of this line, is said to be a most efficient officer as well as a most beautiful woman.

A Burglars' Gazette.

A new trade journal reached our office last week. Nowadays nearly every trade and profession is represented by a paper, but the journal referred to above represents a profession which has heretofore struggled along without an organ. Its title is *The Burglars' Gazette*, and, as its name suggests, it represents the burglars.

Why they should send a copy to *Siftings* office is more than we can understand, and we feel hurt at the insinuation. We may not be pink and white angels, but we will be blowed if we will stand coolly by and be called burglars.

In order to give our readers a fair idea of *The Burglars' Gazette* we clip the following from its columns:

"Every live burglar should subscribe to *The Burglars' Gazette*. It is the recognized organ of the profession, and the editorial on the seventh page, entitled, 'How to Quiet House Dogs,' is worth ten times the cost of subscription."

"WANTED.—A sober, honest pal. Must have experience in the banking business and a good kit of tools. Address Sharkie, this office. e o w."

"We had a very pleasant call last week from Kid Swipes. Although a young man, Kid is away up in his profession. He says business is booming, and he showed us some magnificent specimens of his industry. We predict for him a bright future. Call again, Swipes, old man, call again."

"Invaluable Hints to Burglars, or, How to Burgle Successfully. This little volume should be in the hands of every burglar in the land. Mailed upon receipt of ten cents in silver. 4 t."

"Don't fail to read our magnificent premium offer. Send us six yearly subscriptions and you will receive as a premium a beautiful silver-plated jimmy of the latest design. These jimmies are very stylish, and are used by the elite of the profession. You can rely on 'em every time. Now is your time to subscribe."

"Geo. F.—A sandbag should be used."

"Ah! how sad is death! Jimmie Kergee is no more. He died last night suddenly at the residence of a citizen on High street. Had Jim read 'Invaluable Hints to Burglars' he would now be well and alive. He stood high as a member of the Burglars' Union."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE giraffe presents the most wonderful case of sore throat on record.

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Cures Backache. Backache. Backache.

Martinez, Cal., October 2, 1888.
I could hardly walk or lie down from lame-back; suffered several weeks. St. Jacobs Oil permanently cured me, other remedies having failed to do so. FRED. HITTMAN.

Cloverdale, Ind., Feb. 8, 1887.
From a bad cold pains settled in my back and I suffered greatly; confined to bed and could hardly move or turn. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. I do not fear recurrence. MRS. P. M. REINHEIMER.

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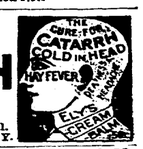

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SERMON FOR WORKERS.

TALMAGE PREACHES ELOQUENTLY TO BUSINESS MEN.

His Text Taken from Job: "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth." Weary Laborers Can Find Peace in God's Haven.

In the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, May 4, after the Long-meter Doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation and prayers had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix. 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavement and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against his inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say: "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature; the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done."

Ah! skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that the Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some charges against those who profess religion.

Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you think, upon the whole that its influence has been beneficial? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. To-day I invite you back into the good old religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they learned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulancy that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time. He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterwards found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The Captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped!—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they hoist the signal of distress. However weak and feeble they may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business trouble than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room, and gone in and found the chief man a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide.

There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harrassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. My God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to Heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for Heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in Heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvey they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse.

Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of the spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

The world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An Eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Cœlius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall go home to-day feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Some Mistake There.

We were having a good time in a St. Louis gymnasium one night when the question of self-defense came up to be argued by half a dozen different persons. Among them was a man from Cincinnati, who contended that a gentleman ought always to be able to thrash a mudsill, provided the latter would make a fair scrap of it. Two or three opposed this theory, and to test it the Cincinnatian offered to strip while the committee went out to pick up a victim. It was a committee of one, and I went out upon the street and picked my man hap-hazard. He was going past with a bundle under his arm, and I said to him:

"Will you come in and box a man five or six rounds for $5?"

"Regular fighter?" he asked.

"No, only an amateur."

"I'm your huckleberry."

He was a plasterer, and he had some of his tools in his bundle. He got ready without seeming to care who his opponent was to be, and as they entered the ring it was seen that they were about even in size and weight. Time was called, and the fun began. It didn't last long, however. Inside of two minutes the plasterer planted a straight right-hander at the other's nose, which floored him and kept him on his back for sixty seconds.

"Is that all?" calmly inquired the plasterer, as he took off the gloves.

"Yes. Here's your money."

"Thanks. Good night."

When the Cincinnatian came too and got his nose repaired he sat for a long time wondering how it all came about.

"Can't you explain it?" he was finally asked.

"No."

"Well, I can."

"What is it?"

"He was a mudsill all right enough, but you are no gentleman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wearing False Necks.

"The use of the false neck is more common than one would naturally suppose," writes Lucy Hooper from Paris. "It is worn by ladies who are too thin to look well with their necks entirely uncovered, and also by those who have delicate lungs and so are forced to keep the bust and throat thoroughly protected from the cold.

"I once saw one of these false necks worn by a Parisian belle who had just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. The dress was cut square in front, the opening (which was very wide) being only filled in with a single thickness of tulle, slightly frilled and met at the top by a collar necklace of pearls fitting closely around the throat. Under this slight veiling of tulle there was visible what was apparently the rose-tinted flesh of the fair wearer.

"But I noticed that after she had indulged in a dance and came panting back to her seat, that part of her chest which was shown by the square opening of her dress never moved; it was not stirred in the least by her quickets breathing. My notice was attracted to this phenomenon, and on looking closely I could see how the thing was managed.

"The false neck was in wax, fitting closely to the breast and met at the throat by the collar of pearls. Sheets of flesh-tinted wax slightly softened in warm water to render them pliable are moulded on the wearer's chest and shoulders by skillful fingers so cleverly that it is almost impossible to detect the deception of the handiwork.

"It is said that twenty-five dollars is the charge of such beautifying. The princess of Wales is reported to use one occasionally."

Where Pumice Stone Is Found.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after the eruption of a volcano, that pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from the deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situated in the Tyrrhenian sea. The island is mountainous in character and consists of tuffs and lavas of highly siliceous volcanic productions. The district where the stone is found is called Camp Blanco or Monte Petalo (1,500 feet above the level of the sea).

Too Green to Pluck the Fruit.

George—What a prude that Barnsley girl is! I asked her for a kiss the other evening.

Frank—And she refused you?

George—Not in so many words. But she puckered up her mouth in a most provoking way and said: "No, George, I cannot give you a kiss;" and then added in an irrelevant sort of way: "Don't you know that stolen fruit is the sweetest?"

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE.

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR

Perished Ideals—The Sheep Followed Him for They Know His Voice—Woman's Place and Work—How We Shall See Heaven—An Easy Place.

A dear sister inquires whether we shall see Heaven the first day we get there. No, my sister, no more than you can see London in a day, or New York in a week. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. And you cannot see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a single day. No; it will take all eternity to see Heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones, to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages will roll, and yet Heaven will always be new. The streets new! The temple new! The joy new!—*Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Perished Ideals.

Speaking of perished ideals, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, remarks:

Elijah in his younger days expected to be a good deal better than his fathers. He thought that he would carry things a good-deal further forward, and there was a time when events seemed to justify that expectation. Elijah had done wonders on Carmel. In answer to prayer, the Lord had sent down the fire from heaven which consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood and the stones, and in the spirit of riotous triumph licked up the water like a thirsty tiger. Elijah had seen God's answer to prayer, and had put the prophets of Baal to death. Then came the conflict with Jezebel and her message, and the prophet despairs of seeing his cherished hopes fulfilled. So we look back on the bright dreams of early life. The scholar was to read more books; the poet was to sing as never a poet sang before; the lyre was to vibrate as never before when it was touched with the finger of sympathy and genius. Did it all come to pass? Was it a failure? By what standard do we judge? Do we keep a true balance? We ought to be very careful how we judge that any life has been a failure; we ought to be very careful when we say it of our own lives, if we are praying earnestly and working faithfully, but yet see no result.

An Easy Place.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked: "Are you not now employed?" "Yes, sir." "Then why do you wish to change?" "Oh, I want an easier place." We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages. They have strength enough to be out late at night, to indulge in vices, and habits which debilitate them. They have strength enough to waste on wine, or beer, or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let me advise them? Go in the hard places; bend your backs to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost to your personal ease; and if you do this, he will find that he cannot spare you. And when you have learned how to do work, you may be sent to teach others; and so, when the easy places are to be had, they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, and not at the beginning of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.—*Little Christian.*

The Sheep Followed Him for They Knew His Voice.

A gentleman traveling in Spain, writes the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. The three flocks were inextricably mixed; to the traveler's eye the mass seemed one. Presently one of the shepherds stood forth and began to call out "Menah!" the Arabic word for "follow me." Thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the indiscriminate mass and began to follow the shepherd up the hill. Then a second shepherd began to cry "Menah! Menah!" and a second flock separated from the others and started after the second shepherd.

The traveler was astonished; and as he saw the third shepherd preparing to depart, laying his hand to his crook, and beginning to gather a few dates that had fallen from a palm beneath which he had been resting, the traveler stepped up to him, and asked: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your shepherd's cloak and crook, and let me try," the traveler said. He even wound the shepherd's turban round his head. Then he stood forth, and began to cry, "Men-ah," "Men-ah," "Men-ah," but no sheep stirred; they only blinked at him lazily as he stood there in the sunshine. "Do they never follow anyone but you?" asked the traveler, tiring of the experiment. "Only when a sheep is sick; then the silly creatures follow anyone," the shepherd said.

What a perfect commentary was this little scene upon the greater Shepherd's words as He tells us of His sheep: "I am the good Shepherd. When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow but flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." And what a sure sign of spiritual sickness it is, when one of the greater Shepherd's sheep ceases to hear His voice, and follows any other voice, and so goes straying into dangerous and forbidden places.

The Painter's Fault.

It is well to be careful in all things. This season some tableau-vivants were given at a certain house in the east end. It was a private affair and very high-toned. The most fashionable orchestra in town was secured to furnish the music, without which tableaux are not complete. A pretty little program was printed. It contained sufficient information to enable the audience to distinguish George Washington from Scipio Africanus, and the names of the operas from which the music was selected.

The printer made a mistake about one of the musical numbers, attributing it to "Erminie" instead of "Ernani." The orchestra followed the program, and rehearsed some of the catchy airs from Jakobwski's tuneful work, instead of the more sober strains of Verdi's "Ernani." Nobody told the leader of the orchestra of the typographical error.

It was a little inharmonious, therefore, when the curtain went up and disclosed seven virgins at the gate of Heaven, while the orchestra broke out with the jolly thieves' chorus from "Erminie"—you know the thing—beginning "We are jail-birds." The lady manager realized that something was wrong, and the curtain went down with a rush; but the orchestra finished the measure to the great amusement of the audience. — *Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Sagacity of Shell-Fish.

A correspondent of *Nature* furnishes to that journal some curious observations upon the habits of common shellfishes. The shrewdness shown by these unsightly creatures will lead the reader to place them in a higher order of beings than they have been classed with heretofore.

An interesting fact, illustrating the ingenuity shown by more than one species of crustacea in concealing themselves, came under my notice last summer. Having dredged a number of Amphipoda, I placed them in a vessel of sea-water till I could examine them.

Among them I noticed what seemed to be a piece of dead weed swimming rapidly about, and occasionally falling to the bottom. Examination showed that the piece of weed was carried by an amphipod, which grasped it by the two first pairs of walking legs. When it came to the bottom, the animal concealed itself beneath the weed, which was much larger than itself.

In connection with this habit it may be mentioned that another species resembles the first-named minutely in every respect but one, namely; that the first has the claws immeasely developed, while at the base of the next joint are two or three strong, blunt spines or tubercles, into which the point of the claw fits. This appears to give the latter species a great advantage over its congener in grasping an object for purposes of concealment.

Another species has the last or hindmost pair of legs of a shrunken and apparently almost abortive form. They appear to be used for walking, and are generally carried turned up on the back; but they are sometimes utilized to carry the valve of a bivalve mollusk over their back, under which they can squat and hide.

From this it is an easy transition through various stages to the hermit crabs which ensconce themselves altogether in a univalve shell, and use the curiously abortive hind limbs to cling to the inside whorls. My friend, Surgeon-Major Archer, has seen crabs protecting themselves, probably from the scorching tropical sun, at low tide, on the mud flats at Singapore by carrying large leaves over their backs.

A Victim of Defective Information.

"Whoopee! whoopee! whoop! Tally one for us."

These shouts of wild exultation were heard at a late hour last night in City Hall park.

They were immediately followed by others like them, and the disturber was quickly in the hands of a policeman.

"Can't a man holler when his town's goin' to git the world's fair?" said the man as he expostulated against arrest. "My town's little, but she knocked out New York, Chicago and other big ones just as slick as grease."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer. "Chicago's got the world's fair."

"Not the big round world's quadri-Christopher Columbus exposish?"

"That's what she has," reiterated the officer.

"What's that you say?" demanded the man. "Didn't Cumberland Gap get it?"

"Rats!" ejaculated the officer. "Cumberland Gap got one vote only. Chicago got the fair on the eighth ballot with one hundred and fifty-seven votes. Cumberland Gap wasn't in it. You don't seem to be yourself, as the whole business was fixed up a week ago."

"You're sure the Gap didn't get it?"

"The Gap was left."

"Then you can let me go," said the man, sadly, "and bet your bottom dollar that the man from Cumberland Gap disturbs the peace no more with shouts of mad revelry. I don't read the papers much myself, but a reporter over there on Park row told me that the Gap had it, and I thought I would let 'er go once for luck."

"I'll let you go once for luck," said the officer as he released his man, "but don't be buncoed that way again."—*New York World.*

Tim Was Too Late.

An incident of exceeding sadness has just occurred in this city. Tim Coleman, a farmer living near this city was arrested for fast driving. "For God's sake don't stop me, boys!" exclaimed Tim, trying to whip up his horses. "No, you don't," shouted one of the officers, grabbing the bridle. "You're driving faster than the law allows, and you will have to come along with us and answer for it." "By God! I refuse"—whack. He was struck with a billy and driven to the station in his own wagon. He was charged with fast driving and disorderly conduct.

With bewildered air Tim stood up. His voice trembled. "Judge, I didn't mean no wrong; I was just driving for the doctor. Oh, don't keep me here. My wife is dying!"

The Magistrate quickly released him, with sympathizing and regretful words. Some one quickly brought a doctor, others secured a fleet-footed team. The drive to the little farm house was quickly made. Tim's little daughter opened the door. Her eyes were red with weeping as she sobbed: "Oh, papa! papa! you were gone so long, and now it is too late!" Tim's wife was dead. *Philadelphia Times.*

Self-Possessed.

In the time of the Indian War, about 1675, the church at New Milford, Conn., was in charge of Parson Boardman. It is not with the good parson, however, that this story has to do, but with the parson's wife.

A general alarm had seized upon the community, and the people were flocking to the fort for security. A man was sent to the parsonage to warn Madam Boardman of the danger from a hostile attack, and to help her and the children to escape. He was excited, and naturally urged immediate haste.

To this the quiet woman calmly replied that she would be ready to start "as soon as she had knit into the seam-needle."

QUEEN Victoria has written two more books, which she declares she will not have printed till after her death. Remembering her "Diary of Life in the Highlands," most Englishmen will sincerely wish the Queen a long, long life. —*Light.*

THE TERROR OF BATTLE.

Few Cowards Ever Go to War.—It Is Only Brave Men Who Face the Grim Monster on the Battle-Field.

During the war we used to read of companies falling back, regiments giving ground and brigades becoming demoralized, and the average reader took it for cowardice and openly expressed his contempt. No man ever went into battle twice alike. No company, regiment or brigade were ever situated twice alike. A man may be very brave in one battle and very timid in the next. His physical and mental conditions have much to do with it. A private soldier knows the position of his entire brigade in a fight. If the position is a strong one he is encouraged; if the flanks are exposed or the defenses are weak he is nervous and apprehensive.

It is a grand stake the soldier plays for in battle. If he wins he may live on until the next fight. If he loses he gets a headstone in a National cemetery. I can not make you understand the situation better than to give you personal experiences. The great majority of soldiers had the same feeling and passed through the same experiences.

At first Bull Run my brigade gained ground for several hours. This, with a small loss of men, kept us encouraged. Indeed it was hard for the officers to restrain us. Every man was hopeful and determined, and any single company would have charged a regiment. The panic had upset thousands before it touched us. Indeed the retreat had been going on two hours before we got word. We were well in hand and ready to advance when the news reached us. In five minutes every man was shaky. In ten minutes men whose faces were powder-stained were sneaking out of the ranks to gain the rear. In a quarter of an hour half a company of Confederates could have driven the whole brigade like a flock of sheep. I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from weakness. Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave way to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one would stop to reason. No one cared whether his comrade was ahead or behind. This was called cowardice, but it was not. It was panic—the terror of battle—a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air when the enemy was in point blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble and groan and cry. This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing for the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. It was a natural rifle-pit, and sheltered us so well that we only had a slight loss in killed and wounded. As the Confederates charged across the fields we felt to pity them. We poured in our volleys without fear of danger in return, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice, but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrific fire from cannon and musketry.

At Cold Harbor, after beating off every thing in front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the Confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeer of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. One band of prisoners numbering about thirty was led past us on their way to the rear, and I noticed that many were crying and all were whitefaced. I have seen the best and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a Second Lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand returns.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Traveling in Germany.

In the course of our travels we found it impossible to learn the distance from one point to another in miles or kilometres; and they always give it in hours and minutes. An educated and charming lady whom we have met, and who is a governess in a school somewhere here, told me, as she thought, just where she lived and how to get there. She said: "You ride half an hour in the cars, then you get out, then you take another car, and ride half an hour: then you must walk half or three-quarters of an hour, and you are close by. Oh! it is so grand! so beautiful!" Of course, after she had taken such pains to tell me, I couldn't say I didn't believe I should be able to find her home, without confessing to unpardonable stupidity; so I said: "Oh! that isn't difficult; I should like to go." The people do not understand jokes unless they are labelled as such. Here is a case in point. An American lady, a great traveler here and in other countries, had become tired of this schein, or reporting-to-police-headquarters business, and so, on reaching Munich, she changed her answers to the customary questions by saying that she was born in 1800, was traveling for pleasure, and should remain as long as the police would let her. Up came a policeman the next morning, and asked, in all seriousness, if there wasn't a mistake in the date! Germany seems to me like a thousand-year-old garret filled with accumulations, good and bad. Everything it ever had it has now. Of course, among the rubbish are some gems—its old castles, its cathedrals, its music, its literature, its great men of science; but take it in an everyday sense and its houses, its treatment of women, its food, its want of business methods, its traveling accommodations, its day after to-morrow way of doing things, and its ready and helpless sympathy for your discomfort, and it is enough to make anybody who has seen better things sick with despair.

Philanthropy on Credit.

The late Horace Leland, who for many years kept the Leland Hotel, at Springfield, Ill., was an exceedingly generous man and an especial lover of children. One day he and John A. C. Matthews, then Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, now First Comptroller of the Treasury, were walking out together when they met a man with a cluster of toy balloons. School was just out and hundreds of boys and girls came pouring from a building near at hand and formed in groups around the balloon man.

"Hold on, Ace," said Mr. Leland, "there's a joyous sight," and the two stopped and watched the children gaze longingly at the balloons.

"Fi' cent apiece."

"How much for the lot?" asked the philanthropist.

The man counted them over. There were twenty-one.

"One dol' for de lot."

Mr. Leland took them all and distributed them among the children with as much fairness as possible, and away the little codgers ran with them.

Then Mr. Leland put his hand in his pocket and said:

"By thunder, Ace, I ain't got a cent. Lend me a dollar."

"Oh, no," said Judge Matthews, seriously; "you can't play philanthropist at my expense. Not much."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Leland, "I guess you'll have to call at my hotel for your money."

"No, sir," said the man, "you give me my money or you give me back my balloons."

"But don't you see I can do neither? Come to the Leland House and ask for Mr. Leland, and I will pay you."

"No, sir," persisted the man, "you pay me my money or give me back my balloons. I haf seen dat hotel trick before."

"Come, Ace," said Mr. Leland, from the depth of his troubled soul, "give me a dollar."

"Not a cent," said the Judge; "I wouldn't trust you with a dime."

"See," said the man, "your own friend no will trust you. You give me my money or I will call de policeman."

Just then there happened along an old beggar woman who had lived upon the bounty of the good people of Springfield for many a year. She stopped and heard enough of the conversation to know what it was about.

"Hould on, Misther Layland," said she, "if yer foine frind there won't lave ye the loan av a dollar, begorra O'im the frind that will, and as she lectured Judge Matthews for the "stingiest ould thing out o' jail," she unrolled the money from a dirty rag and gave it to the philanthropist.

Judge Matthews says he never tried to play just that kind of a joke on Horace Leland again.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Was Insured.

Abner Singleton was constantly annoyed with accident insurance agents. He spent much of his time on the road, and the agents assured him that unless he had himself insured, he should, ere long, be laid up with a broken leg, without any revenue coming in. Singleton had just returned from a trip to the northwest and was sitting in his office, when an agent, the most persistent of the lot, came in.

"Ah," said the agent, "I see that you have gotten back safe this time."

"Yes, I always get back safe."

"Ah, and that's what Dan Butterfield always said, and so he did until the other day, and then the train ran off the track and broke one of his legs. He came within one of insuring with me, just before he started, but, remembering that he always did get back all right; he held out against my entreaty, and the best interests of his family, and now look at him. Lying up and not able to pay his board."

Singleton studied for a moment, and then said: "What advantages do you offer?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you: Take out one of our policies, and in case you have a leg broken, for instance, you get one thousand dollars, and as much again if you loose both eyes."

"That's fair enough," Singleton answered, almost converted.

"Nothing could be fairer. Suppose I write you up."

"All right, I am with you."

He was "written up," and the conquering agent, happy in his achievement, took his departure. Singleton went out on the road the next day, and shortly afterward the insurance company received information that in a railroad accident he had lost an eye. Several days later he returned, and, sure enough, one of his eyes was gone.

He shook the agent by the hand and said: "Old fellow, you did me a great turn. I am now almost incapacitated, and the chances are that I shall loose my job with the company, as the firm is rather inclined to have a prejudice against one-ey

THEY HAVE COME!

So many Ladies have been waiting for the Second Lot of Accordian Skirts, and at last they are here. Come and get one, as they are going pretty fast.

Another New Lot of Hats, Flowers and Trimmings of all kinds just received. Every day we get new styles.

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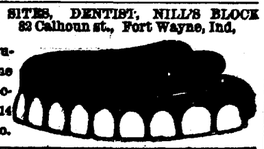

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Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending May 3, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, April 28	2,771
Tuesday, April 29	2,799
Wednesday, April 30	2,810
Thursday, May 1	2,783
Friday, May 2	2,861
Saturday, May 3	2,820
Total for the week	16,844
Average for the week	2,807

[SIGNED.] JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of May, 1890. GEORGE W. LOAG, Clerk.

For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL, we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C. Katt, 82 Calhoun street.
E. C. Gouty, 252 Calhoun street.
W. W. Fox, 325 West Main street.
Wefel's Drug Store, cor. Hanna and Laselle sts.
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street.

TO-NIGHT.

ST. JOSEPH CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—Election of Officers.
BAPTIST TABERNACLE — Phillip Phillips.
WORLD'S MUSEUM—Living Curiosities and stage performance.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.

1520—Death of Cardinal de Bourbon; born 1520.
1756—Great Britain declares war against France.
1760—Death of Count Zinzendorf, founder of the sect of Moravian Brothers.
1775—Ticonderoga surprised by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.
1805—Death of Frederick Schiller, German poet; born 1759.
1846—Battle of Resaca de la Palma, Mexico. Americans victorious. Gen. La Vega captured by Capt. May.
1860—John Bell, of Tennessee, nominated for president by the "Constitutional Union" party.
1861—Gen. Wool occupies Norfolk, Va.
1862—Gen. Hunter, commanding in South Carolina, issued an order emancipating the negroes.
1864—Battle of Cloyd's Mountain and New River Bridge, Va. Union loss, 745; Confederate loss, 900.
1864—Two days' fight at Swift creek, Va. Union loss, 490; Confederate, 500.
1871—Treaty of peace signed at Frankfort between France and Germany.
1876—Tidal wave at Callao destroys shipping and towns.
1876—International exhibition opened in Philadelphia.
1879—Death of Admiral F. G. Parrott, U. S. A., aged 79; inventor of Parrott gun.

THE newly elected city officials have qualified.

MOTHER EARTH was visited by a drenching rain last night.

THE bicycle club held a brilliant reception at their hall last night.

THE annual meeting of the Indiana commandery of the Loyal Legion is being held at Indianapolis.

IT is now thought that only twenty lives were lost by the fire in the poor house near Norwich, N. Y.

Russiaville is being supplied with natural gas from the Seward well, five miles distant, which is owned by a Lafayette syndicate.

HON. J. M. BARRETT and Hon. H. Green Smith will speak at Monroeville to-night, when the Hendricks club will be reorganized at that place. A number of democrats from this city will attend the meeting.

PHILIP PHILLIPS gave his second entertainment at the Baptist Tabernacle last night to an interested audience. His photo-optican and pictures are valued at $12,000. To-night he will take his audience all over America and show the grand sights of this great continent.

JAMES M. ARGEBRIGHT, whose family lives on East Jefferson street, in Fort Wayne, narrowly escaped with his life in the Josiah Partridge furniture manufactory fire at 10 and 12 Roosevelt street, New York, the other day. Mr. Argebright is foreman of the large factory.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY BUSSEY has overruled a decision of the pension office rejecting the claim of Wesley C. Gerard, of Indiana. The claimant based his application upon disability occasioned by being thrown from a mule while on a trip for food for the captain of his company, who was sick. The assistant secretary holds that the disability was incurred while the claimant was in the line of his duty.

THE Northern Indiana Ministerial association of the Church of Christ, convenes at the Christian chapel, in this city, next Tuesday and continues three days. A large number of preachers will be in attendance and an interesting program will be presented. Three sessions will be held daily, open to the public. At the evening sessions leading speakers will deliver addresses on various topics. Pastor Sims tells us that a cordial welcome will be given to all persons attending.

CHARLES WALKER HAMMOND, one of the most noted convicts in the Northern prison, died Thursday night, aged forty-six years. He was sentenced by the Boone county circuit court in 1887 for thirteen years. He has been sick for the past two years of consumption, and during that time was an inmate of the prison hospital. In former years it is supposed he belonged to the notorious Reno gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters, who were terrors to the people of southern Indiana.

REV. J. F. NEITHAMMER, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, at LaPorte, Ind., died very suddenly yesterday, of inflammation of the stomach. The deceased was born in Wittenburg, Germany, in 1844, and came to this country when a boy. He was educated at Concordia college, Fort Wayne, and after receiving his diploma was called to preach at Rodenburg, Ill.; afterwards filling pulpits of the Lutheran faith at Lisbon, Mich., and Sugar Grove, O. He came to LaPorte seventeen years ago, and has occupied St. John's pulpit continuously since that time.

THE CARPENTERS

Listen to a Stirring Address on the Labor Issues by Vice-President Kliver, of Their Union.

The attendance at the circuit court rooms last night, notwithstanding the drenching rain that fell, to listen to the address of W. H. Kliver, general vice-president of the International Union of carpenters and joiners, was very large. Mr. Kliver comes from the ranks of labor and is well qualified to discuss the issues which are so vital to the classes he represents. He is a fluent talker, full of good argument for his cause, and his words held the audience attentive listeners until the close of his address.

He opened by alluding to the trouble now existing between the carpenters and the Master Builders' association in this city and explained the purpose of the meeting as being one to review the issues of the hour in a practical manner. He gave an interesting and detailed history of the labor movement and told how on account of the use of improved machinery, it became necessary years ago in Australia to adopt the eight-hour law and how it had worked to the advantage of everybody concerned.

The present eight-hour movement in this country, he said, was born in the carpenters' union in Chicago in 1886, and become general amongst the trades unions, but the only ones who gained and profited by it were the bricklayers, who are to-day the highest paid mechanics in the building trade. The late fight of the carpenters in Chicago for the eight-hour day was then alluded to, and he said he believed the ten-hour day had been buried there forever and better wages obtained, as would be the case here if the carpenters stood firm in their demands.

The average wages of a carpenter in this city, he was informed, was $416 per year, $144 of which must go for rent, $40 for fuel, $15 for car fare, $25 to keep up a chest of tools, and many other incidental expenses, leaving $190 to clothe and feed himself and family and pay his general expenses. This, he thought, was unjust to this class of workmen, and the contractors should grant them the increase which they asked.

He spoke frequently of the "red hatchet and saw men," and said he did not believe twenty-five cents an hour was too much for any kind of a carpenter. Let the scale of wages commence at that point, and let the better class of workmen be graded in regard to the amount of wages they received by their respective abiliiies. This was just and right. He said he was not here to cause a strike, but to lay the matter before the public and show that they were right. Some bosses have already signed the agreement, and if any trouble occurred those bosses will not be tied up, but can have all the men they need.

The secretary read the agreement which the carpenters have prepared for the union and bosses to sign, which is a remodeling of the one published in the SENTINEL a few days ago. It provides nine hours as a day's work, $2.25 a day, car fares for all distances over two miles and the refusal of union men to work with any non-union men who shall refuse to become members after one week's notice to do so.

The conclusion of the speech is thus given by the morning Journal:

The speaker then went on to explain that the agreement did not compel the contractor to hire a man he did not want to, but did not allow any one boss to fix the fate of a man whom he considered not worth the money. Three or four men should first make a statement that they did not consider a man worth it and he would probably be allowed to work for a lower rate of wages.

Some people stated that if the hours were shortened more time would be spent in saloons, but in the organizations where the demands had been granted there was 50 per cent. less drunkenness than before. And even if they did drink some, take 100 carpenters and 100 bosses, and there was as many drinking men among the bosses as among the employes.

"When you leave the hall go out to work in your own interest and do everything in a gentlemanly manner and do not let your angry passions carry you away, and when I return Monday I hope to see the whole matter settled, but if it cannot be settled the men will be called away from every contractor who does not sign the agreement," he said in conclusion.

Mr. Kliver left for Milwaukee last night, but will return Monday to assist in the prosecution of Mitchell, now in jail here for securing money from the Carpenters' union under false pretences.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood, and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to be come mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

Frank Mingus, of Lagrange, who murdered his mother-in-law under particularly brutal circumstances, is either insane or is feigning mental infirmity very cleverly. The authorities are puzzled what to do.

TIRED OF WAR.

The King of Dahomy Yearns for Peace in His Country.

LONDON, May 9.—The latest advices from Africa represent the king of Dahomy as very tired of his war against the French. He had expected to overwhelm the small French garrison on the coast at one blow and either capture or drive them into the sea, and when his troops returned discomfited from the defences of Kotenow he was so enraged that he promptly beheaded the general in command and followed up the act with a slaughter of several more of his officers next day. This severity, however, had a contrary effect to what he expected and many of his troops deserted, some seeking refuge within the French lines. The bombardment of Whydah had added to the disgust of the Dahomians, who had been accustomed to regard their monarch as invincible and almost divine, and the king is said to be in some fear of an outbreak among his subjects. The French will not make peace without an effort to put a stop to the inhuman sacrifices of human life, which accompanies late ceremonies in Dahomny, and the king will be required to give indemnity for the loss of life and property he has caused the French.

The question of taking the control of charitable institutions from the priests and placing it in the hands of civil power, is arousing bitter controversy in the Italian parliament. The government does not find unanimity for the measure among its own supporters and they are straining every influence they possess to secure its defeat. The bill, however, will probably pass.

The military exhibition at the Chelsea hospital, which was opened on Wednesday with due ceremonies, is one of the most memorable exhibitions that the country has ever witnessed and is filled with memorials of England's greatest campaigns. The occasion has brought out contributions from all over the kingdom of trophies and other articles connected with famous battles, the queen having sent some contributions from Windsor Castle.

PASSENGER RATE WAR.

Via the Wabash Railroad.

The Wabash Line is selling tickets to all points west at greatly reduced rates. Now is the time to go west as rates will be restored to former tariff soon. Remember the Wabash is the only line running through cars to St. Louis and Kansas City without change, and is the only route giving its patrons the privilege of free reclining chair cars. Reduced rates to California, Oregon and Washington points. Apply to Wabash ticket office for full particulars.

apr24-eod-tf

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st.

eodtf

Baf-Fare to Warrensburg, Mo.—Meeting of German Baptists.

The "Muncie Route" will sell tickets at one first-class fare for the round trip May 20 to 28, inclusive, from all stations on its line, to Pertle Springs, Mo., near Warrensburg, Mo., on account of the meeting of German Baptists. Tickets good to return until June 25, 1890. Purchasers of tickets via the "Muncie Route" may avail themselves of tickets at rate one fare for the round trip from Pertle Springs to points in southwestern Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Indian Territory, offered by the Missouri Pacific railway. For further information call on agents or address,

9-15t W. H. FISHER, G. P. & T. A.

GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN.

Annual Meetings at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, 1890.

For the annual meetings of the German Baptist Brethren, to be held at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, the Wabash railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its line at half fare. Tickets will be on sale May 19 to 27 inclusive, and will be good to return up to and including June 26, 1890. For tickets and all desired information, call on or address nearest Wabash ticket agent. my7-d-15t-w-3t

Wanted 100 Carpenters

To apply at Master Builders' association for work. Wages, 25 cents per hour for good mechanics. Signed,

7-tf MASTER CARPENTER ASSOCIATION,

A New Paint.

Mr. Kriebaum, No. 90 Barr street, has just received a consignment of new paint called "The People's Choice." It is a paint of rare excellence, guaranteed to wear and keep its color, and the cost is not as much as ordinary paints. Try it, and you will be satisfied with it. It comes in tin cans, and is put up to suit in any quantity.

Will Double Up.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 9.—The Fonawonda Iron and Steel company has been operating the Ironton furnace for the past year has decided to double the capacity of the works at a cost of $75,000 to $100,000. The financial result of the first year's operations has been most encouraging.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Badly Beaten.

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 9.—Mr. M. F. Rich, a Boston drummer, was attacked by a mob of white men at Laurens, S. C., on Tuesday night last, and badly beaten with switches, his injuries compelling him to remain in bed until yesterday. Mr. Rich has been traveling through the south for ten years, selling a patent laundry iron, the principal users of which are the negro washerwomen.

A century of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

Don't say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever, and cold in the head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supercedes the use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price, 50c.

San Francisco shipped eight Chinese lepers home last week, leaving six—all white—in her hospital.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Bad with Eczema Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scall-head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. Cason, merchant. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist.

Gainesboro, Tenn.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them.

TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this New IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY, Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free.
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. *Is successfully used monthly*—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

Prof. N. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. N. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

LUMBER LATH & SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS & BLINDS

If you are a CLOSE CASH BUYER don't purchase until you get quotations from

THE HAMMOND LUMBER COMPANY,
Office, 2350 Laurel St., Chicago, Ill.
Yard, Calumet River, Hammond, Ind.

MOST APPETIZING—EASILY DIGESTED.

The VAN HOUTENS process renders their cocoa easy of digestion and develops in the highest degree its delicious aroma. It is an excellent flesh-former, *fifty per cent.* greater than the best of other cocoas.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞ VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("once tried, always used") is *the original*, pure, soluble Cocoa, **invented, made and patented in Holland, and is to-day better and more soluble than any of the numerous imitations.** In fact, it is generally admitted all over Europe (and a comparative test will easily prove) that *no other* Cocoa equals this **Inventor's** in solubility, agreeable taste and nutritive qualities. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S AND TAKE NO OTHER. 53

BOSTON T STORE.

—:o:—

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Cofiee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

—:o:—

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

L. O. HULL,

WALLPAPER

In Every Grade, Cheaper Than Ever.

Decorations, Window Curtains.
House and Sign Painting.

PAPER HANGING, DECORATING.

We do first-class work and charge no more than others.

SOLE AGENTS for PLASTICO.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

NEW DECATUR, ALABAMA.

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL CITY OF THE GREAT TENNESSEE VALLEY.

(Junction of the Louisville and Nashville, and Memphis and Charleston Railroads, on the Tennessee River.)

AUCTION SALE OF CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MAY 19 & 20, 1890.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSION RATES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.—From St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Evansville, May 17th, 18th and 19th, one fare for round trip; tickets good 30 days. From other points on their lines, May 18th and 19th, one and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON.—From points on their lines, May 17th to 20th, one and one-third fares, good till May 30th.

EAST TENN., Va. & Ga.—One and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

QUEEN AND CRESCENT.—From Cincinnati and all stations south as far as Meridian and Vicksburg, same as Louisville and Nashville.

See station agents for further particulars and advertising matter. Rates will be obtained from other connecting lines, if possible; and arrangements made for special excursion trains from distant points.

ONE-HALF THE PROCEEDS OF SALE

Will be set aside and applied to Improvements, Promoting Industries, and other means of developing the town.

INDUSTRIES IN OPERATION.

Three years ago the sight of New Decatur was a plantation. To-day its industrial plants pay $75,000 monthly for labor. The principal industries are as follows: A 70-ton Charcoal Iron Furnace. Main shops of Louisville & Nashville R. R. (58 acres). Shops of United States Rolling Stock Co. (50 acres). Car-wheel Works (150 wheels daily) Charcoal and Chemical Works (50,000 cords wood annually). American Oak Tanning Extract Works. Steam Cotton Congress (1000 bales daily). Two Foundries and Machine Shops. Metal Cornice and Roofing Work. Steam-Fitting and Plumbing Works. Ice Factory. Gas and Electric Light Plants. Water-Works (30 miles pipe). Street Railway (5 miles). Sawmills, lumber-yards, planing-mills, etc. The town has also a $20,000 school-house, six churches, a perfect modern system of sewerage and drainage, graded and macadamized streets, and

"THE TAVERN," THE FINEST HOTEL IN ALABAMA.

Send for our beautifully printed and illustrated descriptive book, entitled

"ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE."

And for Maps, and information of every description, address,

THE DECATUR LAND, IMPROVEMENT AND FURNACE CO.,

New Decatur, Ala.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,
Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 22 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec30-dawtf
TELEPHONE 276.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 113 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

TAKE S.S.S. IN THE SPRING.

Nature should be assisted in the spring to throw off the heaviness of the sluggish winter circulation of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so prompt or so safely as Swift's Specific.

I have used S. S. S. for a number of years, and consider it the best tonic and blood remedy that I ever used. In fact I would not attempt to enter upon a spring or summer in this climate without it. H. W. COLEMAN,
Of Coleman, Ferguson & Co., Dade City, Fla.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Women wear corsets for different reasons. You, who want to be shapely and comfortable, may go to your store and say: "I hear that Ball's corset is offered for trial. I want one."

The seller will answer: "You can wear it a week or two or three, and if you don't like it bring it back and get your money."

And he will give you a primer on Corsets. You might as well know what is going on in the corset world.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago and New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages,
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sores.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY The CURE.

CATARRH
THE CURE FOR
CATARRH
COLD IN HEAD
HAY FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
ELY'S CREAM BALM
50c
HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec2-eod1y
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LIFE'S HISTORY;

Its Smiles and Tears. Such is the course of life, made up of sunshine and gloom, gladness and sorrow, riches and poverty, health and disease. We may dispel the gloom, banish the sorrow and gain riches; but sickness will overtake us, sooner or later. Yet, happily, that enemy can be vanquished; pains and aches can be relieved; there is a balm for every wound, and science has placed it within the reach of all. There is no discovery that has proven so great a blessing as Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. In malarial regions, where Fever and Ague, Bilious Diseases and ailments incident to a deranged liver prevail, they have proven an inestimable boon, as a hundred thousand living witnesses testify.

Tutt's Liver Pills
SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING!
Natural Gas Fitting.
A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.
48 W. Main St----Telephone 261.

TOLD AS GATHERED.

The News of the Day as Found Around the City's Busy Centers.

A. Mullidor, of the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty to-day.

W. Fisher is sick. He is employed in the Pittsburg car shop.

John Daily, of the Pittsburg machine shops, is off duty this week.

W. H. Shelby, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Wm. Borden, engineer on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Herman Nietert has returned to work in the Pittsburg round house.

Mr. Joseph Kincaid, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Ohio on a visit to-day.

J. Glazier, of the East Pittsburg shops, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

P. J. Hess, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is the owner of a fine Reno colt.

The Pittburg car shops have an order for twe new cars to transfer plate glass.

The frame gang at the Pittsburg machine shop are off on a fishing trip to-day.

P. Kucher has resumed his position in the Pittsburg car shop after a sickness.

Dr. Kells, of the relief department of the Pennsylvania company, is at Hanna to-day.

Wm. Lepper, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is off duty on a week's vacation.

E. Nickolai, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, will spend Sunday at New Haven.

Isaac Cafron, of the Standard Emery Wheel company, Albany, N. Y., is in the city.

Roadmaster Ramsey, of the Muncie route, will have his office at Muncie hereafter.

The Fat Men's club have postponed their excursion to blue lake until next Saturday.

W. Madison, foreman of the lathe gang in the Pittsburg machine shops, is at Chicago.

Fred Hursher, of the electric light works, has returned from a trip to Harrisburg, Pa.

Harry Kelker, night engineer at the Pittsburg round house, is off duty on account of sickness.

Two engines were turned out of the Pittsburg machine shop this morning after general repairs.

E. Tegtmeyer, of the Pittsburg car shops, will spend Sunday up the St. Joe river on a fishing trip.

Ed. Carey, of the Pittsburg store room, who had his arm out last Monday, is getting along nicely.

Patrick O'Brien, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty this week on account of sickness.

O. Barry and gang, in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day on account of repairs being made to the furnace.

The clerks of Shop Clerk Meegan's office of the Pittsburg shop, will take a fishing trip up the river to-day. They have promised each employ of the shop a fish and will no doubt fill their promise.

F. Starke will take charge of the big steam hammer in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops next week.

The wheel, finishing, rimming and hub rooms of the American wheel works are shut down to-day.

M. Brown and John Berning are fixing the boiler at the Berghoff brewery. They are from the Bass works.

Geo. Hess and Wm. Connors, of the Pittsburg machine shop, will attend the excursion to Monroeville to-night.

Charles Bates, of the American wheel works, had his knee badly cut this morning, and was obliged to leave work.

Chas. McElfatrick, of the Pittsburg machine shop, has returned to work after an absence, attending the wedding of his cousin.

Henry Schwier and Billy Meyers, of the Bass works, both owners of fast horses, will have an interesting race in the near future.

A. Johnson is at the throttle, and C. Misner will shovel coal on the trial trip of engine No. 93, turned out of the Pittsburg shops yesterday.

H. A. Dowell, of the electric works, has gone to Rockford, Ill., in the interest of the works, and Charles Eickhoff has charge of his department.

The Bass blacksmith shop, under the foremanship of Joseph Slater, has an order for forty-eight large engine shaftings for E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bass works, Kerr Murray manufacturing company, Horton manufacturing company, and the Fort Wayne iron works pay their employes to-day.

L. Kenerk, formerly of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has gone to Huntington to take a position in the shops of the Chicago and Atlantic railroad at that place.

Herman Ragel has returned from Cambridge, O., where he was placing two large engines for the Bass works. Harry Hayes, who is at the same place, will not return for a while.

Peter Harber, the veteran machinist in the Pittsburg shops, is making attractive improvements to his home on Hanna street, and has an artistic water fountain instead of a hydrant.

Henry Lepper, formerly of the Olds wagon works, has taken a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops.

The Lake City branch of the Grand Rapids and Indiana is practically completed, although there still remains some finishing work to be done. The first train, a freight, went over the line Wednesday.

August Kutsch, the well-known young brakeman on the Pittburg road, who was badly injured a short time ago by having his foot badly lacerated, has so far recovered as to be able to be around. He has been visiting in this city a few days and will return to his home at VanWert, to-day.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Joseph Hulfinger, of Marion, was run down and killed by a freight engine Wednesday night.

Failure.

CINCINNATI, O., May 9.—J. H. & T. Jouvett, wholesale dealers in silk thread and spool cotton at 254 Race street, assigned this morning to C. W. McIntyre. Liabilities, $30,000; assets, $15,000; preferences, $13,000.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

The Legion of Honor (France) now numbers 53,848 members, of whom nearly 22,000 are civilians.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lebanon has voted in favor of waterworks.

ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

Act gently upon the bowels, giving no uneasiness or distress. The beauty of this great remedy is, that it furnishes nourishment to the system like food, thus preventing all weakening effects or loss of strength, while at the same time it ERADICATES THE POISONS FROM THE BLOOD and builds you up.

Every Man, woman and child may take "Rogers' Royal Herbs" and experience only beneficial results.

It preserves the health.

It is just the thing for delicate women.

It is positively harmless to everything but disease.

It is the Best Blood Purifier in the Market.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

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For the NEW TREATMENT and cure of all Nervous Diseases, Heart, Thro at Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Tumors, Erysipelas, Eye and Ear, Syphilis, Impotency, Paralysis, Consumption, &c., &c. &c. This new method appeals to the common sense of all, and utterly destroys the absurdity of the claim made by the common traveling doctor and patent medicine vender, which guarantees to cure every disease out of a single bottle of medicine. The STANDARD MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, will pay $500.00 to any case of the above diseases, treated by its staff of Physicians or Surgeons, that is not benefitted or cured. Recommendations and Testimonials from the ablest men in the United States. Call on or address, W. F. Carter, M. D., General Manager, No. 210 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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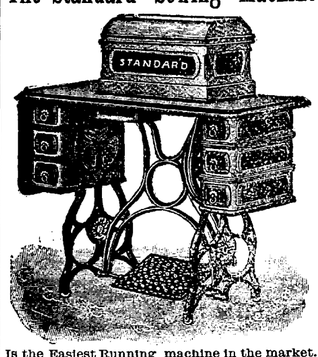

Is the Easiest Running machine in the market. You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you.
We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Rose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees, and a complete line of General Hardware.

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PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
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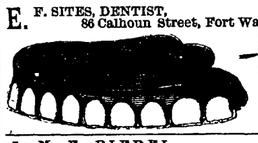

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112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

Best and Choicest Meats.
GOTTLIEB HALLER,
Of the Popular South Side Market, 366 Calhoun St., Branch 277 Hanna St.
Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

J. M. WATSON,
Practical Carpet Layer,
(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)
28 Stophlet Street, - - Fort Wayne, Ind.
Carpets made and laid to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. aprl8-1m

ALLEN ZOLLARS,
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T. E. COVINGTON,
Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.
Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.
All Seed Warranted Fresh.
No Old Stock.
I will also keep
EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.
Call before buying and save money.
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WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,
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203 CALHOUN STREETS.

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
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Socks, per pair	5
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Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

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Steam Carpet Beating.
Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.
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All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.
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PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
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EXAMINE THESE PRICES.

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99cts.
Men's Solid Buckle, Lace, Gaiter or Button Shoes, 99cts.
Gent's Fine Dress Shoes, Seamless, sewed and soild, gaiter or lace, $1.50.

Babies' Kid Button, Leather Soles, 25cts.
Ladies' Elegant Kid Oxford Ties, 50cts.
Ladies' Kid Toe Slippers, 58cts.

Ladies' Good Pebble Button, worked holes 85cts.
Ladies Fine French Kid Finish Dongola Button, Elegant goods, warranted just as good as any $2.00 Shoe sold, $1.50.

The EMERY SHOE

The Best Medium Price Dress Shoe Sold.
All Calf and Warranted.
$2.50. $2.50.
If you want Genuine Bargains Come to the Popular
MASSACHUSETTS - SHOE - COMPANY,
36 CALHOUN STREET.
1st Door North of Main street.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

BARR STREET.	
House and corner lot	$4 000
HOOD STREET.	
Lot 25x150, with brick house	2 200
WELLS STREET.	
Corner lot, 96x135, with two dwellings on, suitable for business location	5 000
EWING STREET.	
House and lot	4 000
HANNA STREET.	
House and lot near Lewis street	2 500
GRIFFITH STREET.	
House and lot	3 500
MAUMEE ROAD.	
House and lot	2 700
HOLMAN STREET.	
House and lot	5 500
WEBSTER STREET.	
House and lot	4 200
MAPLE AVENUE.	
Lot 100x275	1 100
McCLELLAN STREET.	
Lot and two houses, $1,700 and $1,800 separately, or for both	3 400
WILLIAMS STREET.	
House and lot	3 400
SOUTH BROADWAY.	
Four vacant lots	$500 to $600
HOAGLAND AVENUE.	
House and lot	2 500
WEST MAIN STREET.	
Lot 100x150, brick dwelling	12 000
WEST DeWALD STREET.	
Lot 30x150, 1 1 2 story house	2 600
SOUTH HARRISON STREET.	
Vacant lot, 76x150	2 500
SOUTH WAYNE AVENUE.	
House and lot	2 200
FIRST STREET, BLOOMINGDALE.	
Lot 50x150, two houses	2 000
Butler Street.	
House and lot	3 500
House and half lot	1 900
Monroe Street.	
House and half lot	2 400
House and half lot	2 200
Superior Street.	
Double house and lot	4 700
House and lot	4 000
Columbia Street.	
Lot 20x150, with three story brick building	6 000
Lot 20x110, with three story brick building	6 000
Bass Street.	
House and lot	
House and lot	
House and half lot	1 400
East Washington Street.	
Corner lot, 70x150, with double two story house; room for two more houses	7 500
House and lot	3 500
Douglas Avenue.	
House and lot	5 500
House and lot	6 500
House and lot	9 000
Half lot and half double house	2 900
East Berry Street.	
Vacant lot, 30x150	3 000
Vacant corner lot, 70x150	7 000
Lot 75x150, with two-story frame dwelling	8 250
Lot 100x150, large two-story brick dwelling, modern improvements	17 000
East Jefferson Street.	
Lot 75x150, frame cottage house, modern improvements	5 250
Lot 30x150, frame house	4 000
Lot 60x150, large two story brick dwelling	8 000
Half lot and house	2 800
West Jefferson Street.	
Corner lot, 50x150, brick house	4 000
Lot 50x150, two-story frame house	5 000
Corner lot, 50x150, two-story brick house	5 500
Lot 50x150, two-story frame house, new	4 500
Corner lot, 50x150, 1 1-2 story brick house	4 000
Calhoun Street.	
Lot 20x120, three-story brick building, 20x100, price	$20 000
Lot 20x120, in the form of an "L," with three-story brick building covering all	20 000
Lot 25x150, with one-story frame building	9 000
Lot 20x120, with three-story brick building, 20x100, finely finished throughout	16 000
Lot 20x150, with two story frame building	4 200
Lot 40x170, with building 40x180, three stores high	10 000
Lot 20x150, two-story brick building	8 000
Lot 40x150, brick, hotel property, South Calhoun street	15 000
West Washington Street.	
Lot 50x150, frame house of 7 rooms	4 000
Lot 55x150, large frame house	5 000
Lot 55x150, brick house	9 000
Lot 55x96, two-story frame house of eight rooms	5 000
Lot 55x150, one-story frame house	3 500
Lot 37 1-2x150, two-story frame house	3 800
Lot 50x150, two story frame house	4 200
Lot 25x150, 1 1-2 story frame house	2 500
Lot 50x150, large two-story frame house	4 000
Lot 50x150, frame house, new	5 500
West Berry Street.	
Corner lot, 50x150, one brick and one frame dwelling	6 500
Corner lot, 65x150, with two-story frame dwelling	8 500
Lot 100x150, with two-story brick dwelling	15 000
Lot 100x150, with two-story brick dwelling	18 000
Lot 55x150, with brick dwelling	7 500
Lot 100x150, vacant	9 000
Lot 45x150, vacant	3 500
Lot 60x150, vacant	4 500
Lot 50x150, with two-story frame dwelling	6 000
Lot 50x150, with one-story frame dwelling	4 000
Vacant lot, 50x150	2 500
Lot 50x150, with new two-story dwelling	6 500
West Wayne Street.	
Lot 30x150, with two-story brick store building, frame dwelling in rear	5 500
Lot 60x150, fine large residence	16 000
Lot 60x150, with two-story double brick house	6 000
Lot 50x150, fine large brick residence	12 000
Lot 90x150, with two frame dwellings	11 000
Lot 50x150, corner, large fine brick residence	12 000
Lot 50x150, corner, two frame dwellings	6 500
Lot 50x150, with double two-story frame dwelling	4 500
Lot 50x150, with frame cottage dwelling	4 500
Lot 90x150, vacant corner	6 300
Lot 100x150, vacant corner	6 000
Lot 50x150, new brick residence, modern improvements	14 000
ALSO:	
Thirty vacant lots in LaSalle's addition	$ 500 to 600
One hundred vacant lots in Hamilton's fourth addition	700 to 2 000
Twenty vacant lots in Williams' addition	1 000 to 1 700
Thirty vacant lots in Bloomingdale	250 to 600
Four hundred vacant lots in Lakeside Park addition	250 to 900
One hundred acre lots in Elizabeth Hanna's new addition	400 to 550
Twenty vacant lots in Huestis & Taylor's addition	150 each.
Forty vacant lots near New Haven toll gate	200 "
Fifty vacant lots north of Main street, near Horton Manufacturing company, price from	200 to 350

Vacant and improved property of all kinds and prices, on nearly every street in the city.

S. C. LUMBARD, Agent,
NO. 3 AVELINE HOUSE,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

WHAT A MILK PUNCH DID.

An Episode of Frontier Life on the Backbone of the Continent.

I crossed the plains the first time in 1854. There was not much gingerbread about it, you bet. Injins, snakes, drought, heat, dust, burnt feet, blistered lips and bleeding nose east of the mountains; snow, frost, cold, starvation and freezing among the mountains. I was not a Mormon then, and had no fire of fanaticism; no zeal for the building up of Zion sizzling in my veins. I saw no promise of a gold crown and a jews-harp for me in the skies if I should leave my bones on the trail to be cleaned off by coyotes and bleached in the burning sun of the next summer. In my boyhood I had been brought up pious like. My good old mother is a saint, and I get my natural piety from her.

Well, as I say, I had no promise of a ticket of admission to Heaven from a parson when I started out west as a youth to find a fortune; and when I got into a tight place I never spent much time in prayer, but set about exerting myself to get out. Our train got stuck in Emigration Canyon, south of Salt Lake City. The snow piled down around and over us until we were blockaded beyond all apparent possibility of release. Had no fodder for the stock and it starved. Our own provisions ran out, and we lived on the dead oxen until they had disappeared, and then we ate their hides, and at length were glad to chew and suck at the blacksnakes; that is the bullwhacker whips with which we drove the teams. Some of the party prayed, but most of us had to work to make paths through the snow wall and gather wood to keep us from freezing to death. It was the hardest winter I ever experienced, but while it looked as if we should all die right there, I never yielded to the thought, and kept telling the boys that a live dog was better than a dead lion.

Well, we held on until the snow melted, and we got through the canyon skin and bone, but alive, most of us. At Salt Lake our party broke up, unable to go further, and most of its members went into the Mormon Church in order to derive the benefits, temporal, of the order. I recruited there, and when the spring got settled, went on into Nevada, and was one of the party to make a new trail through the country. I became familiar with the country between the Salt Lake Basin and Mexico and the Pacific. By 1857 I was on the Overland, and held the reins over its teams for years. I married a woman who had come out with a party of Mormons, and through her influence I finally joined the Mormon Church, and have never been sorry that I did so. I went into Southern Utah and took up land and became a rancher. There were lots of Injins all over them, and they were mighty bold and at times ugly. I could talk Injin as well as I could United States, and never had any trouble with the vermin because I was always careful to give them no chance to think that I was an enemy to them. They knew me all over the country in Utah and Nevada, and were as friendly as it was possible for them to be with any one upon whom they look with continual suspicion. Once, however, I thought that my family and myself would have to surrender.

A band of Utes under an old chief who had been disturbed by some passing whites came to my ranch one morning at daylight and surrounded my shanty. There was a white man with us who had come down to look out a ranch for himself, and this was the first time he had seen a tomahawk brandished over his head. It made him sick to hear the Injins whoop. I went out and talked with the truck, but they were surly all through. I backed into the house and consulted a bit. There was a big jug of whisky under the bed and I made some stiff milk punch, the Injins whooping away outside. I wanted the stranger to drink, but he was too sick to touch it. I swallowed a bowl of it and went out. Now, said I to the old chief, my wife and children are in the shanty and I don't want them killed. If you will agree to let them take a team and drive to Salt Lake I will give myself up to you and you can kill me as you please. There is a stranger white man in the house who has never wronged you, and I'd like you to let him go, too, but if you must kill somebody, take the men and let the women and children go.

The redskins pulled off to consult and I went into the house. Presently they came up again and said that they had come to a conclusion. It was to the effect that they would spare no one. Men, women, and children had to die and they wanted no more talk. I made up my mind that there was no way out, but I hadn't surrendered. Taking up the bowl of milk punch, I drank deep. Without thinking of it my flesh was making up its mind to die hard. With the whisky spinning through my veins, I went out again armed with a wicked knife and said that as they were determined to kill us all we would die together. It was the boldest game of bluff I ever played and I had only that chance. I said the others might kill the children and my wife, but I would wrestle with the chief. He and I would go to the happy hunting ground together. I drew my knife and started for the chief. My movement was so unexpected and my whole action and bearing apparently so fearless that I frightened the chief and he turned and ran. The band followed him and they disappeared. That milk punch had done the business, said the old man with a smile, as he concluded his story.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tricks of Convicts.

Henry Southgate was one of the men engaged in robbing the Indiana National Bank some years ago in what is known as the "orange box robbery," the box being used to stand upon while the thief reached over the glass framework upon the counter and lifted out several thousand dollars in bank notes—it was, I think $20,000 or $25,000.

Southgate's friends pressed an application for pardon on the ground that he was dying of consumption. Governor Hendricks believed his story and pardoned him. "In a very short time after his release Southgate was as lively and healthy an evil-doer as there was in the State," said a prison official. "He had simply been playing the soap trick."

"What's that?"

"Eating soap. The effect was to bleach his skin by producing a dearth of blood, or rather of changing the corpuscles—increasing the white and diminishing the red. There are no serious consequences following the use of soap, and when discontinued the man rapidly gets well.

'Governor Hendricks, naturally enough, was much chagrined over this deception and made an entry in this office to the effect that it was never safe to pardon a man merely because he looked sick. Men in prison will do other things to excite sympathy and make it appear that they are dying of consumption.

"Now and then a fellow will strike himself in the throat, or even cut himself within the throat or under the tongue. Then he will spit blood in the presence of the physician, walk feebly, talk in a whisper. Sometimes they eat dirt, which stops digestion, and this is followed by a falling off in flesh.

"A short time ago a request was made for the pardon of a notorious criminal in the southern prison on the ground that he was dying. He was upon that showing placed in the hospital, from which he escaped, but was captured four days later."

Little Geniuses.

"If a man cannot be a great genius, is it worth his while to be a little one?" asks the Atlanta *Constitution*. Some learned men say not. Of the poets who flourished and were famous a hundred years ago, how many are known now? Of all the bright volumes that brought fame to their authors and made the booksellers of old wealthy, how many can we find upon the shelves of the bookstores of to-day? Only a few. And yet their authors, lauded by friends and flattered by reviews, threw all their souls into their songs, and fondly dreamed of earthly immortality. The fittest survive, and the world has sorted them out with unerring judgment. From the good it has taken the best, and we are thankful. But these little geniuses—did they live their lives in vain because they are forgotten now? Was all their music meaningless, and did the world never miss it when their harps were silent? They fulfilled their mission; their songs went home to human hearts and quickened them with feeling. They sang as sang the birds—brief, tender songs that made the world glad for a day; and though their names are now unknown, their graves unmarked, their work has not been unrewarded. So let the little geniuses be of good cheer; their footsteps may not go echoing down the ages, but they may sound very pleasantly in the pathways of to-day. If they feel that they must sing, let no man say them nay; there will be ears to listen, voices to applaud, and hearts to feel. The world needs the low, soft notes of the humble singer, the homely harpings of the little poet, as a rest from the deep bass of the bards sublime.

Wearing a Wife.

A certain Russian nobleman visiting Paris was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and which extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color and was traversed by red veins.

It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger until one day a lady, meeting him in public, ventured to say:

"You wear a very handsome ring."

The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself.

"It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher."

A shudder passed through the whole company.

"This jewel," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since in Russia. She was an Italian and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance which I could carry about with me. Eight days after he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, amid a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on the table. He had, through means of some corrosive substance, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me."

Perseverance.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and asked,—

"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully. "This is a big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it."

"Just so, just so!" said a gentleman who had overheard the remark. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor, and he thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in this world standing on the corners or sitting in the shops waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come to us. Almost everything worth having, like ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Art in Enameled Jewelry.

"Enameled jewelry," said a manufacturer the other day, "is very much the rage just now, and we have considerable difficulty in getting competent workmen to do the coloring. You see the fashion runs to marguerites, clover leaves, daisies, etc., and much care and artistic taste have to be exercised in laying on the exact shades which, when 'fired,' will bring out the chosen flowers as nearly as possible to nature's tints. There are very few enamelers—that is, of course, high art enamelers—to be secured in this city, and, strange as it may seem—and yet why should it be anything strange?—one of the best, if not the very best, is a woman. She will not work for less than $100 a week, and she has no trouble in finding constant employment at that figure. She is a splendid colorist and full of suggestions as to designs. Women of such special capacities are always in demand. —*New York Times.*

A Reasonable Excuse.

"Mother, I can never win the medal for good behavior," exclaimed a boy just from school; "I've tried and tried, but some other pupil always gets it."

"But you must keep on trying," said his mother, encouragingly.

"It's no use," replied the boy; I shan't try any more. It's a clean waste of goodness."

WHEN a conscientious father explained to his son that it was his duty to "hide" him for some offense, the son said by way of protest that he thought it was a mean business.

A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE.

The Way He Got Even with a Hot-Headed Old Farmer.

One year ago, while I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie, I came to a large, fine farm-house. I walked up and gave the door-bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl, as fresh and pretty to look at as a new-blown rose. I bowed with the easy gracefulness of an accomplished book agent, an art only attained by long and constant practice, and greeted her with my most bewitching smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two eyes beamed upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of Heaven.

She seated herself upon the sofa, and I, thinking "faint heart never won fair lady," pulled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when, just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened and a six-footed, raw-boned, big-footed young farmer answered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Gal, what in thunder are you doing with that young—Great Scott! It's a book agent!" he ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work——"

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red-headed——"

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a young cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed; but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing on the doorstep laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to; but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we two shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet goodbye of the horny-handed son of toil.

That night I laid awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheet iron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in an oil-lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hayfield to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door-bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and with a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward, so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick, seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately: "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fail and the Heavens should fall——"

When—well, the Heavens did not fall, but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!

When I picked myself out of a straw pile ten rods away, into which I had been fortunately thrown and therefore not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a mud puddle in the hog yard some fifteen rods away and the girl hanging on the wire fence in the back yard.

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Caught Napping.

Persons who own impulsive tongues may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answered question is unexpectedly put to them. Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the Fourth of July?" and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us napping.

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod-liver oil is made of?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine, all advertisement and humbug."

"I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place, to an old friend. "I hope you will come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"

The very meanings of words are sometimes ignored by rash speakers.

"Yes, I've actually succeeded in getting Mr. C——'s autograph," said a lady, displaying with pride an album leaf adorned by the name of a famous author. "But I dare say his amanuensis wrote it."

One instance more of unexpected questions which find no answer. A gentleman one day stepped into an office full of clerks, and said, brusquely, "Can any of you tell me Carl Jones's Christian name?"

On the spur of the moment, no one could.—*Youth's Companion.*

It's a Very Poor Sermon that Does Not Hit Him Somewhere.

At a recent gathering of ministers one speaker told an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who had said some strong things about horse racing. He was told after the sermon that he touched one of their best members at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him."

In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said:

"I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," said the man. "It is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

"It rains on rich and poor alike," we are told. Yes, since there is no [illegible]

Her Criticism.

She was visiting her artist cousin's studio upon an invitation to criticise his latest work. He had the canvas upon the easel, and occasionally touching it up here and there, would walk away a few paces, then turn to observe the effect.

"Fred," said she, finally, "I think I would be afraid to turn my back upon that picture and walk away as you do if I had and desire to finish it."

"Why?"

"Why, I'm almost certain that if I had painted that picture and should get a little start away from it I would keep on going and never come back any more." —*Texas Siftings.*

How Soon Are We Forgotten.

A gentleman who lives not a thousand miles from this city has recently been absent from home several months on business. Not long ago his wife received a letter from him, which she began to read aloud at the breakfast table. But she was somewhat interrupted by a young son and heir, who apparently found other things more interesting than the letter.

"My child," she said in a tone of maternal rebuke, "don't you want to hear this nice letter from papa?"

"Papa, papa," was the puzzled reply. "Oh, yes; you mean the man who used to live at our house."—*New York Tribune.*

The Clangor of an Alarm Bell

Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquility not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence, but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also signally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.

Test of Grit.

President Insurance Company—Want to be appointed a life insurance agent, eh? What experience have you had?

Applicant—None. I will be frank with you, sir. I wish to marry old Moneybags' daughter, and I want to be able to say that I am in business for myself. See?

President—I see. Now, I'll be frank with you. Go to old Moneybags, tell him you haven't a cent, and don't expect any, yet you want to marry his daughter. Of course he'll refuse and kick you out. But if you keep at him and stick to it until he finally consents, I'll appoint you superintendent. —*New York Weekly.*

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Juvenile Perplexity.

A member of a certain order invited several brother members to call at his house for the purpose of organizing a Building and Loan Association.

When they had arrived, the gentleman's wife and little son were in the parlor, to whom he introduced his friends as brother so and so.

His son sized each individual up for all he was worth, and when the good-nights were in vogue the party was electrified by the youngster saying: "You may be dad's brothers and my uncles, but I'll be Jim Crowed if I can see any family resemblance."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Michigan Central Railroad Employe Wins His Case, After Seven Years' Contest.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, at Augusta, Mich., my kidneys became diseased and from an impoverished and impure state of the blood my general health was entirely undermined. I consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. In October last I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and am to-day a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and I wish to say that I think it the greatest blood, kidney and liver medicine in the world.

E. LAEZILERE,
Agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Go West.

Beggar—Please, sir, I am out of work and my family is starving.

Western Man—Out of work? Of course you are. What else could you expect, living here in the effete East? Why don't you go West—the free, the boundless, the glorious West yearns for you. That's the place for you, sir. Meet me in Dugout City this day week, and I'll sell you the finest corner lot in Jackrabbitville for only $10,000, and put you up a one-and-a-half story, four-room frame-house, with painted front, for only $10,000 more.—*New York Weekly.*

The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad is the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Kookuk and Springfield, Ill., and the only direct line between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo.

E. O. McCORMICK,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Lost the Joke.

Managing Editor—What's the matter, Funny Man?

Funny Man—I was reading over this article for errors.

Managing Editor—Well?

Funny Man (gloomily)—Well, I found the errors, but I can't find the joke now. —*Texas Siftings.*

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

Good Training.

Landlady (to actor)—And you are going to leave me?

Yes. I only meant to stay until I perfected myself in the part I am going to play this evening."

"What part is that, pray?

"The 'lean and hungry Cassius.'"—*Life.*

One Reason

Why nearly everybody should take a good medicine in the spring is because at this season the system is especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, the effect of which is most felt when spring comes on, in general weakness and languor. The system craves assistance to maintain the health tone and expel impurities, which Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives. Try it.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MISS LARKINS was bilious and feeble and sick,
And it seemed as if nothing would ever relieve her.
Her liver was clogged with impurities thick,
And her stomach was constantly burning with fever.
Of the great G. M. D, she bought a supply,
And directions for taking pursued to the letter.
'Twas the best thing on earth she could possibly try,
And soon, very soon, Miss Larkins was better.

The G. M. D. which she took was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for bronchial, throat and lung diseases, sick headache, scrofula, dyspepsia, and all diseases that have origin in impure blood and a disordered liver.

THE cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

A Scaly Trick.

Grocer—Yes, I want a pair of grocery scales, but—ahem——

Hardware Dealer—Oh, the weights are all right. We have a hole in the bottom of each one to be filled up with lead. No pound weight will go over fourteen ounces until filled up.

"Ah, I see. Very well, sir. Your house evidently understands its business. Send me the scales."—*Texas Siftings.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Postal Note.

Amalie—So your sister-in-law will soon visit you?

Mrs. Jones (amazed)—Yes; but how do you know she will?

"Oh, my feller works in the postoffice and he read it on a postal card, the other day."—*Texas Siftings.*

Worth Hundreds of Dollars.

My wife used only two bottles of "Mother's Friend" before her third confinement. Says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. Had not half as much trouble as before. DOCK MILES, Lincoln Parish, La. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

An English Tramp.

Police Judge—Where did you come from?

Tramp—I'm English, you know.

Any business?

Oh, yes, Your Honor; I'm one of Her Majesty's Footmen of the Backyards and All Outdoors.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

TEN mills don't make a cent in Lowell, Mass., no matter what the schoolmasters say. —*Independent.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

A CAPITAL crime—well, kissing is about as good as any of them, if we admit that kissing is a crime.—*Somerville Journal.*

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

MORMONS ought to be good sailors—they have so much marry-time experience.—*Texas Siftings.*

Rich, fragrant, fine, "Tansill's Punch."

YOUNG lovers don't mind addition, but they despise the rule of three.—*Texas Siftings.*

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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ELECTRIC BELT
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PATENTS—PENSIONS How to get a [illegible]

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A LOVELY WOMAN

overheard one say of her, "By Heaven, she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven *only!*" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, and suffering from a dry, hacking cough, night-sweats, and spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again,—a perfect picture of health and strength.

This wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery," now world-famed as a remedy for consumption, which is really lung-scrofula, is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments. All scaly, crusty, itching, troublesome eruptions yield readily to its curative powers. It invigorates the liver, enriches the blood and promotes all the bodily functions. It is the only liver, blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee**, that it will do all it is recommended to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. No ordinary remedy could be sold under such *peculiar* and *trying* conditions. To do so would bankrupt its manufacturers. Not so with "Golden Medical Discovery" which outsells every other liver, blood and lung remedy, throughout the civilized world. It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; contains no alcohol, to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; as *peculiar* in remedial effects as in its composition; it stands alone, *transcendent* in curative properties, unique in composition, its sale backed by a substantial forfeit in case of failure to do all that is claimed for it. There's nothing at all like it, either in composition or curative effects; therefore, don't be induced to take something else represented to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. Every dealer knows it's the best and *only guaranteed* Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

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They are **Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.**
As a **LIVER PILL, Unequaled!**

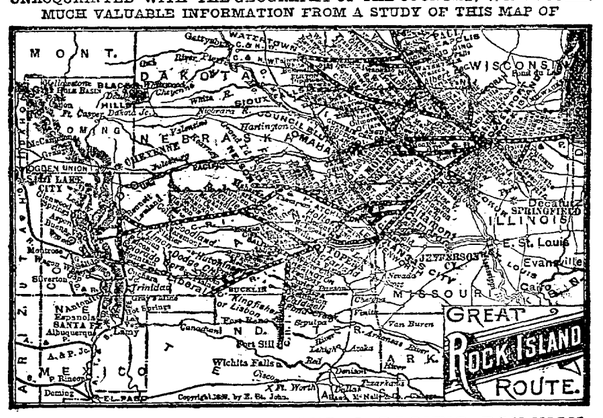
ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

25 DOSES
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

IN A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*

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FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 5 to 8 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Dr. Wilcox's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief in ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. By mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. E. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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THE LUSCIOUS ORANGE.

THE EPICURE'S WAY OF CARVING AND SERVING IT.

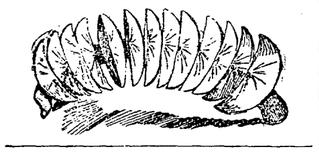
Skinning and Dissecting the Fruit—There Is No Economy in Buying So-Called Cheap Oranges—The Florida Product by Far the Best Sold in Our Markets—Points of Interest.

THERE is little if any economy in buying cheap oranges, writes Allen Foreman in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a rule, there is more pulp and juice in one solid "Florida," for which you will pay three or four cents during the season, than in five of the cheaper fruit, which may possibly be sold as low as a cent apiece.

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. The skin was carefully removed and the fruit separated in its natural sections, and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion was set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice at the top of the orange, at about the arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core; a second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is dexterously performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice, a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method. The native Sicilian, who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife—every Sicilian carries a long, sharp knife for family purposes, as he generally has a vendetta or two on hand—and cuts the orange spirally around, so that it becomes a long strip of peel and pulp. He grabs this strip at either end and draws it rapidly across his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is practiced in the United States and used to be known as "New Orleans' fashion." It consists in dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form by orange experts.

Oranges are grown all over the semi-tropical world. Spain, Italy, Northern Africa, China, Southern California, Florida, Cuba, and Palestine send their quota of the fruit to the great markets. But for excellence the Florida orange takes the lead. Florida produces a larger variety of oranges and brings them to greater perfection than any other region in the orange belt. Whether this is to be attributed to the soil, the climate, or to methods of cultivation has not been definitely decided, though I fancy the latter cause has the most to do with the excellence of the Florida fruit.

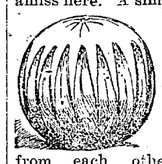
Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble and has but little to recommend it on score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator and by carefully turing the peel back form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange. The pulp is then bitten off around and around, as a school-boy eats an apple. While this style keeps the hands comparatively clean, it smears the face most unpleasantly. The same objection may be urged against the fashion of peeling the orange on a fork and holding it in that way while eating it.



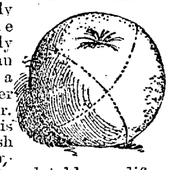
Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit, and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice. At a dinner-table, if the orange-knives are very sharp—a circumstance that rarely happens, by the way—this is perhaps as good a way as any. It is simple and makes no fuss, and there is an air of refinement about touching the fruit only with the knife and fork, if it be gracefully done, which recommends it to many people.

With a mandarin orange, which, as its name suggests, originated in China, none of these methods are practicable. The mandarin is a delicate little fruit, with a strong musky flavor, and its tender skin fits as loosely upon the pulp as does the silken coat of its celestian namesake. Like the Italian and Spanish oranges, its inner skin is dry, and it can be readily peeled and divided into sections. Its first cousin, the tangarine, whose habitat is Algiers and Northern Africa, is a trifle larger, not quite so musky, but possesses all the other peculiarities of the mandarin.

There is no doubt that the orange has been brought to its highest perfection in Florida; larger, juicier, and fuller-flavored fruit comes from the groves of that State than from any other part of the world. Florida malaria does not affect the orange orchards, and it is said that orange growers utilize the disease by getting up in an orange tree when they feel a chill coming on, and let the ague shake down the fruit. The navel orange, so called from the peculiar appearance of the blossom cup at the lower end, is a true seedless orange, and probably stands first among orange lovers. It has hardly any core, the flesh is solid and juicy, and the skin is thin and smooth. Tangarines, mandarins, sweet and sour oranges seem to thrive equally well on the sandy soil which looks as if it would not support a blade of grass. Orange-growers say that the long tap-root of the orange tree pierces through the sand into the primeval swamp which underlies all Florida, and it sucks nurishment from the same source whence the orange-grower gets his chills and fever. However that may be, the fact remains that Florida is rapidly approaching the point where she can supply the world with oranges. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than a Florida packing-barn during the season, great heaps of the yellow fruit piled up higher than a man's head; the pungent fragrance and the brilliant color delight the senses, and the low prices that they net home, after transportation and commissions are deducted, make the farmer wild.



A word or two as to the methods of serving oranges at table may not be amiss here. A simple way is to remove the peel from the top and bottom of the fruit, leaving a girdle about an inch wide all about the equator; sever this at one side, and carefully separate the sections from each other, leaving them all attached to the strip of skin. Another fashion which is effective for table-dressing is to cut the skin on lines of longitude, leaving the sections attached at the south pole. In making up a dish of oranges prepared in this way some of the points of the peel may be bent forward under the orange and others be allowed to stand loosely away from the fruit. Carefully done this makes an orange look like a large yellow flower with a white center. Sliced oranges is too familiar a dish to require any comment, but a very palatable modification is to alternate in the dish layers of sliced banana and sliced orange and cover the whole with a frosting of desiccated cocoanut. The oranges do not look quite so pretty if the slices are cut parallel with the core rather than across it, but they are easier to eat. But every housewife knows of dozens of ways of fixing oranges for the table. After all an orange is something like a watermelon. However beautiful and palatable it may be when prepared for the table, it never tastes quite so sweet as when it is plucked from the tree and sucked with the vigorous assistance of both hands to squeeze out the juice.



A Rope of Lads.

A number of boys were skating and sliding. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake and one little chap fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help, no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank, with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in case the ice should give out and swallow them all up. But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on the ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice. It only took him a moment to remember all that; the next he spoke to his friends after this fashion:

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line quite long enough to reach poor Reuben."

Taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would soon have sunk.

His Honor's Time Was Precious.

A southwest Georgia Justice of the Peace had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded one of the lawyers arose to make a speech in favor of his client.

The Judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minutes later, he interrupted the lawyer by saying:

"Gentlemen, when you finish your speeches, you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me for awhile, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know when you have concluded, and I will return and sentence the prisoner."

It is unnecessary to mention the fact that another young lawyer had his finest effort cut short.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In a Chicago Cemetery.

Stranger—Fine monument you've got there, sir.

Citizen—Yes; that's in memory of my pet game-cock.

Stranger—Who's the little stone for?

Citizen—I ain't dead sure, but I believe one of my wives occupies that locality.—*Judge.*

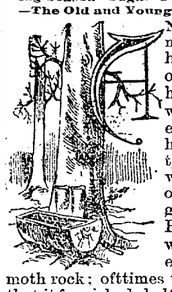
A Foxy Hackman.

There is a Philadelphia hackman who has a regular bar-room in his carriage. A belt with pockets reaches around the inside and in the pockets are bottles holding beer, whisky, brandy, sherry, apollinaris, seltzer and all plain drinks. There are also pockets for cigars and cigarettes. He does a rushing trade Sundays and nights after the saloons are closed. His profits, outside of what he receives for the actual hire of the hack, are often $10 per day.

MAKING MAPLE SIRUP.

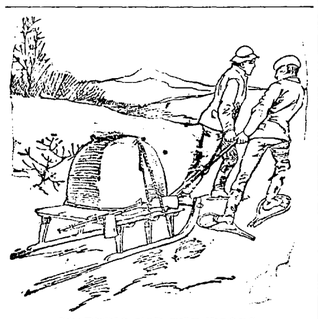
THE OLD-TIME WAY CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF TO-DAY.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times—The Sugaring Season—Sugar Parties in the Woods—The Old and Young Make Merry.



NAGE ago the Vermont farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring sugar campaign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; ofttimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured, large maples were selected, and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logs—called back-logs—were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and to bring back in the morning the brown bread, pork and beans.

About the middle of March the old "five-pail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled which had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered together, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the family flint-lock, some powder and shot, and a good supply of "punk"—an article found in decayed wood, which is about as combustible as tissue paper or young oratory—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the rock the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gouged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, ofttimes walking one-half a mile to secure two pailfuls, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done, comforted the inner man. For Java and Mocha sirup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony, and "at ten" most anything that was left was eaten. At the end of six weeks, when the party took account of stock, they usually had, all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that came off the trees, and now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who ventured too near the trough. This was pure Vermont maple sugar something like 100 years ago.



STARTING FOR THE WOODS.

Another generation realized that the world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets, and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for a kettle, not built of cut stone, but of material easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by home; the wife or daughter at noon time brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order, and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of *papa*, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the typewriter, the idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl, with her dinner-pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Ofttimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always enjoys. Ofttimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order, and some love-making is indulged in. Lads and lasses play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

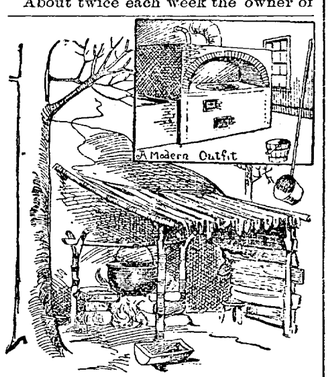
BRINGING THE DINNER.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so sometimes was exchanged for store pay. The farmer who then controlled a sugar orchard of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beech, birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmer's sugar place. Here are the finest songsters in the world, and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and ofttimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

MAKING SAP TROUGHS.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly homelike. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land—mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer, and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, reception-room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. This sap is drawn to the sugar-house, and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure sirup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off" day comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar-house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and a Vermont girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of paddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go, secure a pint or more of the sirup, and start for a snow-bank, upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs cooing and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.



THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-HOUSE.

A Bold Stroke for Fortune.

Young and struggling M. D. (glad to get a small fee)—Now, madam, you will not need me any more. Take care of yourself and you are all right.

Convalescent—Then allow me to pay you, Doctor.

Doctor—Let me see. Ten visits. Well, say $10.

Convalescent—Only $10! Why, Doctor——

Doctor (seized with a happy thought)—Ten dollars a visit.

Convalescent—Ah, that is more like it.

[Receives his check and his fortune is as good as made.]

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS.

MR. Editur: You better beleave I felt awful meen an considably riled to; ef I'd a got my han's onto "Colonel Vanderbelt" I'd a Vanderbelted him, but I didn't. "Well, you mite node better then to go to talkin to a stranger," ses Willam Henery.

"How'd I no he wus a sheap in wolf's cloth's?" ses I, a quotin scripter.

"Now, I kin always tell a rascal, quick es I slap my eyes onto him," ses Willam Henery, but "you wimming will beleave eanything a feller ses to you, aspechally ef he's dressed up an looks slick, an talkes big."

"Well, I ain't one o' ther kind," ses the widder, a holpin herself to a fride chicking laig, fur we wus a eatin supper, thet is, thay wus, but I want a eatin mutch. "No," continys the widder, "I haint easily took in by no man."

"I shud think not, but youd like to be," ses Willam Henery.

The widder throwd a bone at him, but he dodged it an it hit a feller thet wus a settin 4 seats furder along rite on to the eend o the nose, an got sum grease in to his eye.

"I baig your parding, sir," ses Sally, "but I wus a goin to throw it out to the winder," an she got up an went an wus bound and bent to wipe the grease offen him, but he woodnt let her, an got up an went in to another keer, an then she kim back an finished eatin.

"Oh!" ses she, "its to bad, Miss Scooper, thet you shud a got to talkin to sech a bad man. Now, the man I wus a talkin to wus jest lovely, an he cood quote potry to beet ennything."

But jest then a boy kim along with peeches, an Miss Boggs sed shed take em ef hed let her have 3 fur 5 sents, an he said he wood, an give her 3, but when she wint to pay for em she couldnt find her pocket book.

"Land sakes!" gasped she; "where did I put it?"

"Gim me back them peaches; yure a tryin to swindle me," ses the boy.

But I hed bit mine, an so I tole Willam Henery to pay for em, an the widder cood hand him the change when she found her wallet, and so he did.

The widder looked hie an low, but twant no whare to be found. Then she arsked the cunducter did he no whar hed went with it.

"No," ses he, purty short, "unless thet sharper you wus a settin by tuck it," and he went off. The widder wus badly beet, an Willam Henery lectered both of us tell we got up an went to a nother sete, an twant long tell I seen a gal a settin by his side, but I want nun alarmed, fur arfter thayd talked a while she lade her hed onto the back o the sete an went to sleep, an purty quick Wm. Henery wus a snorin to with his mouth wide open, an he waked the gal an him self to, and thay talked sum more, and then she wus a goin to git off the keers and he must go help her, and it seamed to me he wus gone consdable of a spell. When he kim back he sot down by the widder an me an begin braggin on thet gal.

"I tell you she wus purty," ses he, "an jolly, to, for she throde me a kiss when the trane sturted."

"What time air it?" ses I, kindy hotty.

"Why—why——" ses he, fur his watch wus gon, an so wus his wallet; thet purty little gal hed tuck em.

"Well," ses he, "ef that don't bang bob tail!"

"Willam Henery," ses I, camly, "do not use slang!" An thare we wus, an not a sent betwixt us. We felt purty cheap, I tell you, but Hester Ann kim to meat us, an so we got threw all rite; an, sir, I want mutch sorry Sally an Willam Henery was in to the same bote with me. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

A Regular Sell.

A shabby-genteel sort of a man knocked at the door of a small suburban villa. The one servant of the establishment was out, so the mistress herself opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked, rather sharply, not much liking his appearance.

The man looked at her, opened his eyes wide as if struck with amazement, and said:

"Well, madam, I don't want anything. I see I've made a mistake. The fact is, I've come to the wrong house."

Then he murmured, but sufficiently loud for the lady to hear:

"What a complexion! Never saw such a lovely one in all my life! The pink and white seem to melt into one another. Beautiful! beautiful! If all ladies had such complexions, I might as well go into the workhouse at once!"

The lady had listened to his eulogy on her complexion with visible pleasure, and, noticing that the man had a box under his arm, asked:

"Have you anything to sell?"

"Well, madam I have, and I haven't, at least, not to you; for you don't require what I have to sell. So I'll say good day, madam, and must apologize for troubling you."

"Wait a minute. What is it you have to sell?" inquired the lady, her curiosity being aroused.

"I have, madam—I repeat, it is no good to you—I have, madam, a wonderful wash for the complexion. It's called the 'lily and rose blend,' and is prepared from a recipe nearly a hundred years old, and was used with fascinating effect by some of the great beauties of France. But, good day, madam, I won't detain you any longer; as I said before, you don't require a complexion wash. Art, madam, great as it is, cannot compete with Nature."

He gave an intense glance of admiration at the lady, took off his hat, retreated two steps, and then stopped to fiddle with the clasp of his box.

"Is it really good for the complexion?" asked the lady.

"Wonderful, madam, wonderful! but as I have said——"

"How much is it a bottle?"

"One shilling, madam, or two bottles for one and nine. But——"

"I'm half inclined to try a bottle," hesitated the lady.

"Of course, madam, if you feel charitably disposed, and would like to make a present of a bottle or two to some lady friend who suffers from the great detriment to beauty, a bad complexion—good complexions are very rare, madam—I say, should you feel charitably disposed, madam, why, that's another thing."

"Well, I'll take a bottle."

"Two for one and nine, madam," said the man, insinuatingly.

"Very well, give me two, then."

"Thank you, madam. Good-day. I'm extremely obliged to you, madam."

Said the lady to herself as she walked indoors: "What a well-spoken man—quite gentlemanly. It's a pity he can't get some better employment than peddling."

Said the man to himself as he walked down the street, with a boundless, prairie-like smile on his face: "That woman has about the worst complexion I've ever seen in my life! It almost made me bilious to look at her. What gulible creatures women are! If women were fish, how they would bite!"

The New Postage-Stamps.

On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1890, an entire new series of postage-stamps were issued, comprising the same denominations as those which they displaced. The stamps differ in form from the old series, being about one-eighth smaller in size and nearly square.

The designs contain as the leading feature the portraits of personages of great eminence in American history. The portraits are in medallion, with a heavily shaded background, and set in an ornamental frame containing the words and figures expressive of the object and value of the stamps.

The one-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Rubricht, of Benjamin Franklin, printed in ultramarine blue.

On the two-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Houdon, of George Washington, looking to the left, on an oval disk, printed in carmine.

The three-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Powers, of Andrew Jackson, on an ovel disk, brinted in purple.

The four-cent stamp contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right. The color is chocolate.

On the five-cent stamp is a portrait of General Grant, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right, color light-brown.

The six-cent denomination has a portrait of James A. Garfield, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face. The color of the stamp has not yet been fully determined upon.

The ten-cent stamp contains a portrait of Daniel Webster, after a daguerreotype from life, three-quarters face, looking to the left, color milori green.

The fifteen-cent denomination has a portrait of Henry Clay, after a daguerreotype from life. The color is deepblue.

On the thirty-cent stamp is a profile bust of Thomas Jefferson, after Coracchi, color black.

The ninety-cent denomination contains a profile bust of Commodore O. H. Perry, after Walcott's statue. The color is orange.

The old stamps will of course continue to be received in payment of postage, but no more will be printed.

There will be no change in the current special delivery, postage due, or newspaper and periodical stamps; neither will the stamps on the stamped envelopes or on the letter-sheet envelopes be changed at present.

Two Left Hands and No Head.

The author of "Tom Brown" tells us of a nurse that watched over Tom's infancy, who was gifted with "two left hands and no head." How often this anomalous individual is found outside of the nursery! In the kitchen she is always dropping dishes and making the fortune of the crockery dealers. In school he is always at the foot of his class, rather by reason of a certain mental carelessness and inaptitude than because of positive stupidity. In politics he is constantly making those blunders which statesmen pronounce worse than crime. In society, by various contretemps and maladroit remarks, he blazes his way through life. If there is a corn under the table, he is sure to step on it; if there is a sore and sensitive heart, he is sure to probe the wound with his bungling lancet, and without the least intention of hurting any one's feelings. Sometimes this man with two left hands finds his way into the pulpit, and then, alas, his awkward work is often disastrous indeed. He can not perceive the difference between foolish preaching and the foolishness of preaching. He can not be made to believe that a word in due season is any better than a word out of season. In any walk of life this man seems to have no innate conception of little proprieties or the small amenities. A course of action is always in his eyes, lawful or unlawful, never expedient or inexpedient. Very often such a man labors under the delusion that he is usually frank and honest, and, if he gets into trouble through his inveterate bungling, he is likely to pride himself on being a martyr to the truth, where in reality he deserves no more honor for his bravery than the man who runs his head against a hornet's nest. However, many a man who starts out in life in this sad condition is by no means a hopeless case. By recognizing his besetting faults, by taking the advice of friends, by putting himself under the tutelage of a judicious wife, by care and thought and prayer, by looking at the "other side of the shield," and by recognizing the rights of other people, he can often become ambidextrous, and even grow a head with brains in it. This process of development is worth striving for.—*Golden Rule.*

An Absent-Minded Farmer.

A Scotch farmer who was a little absent-minded was one day going into Perth with a load of hay. He led the horse out of the stable, but instead of backing it into the trams of the wagon he absent-mindedly led the animal along the road and never as much as looked behind him till he walked into the yard, leading the horse, where the hay was to be delivered. "Whaur will I back into?" he cried to a stableman standing by. "Back in what?" asked the man. "The hay, you stupid idiot." "Whut hay? Ye've nae hay, ye daft gowk." Turning round, to his consternation the farmer for the first time apprehended the fact that he had left the wagon at home and brought the horse alone. In his hurry to repair the error he started off at a trot and was half way back to his own farm before he realized the fact that he had left the horse behind.—*Scottish American.*

As Loving and Sentimental as Ever.

"I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse, "but still I thought it rather odd of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden. Poor, dear, simple boy! He's just as loving and sentimental as ever he was."—*Troy Press.*

THERE is said to be a tree at Monticello, Fla., which bears three kinds of fruit—quinces, pears and apples.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE GULF STREAM.

It Is a Mighty River with a Current Warm, Fresh and Pure, Cutting Its Course Through Solid Walls of Cold Salt Water—Its Wonderful Climatic Influence.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

WITH a chart of the world before us, we notice that on either side the Channel there are two countries, one, England, celebrated for its mild, genial climate, a climate that will produce nearly any agricultural product known to the civilized world, a climate that presents the greatest attraction on account of its salubriousness to visitors from all quarters of the globe, a climate very favorable to good health and longevity, but possibly not friendly, by virtue of its mildness, to great intellectual activity. The other country—Scandinavia—directly opposite, is almost the reverse of this; the summers are very short and cool, the winters long and severe, nearly all agricultural products, native grasses and forests, are of stunted growth, the entire country seemingly cold and desolate. Why is this? What physical causes are responsible for this wide difference in the climate and productions of two countries nearly in the same degree of latitude? For, other things being equal, the same latitude indicates the same temperature, one of the first things taught in the primary geographies, but the rule does not apply to England and Norway by any means.

Continuing the observation of the chart, looking away down among the tropic seas, and south torrid zone, imaginary belts or divisions directing us where to look for heat and cold, and between the two, the temperate climate, we shall see what is called the Gulf Stream, and as it winds its way, sometimes crooked and as often straight through the ocean, we find it nearly touches the shore of England, but fails to approach that of Scandinavia. Now, as this stream, a mighty river, has its origin in torrid countries, its fountain head is not only hot water but the stream itself as it flows sluggishly through the seas of the torrid zone—everything but sin and immorality moves slow in tropic countries—it loses none of its heat, but when it strikes the temperate and colder zones, in obedience to that inscrutable decree of physics, its motion becomes more rapid, and by the time this channel separating these two countries is reached the Gulf Stream has developed into a tempestuous torrent, a raging river, and, as it washes the shores of England it deposits its freight of heated vapor on what would otherwise be the same cold country as Norway and Sweden.

These two countries are warmed by the same sun, and its rays strike each at the same angle, hence so far as the sun's power of itself is concerned, the countries are alike benefited; but what the sun fails to do the Gulf Stream completes, what heat is lacking the Gulf Stream supplies, and away north it makes another turn, but comes back to warm and moisten the vineyards of France, but leaves those beautiful countries across the way, but in the same latitude, out in the cold.

If it were possible to change the current and general course of this mighty river, the Gulf Stream, what gigantic changes would be wrought on the earth's surface. Cold, barren, and desolate countries would bloom and blossom as the rose; sandy deserts would be covered with rank verdure, and icy plains become dense forests and jungles; mighty monarchies would disappear, kingdoms, powers, and governments would be only known in history; entire continents, seas and islands would be changed; animals would perish and new species would take their place; the vegetable kingdom as now found in certain sections would wither and decay, new species would spring up and feed upon their ruins, as they did in prehistoric ages.

This giant river in the ocean seems a strange phenomenon. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. It never gets on a rampage, nor goes out of the even tenor of its prescribed course. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, so salty it cannot be drank, but its current is warm, and its water approaches in chemical purity doubly distilled rain-water. Its source is in the Gulf of Mexico, and it empties itself away up in the frigidest of frigid zones, the northern arctic seas, where the foot of man has never been known to tread.

The entire world, so far as explored, does not contain such another majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than ten thousand times greater. Its waters are fresh, and away out from the coast of Carolina are of indigo blue. These are so distinctly marked that the line of demarkation that separates this river from the ocean may be traced by the unaided eye. Often one-half the ship may be seen floating in this river while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the lack of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of that of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

In addition to this there is another very peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco. But it is a fact, well known to travelers, that such is the case and many other equal phenomena that may be discussed at another time.

A Dog's Fad.

Mr. Jaeger of Rochester, New York, was frequently puzzled by the absence of his dog. The animal was frequently absent half a day at a time, and recently was missing for two days. His owner advertised for him, and on the following day he was returned by a man who had discovered his peculiar mania. It was for riding on street cars. He will get aboard of any car he sees and ride until he is put off. Mr. Jaeger proposes to get a season ticket and attach it to the dog's collar, that he may indulge his street car propensities in a proper and legal way.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Check Challies!

One of the neatest, most durable dress fabrics received this season, is a lot of 34-inch challies in small and medium checks, exceedingly stylish—good for Ladies' and Misses.

Price 35 Cents.

ALL WRAPS

Remaining

Will be sold at

ONE THIRD OFF.

KID GLOVES!

Still another large shipment of new kids has reached us—a five button kid—as good as any of our regular $1.25 kids. Nice choice shades.

83c a pair.

CARPETS!

LACE CURTAINS.

Do you think we could sell as many Carpets and Curtains as we do if our patterns were not superior and the quality the very best for the money. Some

CHOICE INGRAIN CARPETS

Come in Thursday. We don't know but what you would take them instead of a Brussels.

They are so handsome

AND THE QUALITIES SUPERIOR.

Come and look at them.

ROOT & COMPANY

SURPRISE NO. 14,608.

Wall paper men are advertising that one might believe they would give the world for a cent, and that you ought to drop in occasionally and see their goods.

Now here are facts—just you drop in semi-occasionally or oftener, at F. H. Treep's, 68 East Main street, where you will find borders from 1 band up and in fact everything in the wall paper line, and at prices that goes them one better everytime.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.

Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.

TELEPHONE, No. 230.

RIVERS & SON,

General Contractors For All Kinds of

PAINTING and DECORATING,

No. 70 Calhoun Street.

Leave Orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

WALL PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER, GRATSLEY & CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890,

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. Meade C. Williams is in the city.

Mr. J. D. Bond has sold his interest in Park place.

The Q. & O. club will go to Maxinkuckee June 22.

Mr. Edwin Jackson has accepted a position with the Press.

There will be twenty-one events in the coming field-day sports.

The excavation for the new Odd Fellows block is nearly finished.

Mr. John Noegle, known as "Camp-meeting John," is in the city.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The social clubs are closing their events for a rest during the summer season.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shaffer, of 171 Superior street—a ten-pound daughter.

Mr. R. T. McDonald has purchased the property of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Keel on Broadway.

Mr. Louis Curdes, of the organ works, is erecting a handsome home in Williams' addition.

Mrs. Paul Kiedel, of Milwaukee, is the guest of her brother, D. L. Mason, of 298 Calhoun street.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAfee, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, are visiting their son and family at 331 South Hanna street.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Baldock is quite seriously ill and it is feared the little one has scarlet fever.

The State Pharmaceutical convention will meet at Maxinkuckee early in June. A number of the druggists in this city will attend.

Born to Blacksmith Rose and wife, corner of Madison and Clay streets, a young blacksmith, almost large enough to shoe horses.

Mr. Henry Heidenrich, who had his leg injured at the Fort Wayne Iron works nine weeks ago, fell and again injured the limb yesterday.

H. N. Coffinberry, who was formerly the Wabash railway company's trainmaster here, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for county auditor at his home, Garret, Indiana.

Mr. Frank Squires, who was chief clerk at the Rich hotel for a long time, is in the city. Mr. Squires has been managing the Ross hotel at Garrett, Ind., and is taking a much needed vacation.

The board of managers of the Fort Wayne Electric club met last night and decided to have an excursion to Warsaw, June 21. They aim to make it the biggest excursion to that resort this season.

The Talbot Paving company of Detroit, have fitted up handsome office apartments in the Pixley-Long block, where their headquarters will be while the pavements for which they have contracts are being laid.

The new bell in St. Paul's Catholic church will be blessed to-morrow. Bishop Radamacher, of Nashville, will conduct the ceremonies, assisted by Father Koenig. The Father Edward council, C. B. L., will turn out in uniform.

The officers of the different Catholic societies have been requested by Father Delaney to meet Monday evening for the purpose of electing a marshal for the demonstration attendant upon the corner stone laying of St. Patrick's church. The corner stone will be laid Sunday, the 18th inst.

The reception and hop given by the Nonpareil club at the Rifles' armory on Wednesday evening was the last of a series given by that society. It was a fitting finale to the club's social season, being by all odds the most elegant affair yet given under its auspices. The attendance numbered seventy couples. There was no dearth of happiness and the entire affair passed off a big success.

Manager Geary will pitch the tent of his new traveling show on the vacant lot on Calhoun street, near Rich's Hotel, next Monday morning and will show the people what he has for two days. Wednesday he will leave on his summer tour and return to the city again in August, when the World's Museum will be reopened. Mr. Geary has made himself a fixture here and our citizens will wish him success in his summer campaign.

The Allen county medical society held an annual meeting yesterday afternoon. The re-election of Dr. A. P. Buchman, president, and Dr. Howard McCullough, secretary, was unanimous. Dr. McCullough was elected a delegate to the meeting of the American medical society at Nashville, Tenn., and Drs. K. K. Wheelock and G. W. McCaskey were elected delegates to the Indiana State Medical society's meeting to be held at Indianapolis.

Property owners wishing to build their own sidewalks must hereafter file a bond in the sum of $5,000. This is done to protect the city from damage suits. A case at point, and one which inspired the adoption of this rule, was one in which the wife of Mr. Frank Tyrell was awarded damages against the city for injuries sustained by a carriage upsetting over a pile of bricks on Fairfield avenue The bricks were in front of the premises of J. A. Spereisen, who was building his own sidewalk and he, not having been compelled to file a bond, could not be held responsible.

The Fawn cigar is the best 5-cent cigar in town. Try it.

Potatoes, Flour and Butter Down.

Best Early Rose Potatoes, per bushel 40c.

South Whitley Mills Flour, $4 barrel.

Best new grass butter 15c lb.

Good jar butter, 10c lb.

Cooking butter 5c lb.

Best sugar cured hams 11c lb.

Choice breakfast bacon 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The last day of the 20 PER CENT. OFF Sale at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

If you wish to have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired, have it done at A. KOENIG'S,

176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall.

First-class work done. 8-3t

Do you know Tait Sisters will sell you millinery goods next week for one-half that others ask. No. 26 East Wayne street, near Fruit House.

Phillip Phillips' program tonight is picturesque America and British Columbia. It is the best night of the series, at the Baptist church.

Home-Seekers' Excursion via Wabash Railroad.

On Tuesday, May 20th, the Wabash line will sell tickets to points west at one fare for the round trip, good for return passage thirty days from date of sale. For full information apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

7-w1t-d10t

Smoke the Fawn cigar. The best 5-cent cigar in the city.

On account of the second annual musical festival to be held at Indianapolis, May 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1890 the "Muncie Route" will make reduced rates for all those desiring to attend. Tickets on sale May 13 to 17 inclusive, and returning May 18. For ticket and other information call on or address

W. H. FISHER,

General Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

Or City Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun street. 3-13t

WANTED—A girl for general house work. Wages $3.00 per week. Inquire at 190 West Berry street.

WANTED—Ten laborers on sewers, Monday morning. Apply to Jas. Madden, plumber, 101 Calhoun Street.

WANTED—Five men to canvass for the Love sewing machine. Call at 56 East Columbia street.

FOR SALE—One team of mules, harness and wagon, cheap. Inquire of W. H. Bassett & Son.

GLOBE CLOTHING COMPETITION.

HANDSOME DRESS SUIT

—TO THE—

MOST POPULAR RAILROAD MAN.

(This includes Conductors, Engineers, Firemen, Brakemen or Switchmen.

I vote for.....

R. R.....

Position.....

The one receiving the Largest number of Ballots will be presented with the best Suit of Clothes in our stock. Any one can vote, and as often as they please, by using coupon cut from this paper.

Ballot closes June 15. Cut this out and send it to

GLOBE,

One Price Clothiers and Furnishers, Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

MALONIA

—THE NEW—

R·U·S·S·I·A·N

REMEDY

FOR ALL LIVER DISEASES.

MALONIA Stimulates the Liver and Cures Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all Diseases of the Liver. For sale by

BENEKE & CO., No. 210 Calhoun Street.

PRICE: 50c. and $1.00 Per Bottle.

GARDEN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Twelve acres of land without improvements, south of New Haven gravel road, half mile east of toll gate. Price, $3,000.

Twenty acres, cleared and in grass, on Illinois road, three miles west of city, price, $2,000.

Ten acres improved land, frame house, five rooms, frame barn and fruit, situated three miles east of city on New Haven gravel road. Price, $2,500.

Ten acres improved land, brick house and frame barn, located just west of Lindenwood cemetery. Price, $3,000.

Twenty-three and one-half acres on gravel road, opposite McKinney farm, two and one-half miles from city. Good new frame barn, well fenced, and young orchard. Price, $4,000.

Three and thirty-two one hundredths acres on gravel road, between St. Joe river bridge, and asylum for feeble minded. Would make good little garden, or sell in lots. Price $1,500. S. C. LUMBARD, Agent,

10-7t No. 3, Avelline Horse.

Good Music. Latest Music.

KINSELL CORNET BAND.

Best Uniformed Band in the State.

For Terms, Address,

E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,

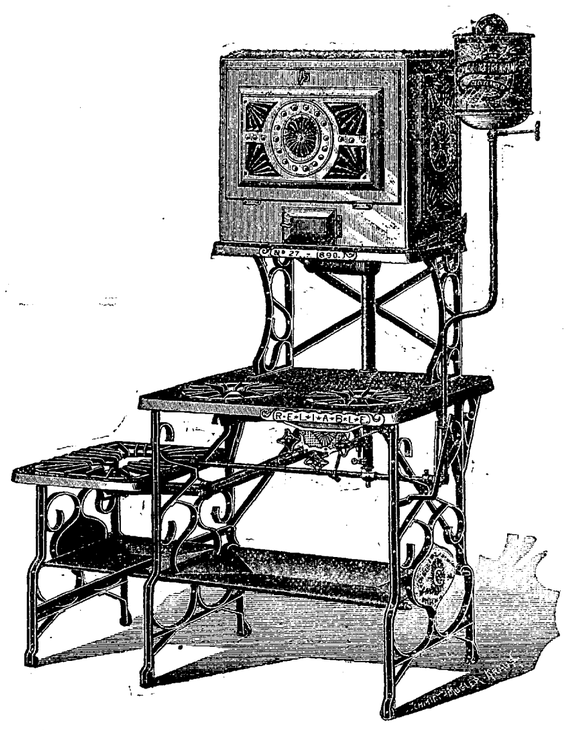
may3-sat 13t Roanoke, Indiana.

LOST—On Sunday morning, between Washington and Main streets, a gold necklace, not very large, and no charm on it. Finder will please return it to this office.

PICKARD BROS.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Natural Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Summer Use.



The above cut represents a new addition to our already large line of "RELIABLE" Gasoline Stoves. It is a stove that will do more work for the amount of floor space it takes up, than any other pattern ever brought out. The generator is placed at the end, under the half low-down shelf. The oven is below top of stove, is removable, and stands at convenient height. When oven is not in use you have two powerful burners underneath to cook on, thus making four cooking grates in the space of a two-burner end stove. This new style will be found very desirable where a large amount of work is required in a small space. "RELIABLE" Stoves are Fully Guaranteed in Every Particular.

BRAND NEW!

The 5 and 10 Cent Store,

At 58 Clinton Street,

—AND—

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE AND CHINA,

AT 15 COURT STREET,

Same Room in Foster's Block,

Most cordially invite you to see the

NEW STOCK

And get their LOW PRICES.

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Lamps, Glass Sets, Vases, Woodenware, Toys, Notions,

Anything you want or need. Come early and see us.

5 AND 10 CENT STORE.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

The Largest, Strongest, Cheapest and Best in the World.

Largest Outstanding Assurance. Largest New Business Written in 1889. Largest Surplus.

The following are the most important items of the THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMEFT of the EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY:

Outstanding Assurance December 31, 1889	$631,016,666
New Assurance Written in 1889	175,264,100
Premium Income in 1889	25,357,523
Interest and Other Income	5,035,765
Total Income	30,393,288
Payments to Policy-holders	11,842,858
Assets	$107,150,309
Liabilities (per cent.)	84,329,235
Surplus	$22,821,074
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities	127 per cent.

These figures show, as compared with the Statement for 1888;

An Increase in Outstanding Assurance of	$81,800,540
An Increase in New Assurance of	21,330,565
An Increase in Premium Income of	3,309,710
An Increase in Total Income of	3,434,311
An Increase in Assets of	12,107,386
An Increase in Surplus of	2,026,359

Send for illustrations of the Equitable Society's twenty-year tontine policies, showing the following unprecedented results at maturity:

On "Endowment" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, varying according to age, from 6½ to 7 per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 4½ to 5 per cent. per annum.

On "Twenty-payment life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, at the rate of from 4½ to 5½ per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 3½ to 4½ per cent. per annum.

On "Ordinary life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with from 2½ to 4 per cent. simple interest, or compound interest of from 2 to 3½ per cent. per annum. Call on or address,

M. E. ARGO, Agent,

62 CALHOUN STREET.

D. C. FISHER,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

No. 32 EAST BERRY STREET.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

SPECIALS for TO-DAY

THE BEST Line of All-wool Men's Suits in the city for $10

THE BEST Line of All-wool Pants in the city for $3

THE BEST Imported Pique Bosom Dress Shirt in the city for $1

THE BEST Soft and Stiff Hats, all shades, in the city for $1

THE BEST Child's Suits, all-wool ages 4 to 14, in the city for $3

THE BEST Boys' Suits, all-wool, ages 14 to 19, in the city for $6

The Best Line and Newest Styles of GENTS' NECKWEAR in the city for 25c. and 50c.

Our Stock is Replete With Hundreds of Bargains Which We Will be Pleased to Show.

Friend's Enterprise One-Price Clothiers, Hatters and Gent's Furnishers,

62 AND 64 CALHOUN ST., COR. BERRY.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE,

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

Leaders in Low Prices

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

and Notions.

We not only lead on low prices but we have all the New Desirable Things of the season. We make specialties of Chenille Curtains, Lace Curtains, Irish Point Curtains, Imported Madras, Plain and Dotted Swiss, Low Price Scrims, &c., &c.

While all our other Departments, embracing Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Embroideries, Corsets, Jackets, Wraps, Umbrellas, Linens, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c., &c., will be found Complete, at popular and

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

One Price to All.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block

Berry street.

Dozois. Beadell & Co.

B·I·C·Y·C·L·E·S!

The World-Renowned

SWIFT, NEW RAPID, CONVENTRY RIVAL, RUDGE QUADRANT AND MIDLAND

BICYCLES & SAFETIES.

BOYS' SAFETIES FOR $25.

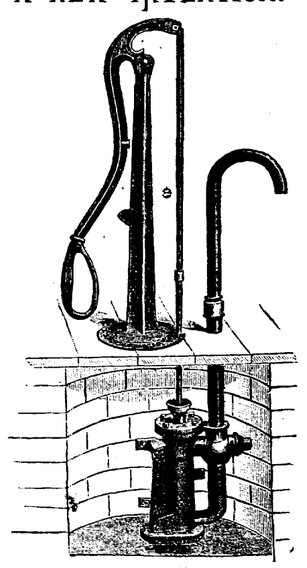
Lanterns, Caps and Bicycle Supplies of kinds, of

A. B. WHITE CYCLE CO.,

OR AT MORGAN & BEACH,

Fort Wayne Ind.

A NEW INVENTION.



Try the New Double Acting Force Pump. An excellent pump for all purposes. It works like a charm and should be in every well. By attaching a hose, can be used in case of fire, sprinkling streets or lawn. Is the best pump for cistern, windmill, kitchen or yard; always in order and the most substantial made. Pumps sold at very low prices.

AUGUST REILING,

Inventor and Manufacturer, No. 70 Pearl street, corner Ewing street. Territory For Sale.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photoes and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

6eod L. JUNE, No. 181 Calhoun St.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 | SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890. | PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DEWALD & CO.

See Our New Lines of

Dress Goods!

They Excel in Extent, Beauty, Variety and Finish All of our Previous Efforts.

We have an Immense Line of

IMPORTED ❋ GOODS!

And have made Special Efforts in Styles. In

DOMESTIC ❋ GOODS!

Our Lines will be found complete and unsurpassed in variety.

GEORGE -I- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

LACE CURTAIN STRETCHER.

Any lady can do her curtains better than they can be be done at any laundry.
Try our frames and you will never send any more curtains from home.
Every housekeeper needs one. For sale at

F. M. SMITH & CO.,
22 CALHOUN STREET.

Dr. Wilbur's Eye-Water.

If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Detzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. B. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.

☞ This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated occulist, in his practice for fifteen years. aprill0 d&w-3m

JOS. M. CLARK & CO.,
Merchant Tailors,
34 EAST BERRY ST.
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

LOUIS WOLF & Co.

Black and Colored LACES

For Over Dresses. No such line has ever been shown in Fort Wayne.

The Handsomest and Newest Styles Out.

FISH NET!

In Striped, Dotted and Plain.

Point de Sprays & Chentilla Laces.

No effort has been spared to make this the

Grandest Selection!

To be seen, and we are showing some of the Lovliest Patterns to be had.

You Must All Come!

We have the goods and prices to suit every one.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.,

Our carpet department still continues to attract attention.

FREMONT'S GOOD LUCK!

The Old General Faints When Informed That the Government is Indebted to Him in the Sum of $21,000.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Second comptroller of the treasury department has just discovered that the government is indebted to General John C. Fremont in the sum of $21,000.

For many years the treasury department has charged General Fremont with $19,000 for which it was thought no voucher had been issued. When General Fremont had been placed upon the retired list under special act of congress recently he called at the treasury department to say that if his pay was held back to make up this $19,000 balance, he would be left in want.

A few days ago he called on the second comptroller to see what conclusion had been reached. The second comptroller told him that the two vouchers had been discovered which proved that instead of a debt of $19,000, there was a credit of $21,000 in his account. The news was so startling that General Fremont fainted. A warrant for the amount due him has been delivered to General Fremont.

CYCLONES.

Several of Them Strike the Country and Do Damage.

MARYVILLE, Mo., May 10.—Yesterday afternoon a cyclone passed about three miles north of this city. It blew down the barn of Fine Conrad, the house of George Cox, the house of Wm. Alexander and the house and barn of Geo. Shronck. The families in the houses escaped without serious injury.

BRIDGEPORT, Ill., May 10.—Severe local storms prevailed in Lawrence county yesterday which did great damage to fences and small buildings. A freight train on the O. & M. was caught in the vortex between here and Lawrenceville and wrecked. Several cars were unroofed and badly torn up. Telegraph wires are badly broken.

BETHDALE, Mo., May 10.—A furious cyclone passed north of this city last evening at about 6 o'clock, doing great damage. A dozen or more dwellings were completely demolished and numerous barns blown down. The family of Henry Young were all severely hurt, and Mrs. Young will die. The storm passed in a northwesterly direction.

NORWICH, N. Y., May 10.—Three more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Chenango county poor house at Preston, yesterday. This brings up the total of those recovered to thirteen. It is feared that several more bodies are still burried in the debris.

IOWA'S FIRST DECISION

In Reference to the Original Package Decision of the Supreme Court.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 10.—The first decision of an Iowa court in accord with the recent original package decision of the Federal supreme court is that of Steele vs. Verstraetten and others, of Brooklyn, charged with maintaining a nuisance, which came up in the district court at Grinnell yesterday.

The counsel for the defense moved that the jury be instructed to bring in a verdict for the defense on the ground that the evidence showed only sales by an importer or his agent in original packages, the sale coming under the recent decision by the supreme court of the United States. The county attorney assented to the motion. Judge Ryan so ordered and the case was dismissed.

TABLES TURNED.

The Master Carpenters on the Offensive at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—The tables are turned. The journeymen carpenters have finished their strike. Now master carpenters are taking the offensive. A committee appointed by the carpenters and builders' association to take charge of the employment of new men, has sent out circulars to different cities inviting workmen to come to Chicago. The secretary is preparing a revised list of members for the use of architects and material men. These two classes have joined hands with the master carpenters in their effort to defeat the new boss carpenters' association. The members of the latter are relying on the union of the journeymen to pull them through the present difficulty.

REV. FATHER KEEGAN.

Death of the Vicar General of the Diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 10.—The Very Rev. Father William Keegan, the vicar general of the Roman Catholic church in this diocese, died this morning of pneumonia at his home in this city. He had been ill since Monday last, when he was attacked with chills and fever with resultant pneumonia.

No churchman of any denomination was more favorably known than he was, nor had any more friends, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher being one of his warmest admirers. Father Keegan was about seventy years old.

Dr. George E. Harrison and wife, representing Mrs. Longshore-Potts, M. D., the lecturer, are in the city. They have engaged the Temple for a date early in January, 1891.

MRS. CHAS. L. HILL.

Death of a Well Known Christian Lady of This City.

This forenoon at 11 o'clock, at her home on Spy Run avenue, occurred the death of Mrs. Emily M. Hill, the beloved wife of Mr. Chas. L. Hill, the prominent dealer in musical instruments.

The cause of her death was locomotor ataxia, with which she has been suffering for some time.

Mrs. Hill was sixty-one years of age, a noble Christian lady and was loved by a large circle of warm friends.

The funeral occurs at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Trinity Episcopal church, Rev. A. W. Seabrease officiating.

MR. HARRINGTON.

Mr. Harrington, of the Sixth ward, died this afternoon. Deceased was the son of the former owner of the Harrington block.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. M. W. Simons is in the city.

Dr. A. J. Laubach is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Gun, of Toledo, is the guest of Mrs. McKenzie, 121 Butler street.

Judge Lowry has returned from Decatur where he is interested in a case.

Mrs. Mungen will open the Woods mansion as a first-class boarding house.

There is no truth in the report that the organ factory will have a base ball club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Madison, of Wallace street, will spend Sunday in Chicago.

Miss Jennie Lance, of the conservatory, will spend Sunday at Marion, her home.

Mr. Hoveril and family will soon move into their new home in South Wayne.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Borden, formerly of this city, now of Dakota—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn celebrated their first wedding anniversary last Thursday evening.

Miss Grace Strong gave an elegant reception last evening in honor of Miss Bowser, of Chicago.

St. Julian council, No. 89, C. B. L., will hold an important meeting to-morrow evening at Library hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, of Jackson street, celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of their marriage yesterday.

The German Lutherans will have a meeting to-morrow night at Carpenters' hall for the purpose of organizing a sick benefit society. THE SENTINEL erred in announcing that the meeting was to be held last evening.

The Emmett Dramatic club will shortly begin the rehearsal of their new play, "E Pluribus Unum," which will be produced on the stage of Library Hall. Rev. Father Byrne has the arrangements in charge.

"Around the World in a Chariot of Song," by Philip Phillips, the noted song lecturer, will be given at the Baptist Tabernacle to-night. This is Mr. Phillips' last entertainment in this city and he should have a crowded house, for he is magnificent in his performances and charms his audiences with his lecture and songs.

The general association of Congregational churches and ministers of Indiana is now in annual session at Terre Haute. The opening sermon was preached on Wednesday evening by Rev. D. P. Breen, of Michigan City, who was chosen moderator of the convention. Rev. C. A. Gleason, of Angola, was chosen scribe.

TO-NIGHT.

DON'T MIND THE RAIN!

Glittering bargains for this evening's trade at the Bee Hive.

Each customer presented with a pretty souvenir.

Every purchaser of goods amounting to $5,00 or more is presented with our handsome illustrated volume, containing views of principal cities of the world.

READ! READ! READ! READ!

Special attractive bargains to-night!

100 gold tip umbrellas at 35c each.
50 ladies' gossamers 35c each; worth $1.25.
20 dozen extra fine quality ladies' ribbed vests 18c; worth 50c.
20 dozen ladies' ribbed vests 8c each.
20 dozen black silk mits—good quality—at 22c a pair.
500 regular 50c corsets reduced to 41c each.
30 dozen white aprons at 11c a piece; regular price 15c.
50 dozen ladies purses reduced from 25 cents to 17c each.
100 dozen mull ties at 9c each; regular price 15c.
100 dozen ladies' hose reduced from 25 cents to 12½c a pair.

Splendid bargains in parasols, buckles, ribbons, jewelry, etc., etc.

M. FRANK & CO.,
Bee Hive.
60 Calhoun street.

CRAIG CAPTURED!

The Lightning Rod Swindler Arrested at Upper Sandusky--Hill's Partner Caged at Last.

Lemuel C. Craig, who is wanted in this city on an indictment of the grand jury for larceny and procuring money under false pretenses, has been placed under arrest at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, for another swindle. Waldo E. Hills and Craig were indicted at the same time for perpetrating a lightning rod swindle in which William Warcup, of Perry township, was the victim. Hills, as is already known, had a trial and the jury disagreed. In the meantime Craig had crossed the Indiana border and worked his clever swindle in the Buckeye state. He victimized farmers in the vicinity of Loudonville, but the bold manner in which he operated soon had the officers on the alert. Sheriff Herzog, of Ashland county, got a clew and yesterday he apprehended his man in the express office at Upper Sandusky. The prosecuting witness against Craig will be one Brown, a farmer, who was swindled out of $900 by the prisoner.

Sheriff Herzog had received from Sheriff Viberg a description of Craig, and to-day Deputy Tom Wilkinson received word of the man' arrest. While the law of Ohio is being satisfied, the indictment from this county will still hang over his head.

Hills, who was Craig's partner, is in jail awaiting his second trial, which will be called up on the 21st inst.

A NOVEL TRIP.

The Fifth United States Artillery Arrive in the City To-day En Route West.

A special train of fifteen Wagner sleeping cars and two baggage cars arrived from the east over the Nickle Plate at 8 o'clock this morning.

The train had on board the Fifth United States artillery, 450 strong, composed of batteries A, B, C, K, M, H, and band, en route from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope. The regiment is under orders to proceed to Fort Presitio, San Francisco, Cala., relieving the First United States artillery, who take their place in New York Harbor under command of Col. A. C. Witchick. The party left New Jersey at 6:30 p. m. 8th inst.

A SENTINEL reporter was shown courtesy at the hands of Sergeant F. G. Hamilton, of Battery K, who is a gentleman in all respects.

W. H. Coffin, adjutant, and John D. Miley, lieutenant, who are with the party, were comrades with Lieut. Chas. McQuisten, of this city, and while here they had a pleasant chat with their friend's father, the venerable Mr. John McQuisten.

The departure of the boys in blue was witnessed by several hundred, and 'mid the playing of the band and the waving of many handkerchiefs the train was lost to view.

GENTLE ANNIE.

The Notorious Cull Girl Bound Over On Complaint of Her Mother.

Annie Cull, whose name is inscribed on the pages of the mayor's docket more times than Annie has fingers and toes, is again in trouble.

Annie, when under the Bacchanalian inspiration, can do almost anything from stopping a clock to whipping a good-sized man. She accomplished neither feat last night but devoted about fifteen minutes of her valuable time to the task of beating her mother at her home on Baker street. The girl was arrested by Officer Lee and taken to the police station. On her way down she emitted oaths loud and profuse enough to create excitement all along the route, and it was all Chief Wilkinson could do to quell her rebellious actions.

The prisoner was bound over by Mayor Harding for surety of the peace on complaint of her mother.

Annie Cull has been in the insane asylum once and it is believed by some that she belongs there now.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

A Thief Carries Away an Armful of Umbrellas.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. C. Hettler entertained friends at their home, on East Lewis street.

The guests arrived in a pouring rain and they left under the same condition, but to their discomfiture they departed umbrellaless.

The guests deposited the umbrellas in the entry, and while the party were absorbed in sociability some thief entered and carried off the entire outfit.

C. W. Howey, the deputy postmaster, was one of the heaviest losers and he notified the officers of the theft.

An Expert Bookkeeper.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 10.—The Albany City bank is short $30,000, due to the peculations of its book-keeper, George P. Whitney.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—For Indiana: Colder, southwesterly, shifting to northwesterly winds; threatening weather and rain; colder Sunday.

The Emmett Dramatic club will have a business meeting to-morrow.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

Street Paving to Be Commenced Early Next Week--A Force of Men Arrive From Detroit.

The laying of cedar block pavements on many of the streets this summer will cause a great deal of confusion, and give the city a torn-up appearance. The work on a greater portion of the contracts will be simultaneously in progress, not, however, to the great interference of travel.

The Talbot Paving company, of Detroit, have the largest amount of pavement to lay, their contracts representing nearly 70,000 square yards of cedar block. The company will commence upon their first contract, West Jefferson street, Monday or Tuesday next, a large force of men having already arrived in the city to-day to begin the work. It will not be long before this company will have one hundred and fifty men employed in this city.

The Talbot company, on contracts so far secured, will lay cedar blocks on the following streets: Jefferson (West), 11,892 feet; Wallace, 4,807 feet; Fairfield avenue, 10,666 feet; Washington, 2,660 feet; Broadway, 15,075 feet; Hanna, 16,300 feet; Harmer, 430 feet; Harrison, 4,300 feet.

The company has filed eight bonds, in the sum of $10,000 each, for the fulfillment of its contract in paving these streets. F. C. Brase, William Moellering and James Woulfe are sureties.

Mr. Joseph Derheimer will receive the contract for paving about 30,000 square yards with cedar blocks, his bids to be approved at the next council meeting, on Tuesday evening. He will have work commenced on his contracts without delay.

DESERVED HONORS

Come to Mr. A. L. Woodworth of the Pittsburg Shops--New Roadmaster on the Grand Rapids.

New honors have come to A. L. Woodworth, assistant foreman of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, and they came unsought. He has received the appointment of foreman of the blacksmith department of the company's extensive works at Logansport, Ind., and will leave for that place to enter upon his new duties about the 1st of June.

Mr. Woodworth has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania company for ten years, the last five of which have been spent as the assistant foreman of the blacksmith department of the works in this city. He is a thoroughly competent man and is well qualified for filling the position to which the officials have assigned him, possessing a knowledge of all branches of the railroad blacksmith work. He is the inventor of several appliances which the company have adopted and put into use, and is known as an artizan of superior excellence.

The news of his appointment will come to the boys in the shops as a sort a thunder clap, for he is deservedly popular with them and they will regret to have him taken from their midst. The writer, in the gathering of the every day news of the railroads, was thrown for a few years, into intimate relations with Mr. Woodworth, and knows him as a man of sterling qualities—attentive to business and honorable in all his dealings—and he predicts for him not only a cordial reception at Logansport, but higher honors in the future, and they will come.

Mr. Woodworth formerly resided at Logansport for several years, and will be "at home" in his new location. His family will remove to that place.

The successor of Mr. Woodworth will be Mr. George A. Szink, at present employed in the blacksmith department. He is capable and popular and in every way qualified for the position.

Supt. W. B. Stimson, of the northern division of the Grand Rapids and Indiana has announced the appointment of J. H. K. Bergwin, of Kalamazoo, to the position of roadmaster of the same division, to take effect May 12. Mr. Bergwin is a practical engineer, and has had much experience. From the office of the chief engineer he was appointed an assistant roadmaster and had charge of the road from Cadillac to Mackinaw City. He resigned this position last fall and spent several months in Europe. Returning he spent a short time in the office of Chief Engineer Johnson, when he was appointed assistant roadmaster of the southern division with headquarters at Kalamazoo. His present position is considered by railroad men a very fitting one.

Hair Goods Less than Cost Until closed out At MRS. FLAGLER'S, 14 West Berry St.

For a nice Prayer Book, Statue, Picture or other religious articles, call at
A. KOENIG'S,
176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall.

The Phillips entertainments are the best ever given in the city.

To-night is the last and best of the series.

At the Baptist church at 8 p. m.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

The Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow's Worship.

Come to the Baptist tabernacle.

Missionary services at the Christian Chapel to morrow at 7:30 p. m.

Second Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. No morning or evening services.

Regular service at the First Presbyterian church to morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffatt; Sunday school at 9:30, a. m. All welcome.

Rev. T. J. Gardner, of Elyria, Ohio, will preach in the Plymouth Congregational church to morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

Come to Trinity M. E. church to-morrow, both morning and evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Our motto: Holiness to the Lord. N. D. Shackelford, pastor.

Berry street M. E. church. Preaching 10:30 by Rev. John F. Naugle, "campmeeting John." Young people have charge of Epworth League services at 7:30. Sunday school 2:15 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church, 91 East Washington street, to-morrow morning at 10:30, evening at 7:45. Topic for the evening sermon, the second in the Home series. "Home Influences."

You are invited to attend services to morrow at Wayne street M. E. church, at the following hours: Class, at 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:30; Sabbath school, 2:00; Epworth league, 7 p. m., preaching, 8 p. m.

The evangelist of Columbus, O., Mr. John Nagel, will conduct the young men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Good singing and practical speaking. Young man, you can not afford to miss this meeting. 1 p. m. city time.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Department of the Y. M. C. A. at 3:30, standard time. One hour. Good music; short talks by young men; a pleasant and profitable hour assured. All men, strangers especially invited.

At the Church of God, Sabbath school at 9:15; preaching at 10:30; teacher's meeting at 6:30; preaching at 7:45; prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, at 7:45; O. Y. P. A. Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Pastor E. H. Shanks continues his talk on the "Attributes of God" in the evening.

One of Christ's Incomprehensible Comparisons Concerning Love, will be the subject of the Rev. John M. Driver's Sunday morning sermon at Simpson M. E. church, corner of Harrison and Dawson streets, one block from beltline street, one block from Belt line street cars. In the evening he will discourse on, The Divine Call, in which he will touch incidentally on the labor question. Strangers will find attentive usher, free seats, good music and a hearty welcome.

St. Paul M. E. church, on Walton avenue. Preaching at 10:30, by Rev. J. V. Gilbert, and 7:15 in the evening a Bible reading and praise service will be held, conducted by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Class meeting at 9:30 in the morning. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon, and yoke fellows' meeting at 6:45 in the evening. Good music will be furnished by a full choir of voices, and all who attend this church will receive a cordial welcome from the pastor and membership of the church.

BASE BALL.

Anderson Loses Its First Game--The Fort Wayne Club at Elkhart To-day.

The Fort Wayne base ball club left for Elkhart over the Pittsburg road at 6:30 o'clock this morning, and arrived in that city at 10 o'clock. The following players went on the trip: Scott Quirk, Bruton, Allen, Downing, Cain, Ellery, Ferris, Gallagher, and Murphy.

Carson and Malone will remain in the city until sent for.

ASSOCIATION GAMES.

Brotherhood—New York, 2, Boston, 4; Philadelphia, 5, Brooklyn, 7.

National League—New York, 16, Boston, 3; Brooklyn, 1, Philadelphia, 6; Cleveland, 10, Pittsburg, 5.

American Association—Syracuse, 4, Rochester, 7; Brooklyn, 2, Athletic, 4.

NOTES.

Bluffton did not play yesterday on account of rain.

The Fort Wayne club will be gone on their trip until the 28th of May.

Anderson lost its first game yesterday, Peru breaking their record. The score was 5 to 3.

Bluffton and Anderson are tie for the first place, and Fort Wayne and Muncie for the third place.

The game between Muncie and Marion yesterday, resulted in favor of the former club by a score of 5 to 4.

The Fort Wayne base ball club will play fourteen games on their present trip. Two games will be played in each of the following places: Elkhart, Marion, Kokomo, Peru, Anderson, Muncie and Bluffton.

Hear Mr. Phillips sing "Your Mission" as he sang it in the hall of the house of representatives in Washington, at the request of President Lincoln.

WILL THEY GO?

The Muncie Offices in This City. It Is Said, Will Go Either to Indianapolis or Muncie.

The Indianapolis News of yesterday says: "The stockholders of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road will meet on 28th inst. to ratify the sale of the road to the Lake Erie and Western company. It is probable that the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville will be consolidated with the Lake Erie and Western system immediately thereafter, and its offices at Fort Wayne brought to this city. It is not yet known whether W. H. Fisher, general passenger agent, Tom Peck, general traveling agent, and other young men to whom the credit for the recent great improvement in the property is due, will be retained."

A dispatch from Muncie gives these further particulars: "Arrangements are making in the Lake Erie and Western freight depot and telegraph buildings for the accommodation of all the offices of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railway now at Fort Wayne, and they will be brought here. The passenger trains of that line will cease running to the Big Four depot, and passengers will be taken on trains at the Lake Erie depot, which road has purchased the Muncie route."

The Muncie Herald says: "Mr. D. S. Hill, general superintendent of the Lake Erie and Western railway, arrived in the city this morning and met by appointment, Mr. H. H. Crosby, train dispatcher of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, and arranged for the removal of his office from Fort Wayne to this city. Mr. Crosby will occupy the rooms on South Walnut street across the track from the Lake Erie and Western passenger depot adjoining the telegraph office."

MRS. ANN THOMPSON.

Death of a Pioneer Lady, Well-Known and Beloved.

Mrs. Ann McFarland Thompson died at Oak Ridge, South Wayne, the home of Mr. Byron S. Thompson, at an early hour this morning.

The deceased was born at Pittsburg, Pa., and had attained the ripe old age of eighty-five years.

Mrs. Thompson was an old resident of Fort Wayne and was beloved by many for her kindness and noble character. She had been failing of late years, the last few months being especially painful ones to her. She was the mother of Byron Thompson and Mrs. Col. Reed, whose husband was interred at Lindenwood only a few days ago.

The funeral will take place Monday at 3 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church.

MRS. DAVID NILES.

Mary Ann, wife of David Niles, of 105 Wells street, died last night from paralysis of the brain, age 52 years. She had been unconscious for five days. The funeral will take place Sunday at 3 o'clock from the Baptist church.

Phillip Phillips' entertainments are the finest, most instructive and best that ever visited our city, and to-night is the best night of the series. At the Baptist church, at 8 p. m.

Excursion to Rome City, May 24th, given by the Ladies' Society of First Presbyterian church. Tickets, $1.00. On sale at Keil Bros., Dewald & Co.'s and Foster Furniture Store.

Money to Loan.

For particulars apply to Allen County Loan and Savings association, rooms 6 and 7, White's block, over Fruit House.
10 eod 6t

Be up with the times and smoke the Fawn cigar.

At Keil's, 116 Calhoun street, you can buy a cloth curtain mounted on a spring fixture for 20c; a Dado curtain mounted the same way for 35c, also a large stock of plain and Dado curtains equally low.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

1-5th off sale on all Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Notions, will continue until To-night. Every one should come and buy to-day, at

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Excursion Rates to Indianapolis, via the Wabash Line.

The Wabash line will sell tickets at excursion rates to Indianapolis on the following dates, viz: May 12, 13, 14, Indiana State Medical Society, May 18 to 23, Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.; May 26 to 28, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M. Remember the Wabash is the popular and old reliable route to Indianapolis.
10 eod-8t

Try the Fawn cigar. Manufactured by Schele Bros.

For a fine Watch, Clock, Jewelry and Silverware call at
A. KOENIG, THE JEWELER,
176 Calhoun St., opposite Library Hall.

Ladies are surprised when they find how very low they can buy Millinery Goods at Mrs. E. A. Flagler's, 14 West Berry street.

The Columbus Buggy Co., will hold a reception at Joe W. Bell's Repository, 18 East Columbia street, May 16, from 8 till 11 p. m., for both ladies and gentlemen. 8 3t.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

DR. ELEROY HUNTER TALLEYERO, a successful physician of Nashville, Tenn., lanches that he has solved the problem of perpetual motion. He does not claim for the device that it has the property of imparting power to any kind of machinery, though this is one of the possibilities, but it is asserted that it will run itself, and that it is a most wonderful mechanical toy, if nothing else. An account says: "It is hard to give an intelligible description of the perpetual motion device, but it might be said that a weight is attached to a wheel, which then moves from a given point and makes a complete revolution, replacing the weight in identically the same relative position to the centre of the wheel as at first. This is a feat accomplished never before attempted by mortal man. Then the same principle is carried on to a more perfect machine, and the moving of weights by self-adjustment, alternately, from one set of pins to another causes them to travel in a path till the way in and the face of the wheel upon pins jutting outward, making exact connection with the pins upon which the followers or weights first started. That this most wonderful piece of mechanism is without a balancing point seems certain. The best mechanical expert in Nashville says that from the most accurate drawings and tests a preponderance of weight is always in favor of the running of the device.

WHILE breaking new ground for a farm on the left bank of the Arkansas, half a mile from Boonsville, Col., the laborers exhumed the petrified body of a man clothed in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest. The dress and shoes and hose had also become stone, and the figure might have passed for the cunning handiwork or some great master of sculpture. The two hands were clasped about an ivory crucifix, which hung from a rosary suspended about the neck, while the head of an arrow still protruding from the breast told the story of how the worthy father met his death; and the fact, so plain to be seen, that the body was hastily buried without coffin and the grave unmarked by the smallest token, showed that he and his brethren or some faithful friend were fleeing from the Indians when he was killed. The petrified body was removed to the Church of the Annunciation, where it was visited by crowds from all over the country, and whence it was given Christian burial. The face is that of a young man of refined and intellectual features and the hands and feet are of elegant proportions.

W. W. STANTON, mate of the schooner Addie Shaefter, while fishing for bass 300 miles off St. Augustine, Fla., drew in his line and found entangled therein the strangest fish, if it is a fish, that has ever been seen in that section. This strange creature, or mermaid, is about six feet long, pure white and scaleless. The head and face are wonderfully human in shape and feature. The shoulders are well outlined and very much resemble those of a woman. In all there are four flippers, two of which are placed at the lower termination of the body and give the impression that nature made an effort to supply the strange creature with lower limbs. Mr. Stanton confesses to quite a fright on first sight of his queer prize, which, when drawn on board, gave utterance to a moaning cry which might easily be mistaken for the sobbing of a baby. The schooner was thronged by curious visitors, who expressed much wonder and astonishment at the strange object. Mr. Stanton, after visiting several ports inland showing his queer catch, will donate it to the Smithsonian Institute.

THE recent death, in London, of the unfortunate Viscountess Kingsland, ended a life of strange vissitudes. She was married in 1819 to Viscount Kingsland, the needy representative of an old title. At his death she fell into the greatest poverty, and occupied a small room in a back street of Lambeth, with hardly any furniture. By making shirts at four cents apiece she managed to earn from fifty to seventy-five cents a week. For nearly twenty years she continued her employment of shirtmaking, receiving occasional outdoor relief from the parish. When she was seventy-nine she applied to the Universal Benefit Society for aid. The committee immediately made her an allowance of $2.50 per week, and eventually secured for her a gift of $500 from the royal bounty fund. Afterward a special subscription was raised and a government pension of $250 a year purchased for her, so that the last few years of her checkered existence were passed in comparative comfort.

A ST. LOUIS jeweler outwitted his landlord in a rather unique fashion. He desired to move, but was compelled to pay a full month's rent of $200, because he had not given the required thirty days' notice. He consulted a lawyer, but was assured that the claim was valid. "I can use the store, can I not?" he asked. "Certainly," said the lawyer. His stock had nearly been moved to the new store, but the remaining occupant of the store, who was the landlord, was much surprised when the jeweler returned with a select assortment of four dozen cheap alarm clocks. These the owner set to suit himself and then went out for a walk. Then the alarm clocks began to go off one after the other. The landlord was almost frantic with the noise, and he hunted up the jeweler and tendered him his money in return, but the jeweler did not want to be out the price of the clocks, so he drove a sharp bargain, accepted $300 and moved out.

It doesn't seem possible that a man could be identified by a number printed on his shirt, and yet that was what happened in the case of a young man found drowned in Brooklyn a few days ago. There was nothing on his person to lead to a discovery of his identity until an officer noticed on the tag of the shirt the name of the maker and the number 100,026. The manufacturer was called upon a telephone and asked if he could tell who had bought a shirt with that number on it, and, by referring to his book, he discovered that such a shirt had been made for John Robinson over a year before. At Mr. Robinson's residence it was learned that he was missing, and a member of the family quickly identified the dead body.

AUNT NANCY LUCE, an eccentric character known to thousands of summer visitors at Martha's Vineyard, is dead. She won notoriety, if not fame, by reason of a pamphlet sold on the island along with her photograph, entitled "A Memorial of Two Favorite Chickens." During the last two years of her life, Aunt Nancy spent her life training bantam chickens until they were capable of performing many really interesting tricks. When her pets died she was almost inconsolable and erected marble tombstones to their memory. She wrote verses to them in eulogy of their moral character and intelligence. In her photograph two dearly beloved hens are pictured seated on her lap.

A CHILEAN audience will not endure any nonsense, and its vengeance is as warm as it is effective. An unwise theatrical manager at Santiago recently changed the play without warning and cut certain parts. The result was disastrous, for the enraged playgoers rose as one man, hurled their benches on the stage, demolished the drop curtain, made kindling wood of the piano, and would probably have torn the manager limb from limb if he had not prudently escaped with the actors. Such methods as these are not to be commended, but they probably saved Chilean audiences from the infliction of bad plays. Not even a certain "brass stomach" could withstand such heroic measures as these.

A HUNDRED and sixty years ago, one Adam Gismaier, of Vienna, Austria, made a bequest of 1,000 florins, which were to be invested, and when the sum had grown to a certain amount by the addition of interest, it was to be used in providing for children whose parents had died in an epidemic. Upon the proposition of a town councilor it has been decided to regard the influenza as an epidemic, and to grant 10 florins a month to every child whose father had died of influenza during the past winter. It will be for the mayor to consider the applicants' claims.

A FELLOW has recently been gaining much notoriety in the city of New York by a freak which can only be the result, it would seem, of monomania. He goes along the chief promenade streets and shows an indelible dye upon ladies' dresses and outer garments. The dye is a deep red, and so intense that it penetrates the fabric and stains the inner garments, leaving a spot like blood. The liquid does not burn or corrode, like acid, but simply dyes the goods, and chemists who have examined the clothing thus dyed are at a loss to know what the dye or chemical is.

THERE can be such a thing as too much natural gas, although its discovery has led to fortune in some cases. A farmer in Indiana is in trouble over the matter, for gas is escaping all over his farm. A lighted match will start a fire of the escaping gas in hundreds of places on his land, and even the water in his well is forced out by the gas. The family are frightened and talk of removing to escape being blown up.

THE Manhattan (Kan.) Republic exposes a fraud which is practised by sharpers with a double fountain pen and two kinds of ink. An agreement is made out with a writing fluid that fades and signed by the victim with ink that does not fade. Then an entirely different agreement is substituted, and the dupe finds himself confronted with a promise to pay.

MR. JACOBS of West Chester Pa., weighs 320 pounds and his wife tips the beam at 175. There are eight children in the family and each weighs over 200 pounds. Mr. Jacobs' mother was a very weighty lady, weighing over 300 pounds. Combined, the weight of the family is considered over 2200 pounds.

A PARISIAN thief recently performed a feat worthy of the wild frontier of this country. Watching his opportunity while a night cabman slept on his seat the thief quietly unhitched the horse, removed the harness, mounted the animal and rode off, leaving the driver in serene unconsciousness of his loss.

A MAN recently hanged in a Southern State was born on Friday, was married on Friday, presented with twins on Friday, committed his crime on Friday, and was hanged on Friday. And his name wasn't Friday.

WORCESTER, Mass., has a spineless girl who can sleep only with her body bent backward into a circle and her feet crossed under her chin.

Handsome Dinner Cards.

Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season. One stationery firm has turned out three hundred thousand in the last two months, and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent apiece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost ten dollars a dozen. A prominent item on the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast. Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid eighty-five dollars for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawing and engraving were exquisite. At the dinner which Gen. Breckinridge gave, the cards cost one dollar apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon the cards for which were carved by hand at a cost of eighteen dollars a dozen. No one thinks of giving a big dinner without something fine in the way of cards, and a great many of the menus are hand-painted. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the cards. They cost seventy-five cents apiece.—[Argonaut.

Napoleonic Luncheon.

It is not a little singular that the wife of one of our great war generals should be a great admirer of Napoleon. Mrs. George B. McClellan has managed to get together a large collection of mementoes of the exile of St. Helena. Not long ago she gave a luncheon party at which the favors were exquisite steel engravings, each representing appropriate incidents in the life of the great French soldier, and in the centre of the table was a large Napoleonic hat, the body of which was of purple violets, and the cockade of white violets. The candles on the table and about the room, were shaded with white satin covers, on which were the purple violet, the Napoleonic flower, and everywhere about the room were implements and weapons of Napoleon's day. There were also many relics of value, a lock of Napoleon's hair, a book written by him and a death-mask of the Emperor, the iron crown of St. Helena, a sword worn by him, with a cutlass and armor of the hero: in fact, everything breathed of Napoleon. Perhaps it may be the beginning of a new fad.—[New York Mail and Express.

The Outlaw Stud.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, led by a thoroughbred, known to the stockmen as the "outlaw stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, and Peavine, Nev. Years ago the stud, a fine racer, escaped to the mountains and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band every year and drive out the colts. The horses range on the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure.—[Picayune.

NOVELTIES IN DRESS.

CHARMING FANCIES BROUGHT OUT TO ADORN THE FAIR.

Many Artistic Costumes for Outdoor Summer Wear Dainty, Fantastic, and Indescribably Picturesque Hats. The Dahlia as a Garniture for the Hat.

TO BE LOOKED AT.

MAN, says Bismarck, has not really lived until he has smoked ten thousand cigars and drunk five thousand bottles of champagne; and I suppose a woman may not claim to have cut any figure in the world until she has worn, say, two thousand elegant dresses and the same number of lovely hats. We must manage to keep even pace with these men, or they'll not respect us.

"How is it, Jane," growled old Joshua Stiggins, one day, "that I don't see your dresses mentioned this year in any of the accounts of parties and receptions?"

"They were all mentioned last year, Joshua. To use the argot of the day, you mustn't pack the world up for a hat."

Now the season is at hand when outdoor toilets will be the order of the day. Races, base-ball, and athletics of all kinds call for fresh, new, crisp, "tony" toilets, and although I don't say, "Stay home if you have got nothing new to wear," I do say, "Don't strut in the old plumes. Wear them quietly and modestly. They'll do very well for a back seat, but bear in mind that no woman can expect to create a furor with a new set of teeth or a fresh box of poudre de riz."

The lady seated at the top of this column expects to be looked at; otherwise, she'll not get the worth of her money. She is attired in a black gros-grain jacket finished with handsome ornaments of passementerie. The skirt of fawn-colored cloth is made perfectly simple, and falls straight and plain. Her bonnet has a great deal of cachet about it, being composed of pale-blue silk and black silk China crepe, trimmed with pale-blue satin ribbon—a most delightful combination, with thought enough in it to catch the eye and make a man ask himself, "I wonder if there is anything besides hair

NATTY TAILOR-MADE SUIT.

and diablerie under that little bunch of crepe and ribbon?"

I pity any man who has three daughters to buy hats for this season. It does seem as if some of them were hardly fashioned by earthly fingers, they are so dainty, so fantastic, so indescribably picturesque. Then again, there is another class of the "earth, earthy" pert, saucy, piquant with an "Ah-don't-you-wish-you-may?" air. I am quite reconciled to being a woman, for after women came bonnets.

"Mamma," asked little Hortense, one evening, as her mother, who was a wee bit inclined to embonpoint, was struggling to create a figure, "if God wanted you to be small there, why didn't he make you so?"

"Sh-h! my child, go to bed. He hadn't time."

"It may take time to make it, but it's good when it's ready to drink," said a famous concoctor of punches. Possibly that was what this rosebud thought when she was getting into the natty tailor-made suit with its puffed scarf manfashion, and jaunty felt hat, sharpshooter style. It is a game of base-ball or something in the outing line which is occupying her thoughts, but I'll wager she'll occupy yours if she sits anywhere in your neighborhood. She may take her lorgnon out of its case to give her an excuse to stand up alonside of some man's scrawny wife.

"What a superb creature!" murmured Stiggins. His wife looked to see which way his eyes were turned. Fortunately for Stiggins, they were fixed on the man at first base.

The coming season will produce some charming things in outdoor effects. Russian-cotton stuffs will be used, because the red cannot be imitated, and the patterns will be worked over with Japanese silk.

A lovely blouse has been invented, consisting of real white crepe de Chine, with a sky-blue leather belt, embroidered with gold and silver and set with imitation gems. Never were women better dressed than at the present day.

"Bah!" cried my friend Bob Spray, "that's what Adam thought as he and Eve started to hunt up a flat!"

I hear a growl against kerosene, and it comes from the elegantly dressed women who complain of the absence of that soft, "caressing" light which tapers alone can produce. Lamps make a fine effect in a drawing-room, but unless most carefully supervised they are apt to emit a disagreeable smell, while the tapers, which exhale an odor of cedar, delight the senses in a double ratio. I was at a reception the other evening given by Miss Estelle Cory Boggs. She affects lamps to an insane degree. Toward 12 several of them began to sputter and go out with a strong odor of a Pennsylvania oil well. Miss Cory Boggs apologized.

"What a foolish virgin Miss Estelle is!" I remarked to Bob Spray.

"I don't know why she should be without oil," yawned Bob; "the old lady is such a bore, I should think she'd strike it every day."

Here are two very artistic costumes, the one on the left being composed of a woolen material woven in a design of squares of Parma violet color, black and white. The dress is cut bias so that the squares take a diagonal line down the skirt. The sleeves are trimmed and the collar made of pansy-colored velvet. The hat has a very outdoor-ish air about it, and forms a perfect chord with the dress. Its material is black gauze with garniture of soft yellow corded silk and yellow roses, and the gloves are white. Sunshade is also in harmony. If she had the printing of the programme that too would melt in with the whole scheme of color. On the right stands a less picturesque but more stylish figure, clad in a pale plum-colored silk trimmed with applied black passementerie. The bonnet is a mere suggestion, being a tiny turban composed of several rows of cut jet, with a feathery looking jet aigrette set at the side. This dainty turban reminds me of a creation in black tulle I saw the other day, a capote having for solo ornament a jet viper which had twisted itself around and raised its head in front, aigrette style.

A woman is nothing if not audacious.

"I wonder if General Bonaparte would marry me, if I let him ask me?" mused Josephine.

"Make him ask you!" cried a friend.

"Don't you think that is a loud dress Mrs. Fit-Folly has on?"

"Oh, no; not at all. She dresses to please her husband, and he is quite deaf."

But to come back to that serpent on the capote. How things are changed! Ophidian stock is up; his snakeship was put under woman's heel, but she gives him the place of honor over her brow.

"Place of honor!" queried Bob Spray, who heard this remark of mine; "place of weakness, you mean!"

If you are to believe the great minds who "create" fashions, the aim is nowadays to be natural. For instance, it is promised that the dahlia is to be very popular this summer as garniture for hair; not, however, the dahlia of art, double and triple, but the plain, old-fashioned dahlia of grandma's flower garden. And why? Simply because it is so uncommon, so rarely met with, having been pushed out of existence by the swelling, burly, rotund article of the art florists. This simplicity must be not only visible in what you wear, but also in the arrangement of flowers on your mantle, or fruits on your table. They must have an air of having been picked from the trees.

VERY ARTISTIC.

The last sketch in this article represents two delightful costumes suitable for a visit to any garden party, outdoor recreation, or summer entertainment. The one on the left is a beige-colored cloth, the stripes being in pale-green velvet, made in a strikingly original and artistic style. The hat, an extremely picturesque composition, is of black tulle flecked over with natural-looking flies. The other dress is more startling, in fact quite a sensation in color and arrangement. It consists of a striped merveilleux, alternately black and yellow, the black stripes being dotted over with small yellow spots. The hat is likewise an elegant production, a flat crown of black silk gauze with a garland of yellow flowers. Now, if you have imagination you'll get some of the effect of this black and yellow arranged as described. I know my male readers will simply look stupid and say: "Would like to see the dress on a pretty woman."

"Really, my dear," said some one to Mrs. De Freeze, who, by the way, has a beautiful throat, "you leave nothing for the imagination."

"Men have none," was the curt reply.

With these charming toilets for summer outdoor entertainments, there goes a large wrap of Lyons lace, embroidered with narrow braid and lined with tulle so as to make it rather an airy nothing than a protection, although it will serve for

ARRAYED FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

both.—*New York letter to Chicago Ledger.*

Rather Close.

It is not often that a Western man is charged with lack of generosity, but now and then a case occurs that rivals any ever told of New England thriftiness.

There is a man in one of the new Territories who never buys anything new if he can get the old article repaired. For years he has been in the habit of going to a blacksmith shop with different farm utensils to have them mended. Among these have been horse-bits of the hinge pattern which had become worn through so as to break. The blacksmith charged him twelve cents for mending them. The price of an entirely new pair of bits of this pattern is only ten cents.

This same man has the legal right to a water-power in a little stream near his farm. He has always claimed the exclusive use of the water for some distance above the dam. This right has been disputed in the courts, but the question has, owing to legal technicalities, never really been decided, and the old man jealously guards his use of the water in the stream.

During a dry season, a farmer living at a distance drove down to the stream near the dam with an empty barrel in his wagon and asked if he might get some water. The following talk took place:

"How much d'ye want?"

"Only a barrelful."

"I suppose you know this is my stream?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may have the water, but—ye better get it below the dam!"—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN it takes a fellow eighteen minutes to assist a girl to don her sealskin sacque the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her.

BE quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, May 11, may be found in Luke 9: 10-17.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And the apostles. Whose first expedition is described in the opening verses of the chapter.——Returned. They went forth like a little band making a momentary sally from the central citadel.——Told him. The word for a full and orderly narrative of facts. They made a complete return of occurrences.——They had done. Miracles and works of power.——He took them. To take to one's self in close intimacy. The same word used in Col. 2: 6: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him."—— Went aside privately. For more quiet and sympathetic converse.——Into a desert place. Not in Tischendorf, and indeed scarcely consistent with what follows.——Bethsaida. Perhaps to the privacy of Philip's house. John 1: 44; 12: 21, or its vicinity.

People. Or multitude (ochlos). It was probably some throng on their way to the Passover, one of the great festivals of the Jewish church.——When they knew it. Aorist participle, coming to know it. Jesus had but a brief respite with his disciples.——Followed him. Like sheep after a shepherd.——Received them. Or welcomed. See Variations.—— Spake unto them. To talk. The word for familiar and protracted discourse.——Concerning the kingdom of God. Of which the people are ever ready to hear.——Need. The ground of Christ's beneficence.——Healing. It is from the Greek of this word that our term therapeutics comes.

Wear away. Or incline. Poetic for the approach of sunset.——Came the twelve. With kindly intent, according to human reckoning.——Send the multitude away. Originally, to loose or set free. As if the people were held enthralled by his words; and were they not?——Into the towns and villages. According to the custom of the pilgrimage.——Lodge. Literally, to loose or unbind, referring to the packs usually carried by travelers.——Victuals. Provisions. Used by Xenophon of foraging.——Desert place. Uninhabited, probably, on the outskirts of the town.

Give ye them to eat. The ye is emphatic, in form and position. Literally: give them to eat, yourselves.——We have no more. That is, their available supplies.——All this people. With a tone of hopelessness, and perhaps a hint at the simple absurdity of it, humanly speaking.

Looking up to heaven. A familiar posture of the Christ. Literally it is into heaven, (eis.)——Brake, giving a portion doubtless to each of the twelve. Gave, Kept giving (imp.)——To set before the multitude. God's gifts to his near servants are often, if not always, for the sake of the remoter multitude.

Were all filled. The verb is used of eating to satiation. In Rev. 19: 21, it refers to birds of prey.——Fragments. Pieces, broken off. Not necessarily refuse portions of the feast but food suitable for others.——That remained. Rather, that were more than enough.——Twelve baskets; usually carried by the pilgrims.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Told him all that they had done. How inexpressibly sweet their privilege. Like home returning after days of weary toil, like the mother's bosom after the child's perplexing tasks. It was more. They were coming back to the center and source of their power; coming back for new equipment and encouragement. But is not that our privilege to-day? Ours even more to the deeply spiritual understanding than it could be theirs. They must gather about him after their toils, but Peter's elbow, perhaps, struck against that of James or Andrew, and much as they could get from him, and near as they could draw, they could not have him, each one of them, as do we, all to himself. "For we have not an high priest, which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." He is in touch with our weakness. Let us, therefore, "come boldly."

And he took them and went aside. How tender he was! How considerate! That word took—received—has a wealth of love and sympathy in it. Have you seen two ardent friends meet after an ordeal on the part of one of them? Have you not seen the deep, voiceless emotion of the moment as the one draws the other aside, where, unhindered by the throng, they can look into each other's faces, and verily into each other's hearts. "Come," said Christ, as they returned, perhaps trembling with the tumultuousness of their new emotions. "Come aside," and he drew them with him. What he said and did in that time of separateness we are not told. But what he has done for us when hot and bewildered we have gone aside to him in life's throng and press—of that we are well aware.

The people when they knew it followed him. Knew what? Simply that Jesus was there. When the people knew where to find the Son of man they went out to him. Knowing as much to-day they will still follow him. There is no coldness between Christ and the multitude. Let them but see him and they will flock to him. Let him but speak to them and they will acknowledge him. Suppose we tell the people of Jesus. Make him known as nigh at hand ready to greet them and help them, and perhaps as of old we shall need to take pains to secure privacy rather than to be perpetually planning to bring out the multitude. The multitude will come of itself, if only Christ be made manifest. Be that the burden and prayer of every teacher and preacher, to have audiences with Christ. Audiences with men will speedily and blessedly follow.

And he received them. The feeling was mutual. Christ gave the multitude no less cordiality of greeting than they gave him. "Welcomed" is the word used in the new revision. Jesus gave tender welcome to the people when they pressed to him. In this he was but returning the courtesy of a few days previous. For in Luke 8: 40 are same words in the original as applied to the multitude who, when Christ came back from the country of the Gadarenes, "gladly received (welcomed) him." Truly we may believe it: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Jesus stood on earth awhile as a picture of the eternal God in the heavens, rebuking no earnest seeker, however weak or darkened. Said one of the profoundest theologians of this country the other day in the hearing of his brethren: "I read the gospels through again at a sitting the other day, and I want to tell you that I found not one single case in all the record where the Lord declined a simple, sincere request." He will receive you. Trust him.

Give ye them to eat. It is the Savior's command. "But we have so little," is the answer; "but five loaves and two fishes." Never fear: it is the Savior's command, and all good things are his. "And they are so many. How can we buy food for all his people?" Be still and know that it is God who speaks, with whom is all power. See he takes our littles and under his hand how amazing the increase! All are fed and more is left than when we began. Ah, this is our God. One who can prevail by many or few, one who can satisfy by much or little. Bring what you have to him. Bring it in faith and he will make it great. Yea, is it not so every Sunday in school and congregation? We make the people to sit down by fifties, more or less, in a company, and when we look at what we have to give them, what is it more than five loaves and two fishes? Yet let Christ be present to bless and O, the feast that God grants! May there be many such by his bounteous grace to-day.

Next lesson—"The Transfiguration."—Luke 9: 28-36.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Gimlet Soup.

One fine Saturday Willie went to visit his old nurse, and it being a long walk, he was both tired and hungry when he got there.

Nurse Brown had something cooking on the stove which smelled, oh! so good to the hungry boy, and when dinner was ready it tasted just as good as it smelled.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It's giblet soup," said Nurse Brown. "Do you like it?"

She needn't have asked, for the way Willie was eating it told the whole story.

"It's awful good," he said, "but how did you make it?"

"Oh! I buy the giblets in the market; they come all strung together. It makes a cheap soup, but we all like it."

When Willie was on his way home he had to pass the market, so he went in and asked a dapper young clerk: "Do you keep gimlets here?"

"This isn't a hardware store, young man," the clerk said.

"Well, have you any gimlets all strung together ready to make soup of? Nurse Brown said you kept 'em."

"Nurse Brown must be mistaken, then," the young man said, and Willie went out disappointed.

He told his mother about it when he got home, and though the family all laughed at the idea of gimlet soup, he still stuck to his text, until the next time his mother saw Nurse Brown, when she found out about the matter.

Jimmy and the Calf.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy and he was thought to be a very brave little fellow by all his relations and friends, because he was not afraid of the dark and did not seem to be afraid of anything else.

Jimmy himself often boasted of his courage and quite looked down on those of his playmates who did not dare to go out of the house after nightfall. But the time came when his pride had a fall, for, having occasion to step outside of the door one evening, he had scarcely closed it behind him when his parents heard a shrill scream. Then came a rush and a scramble, followed by the bursting open of the door, and Jimmy's appearance on the threshold with pale face and dilated eyes.

"Why, Jimmy," asked his father, "what is the matter?"

"Oh!" replied Jimmy, in a voice that he tried to make steady, "how I did scare that calf. I scared him awful."

It seems a little calf had chosen the sheltered corner of the house for a lodging place that night, and startled by Jimmy's sudden appearance, it sprang suddenly to its feet, nearly knocking the small boy over as it did so, and I'll leave it for my young readers to judge which was the most frightened for the moment.

Anyhow Jimmy has never heard the last of scaring the timid little calf, although he is a man now, as you will know when I sign myself

JIMMY'S WIFE.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The Way He Fetched 'Em."

Ezek Jones, like many diminutive men, was conceited beyond description. He was known through his native county as the greatest braggart within the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. His stories of his own exploits were hardly surpassed by those of Baron Munchausen.

It was Ezek who once ran up to a couple of Irishmen that were scuffling, with the determination to part them. One of the combatants paused long enough to give Ezek a back-handed blow which caused him to turn a rear somersault. Springing to his feet he delivered a prodigious kick at the men, who were fully a rod beyond his reach.

"There, take that!" he exclaimed, walking away. "The next time I'll half kill you."

One afternoon and evening Barnum's circus showed in Sykesville. After the performance several of the gymnasts visited the village inn and indulged in something of a lark. They became so boisterous in the bar-room that several of the spectators who knew Ezek's peculiarities went to him.

"It's a shame," said one of them, "that such things as this should be allowed. It ought to be stopped."

"That's so," assented Ezek, compressing his lips and shaking his head indignantly; "shall I stop it?"

"I wish you would," said the landlord, coming up just then.

"All right; just give me room. I'll teach 'em better."

Ezek seized the largest of the athletes.

"See here, my friend, this has gone far enough——"

At that instant the circus man, who had got a firm grip on the peace-maker's coat collar, gave him a whirl which caused his heels to strike the ceiling. The next instant he dropped on his back in the middle of the room with a shock that made the windows to rattle.

Ezek rose briskly to his feet, brushed the dirt from his clothes, and striding triumphantly to the side of the room, shook his head and said with a proud smile. "That's the way I always fetch 'em. I just throw myself on my back and they're gone!"—*Boys' Holiday.*

A Fair Railroad President.

Mrs. Haines is the first woman ever chosen to the Presidency of a steam railroad, but in her case there can be

no doubt of the wisdom of the selection, her qualifications for the position being conceded by all who know her. She is the wife of Mr. C. D. Haines, senior member of the well-known Haines Brothers, brokers and owners of the street and short-line railroads in several States. They own a number of railroads, steam and street, in the Lone Star State, the Medina Valley being one. Mrs. Haines, the fair President of this line, is said to be a most efficient officer as well as a most beautiful woman.

A Burglars' Gazette.

A new trade journal reached our office last week. Nowadays nearly every trade and profession is represented by a paper, but the journal referred to above represents a profession which has heretofore struggled along without an organ. Its title is *The Burglars' Gazette*, and, as its name suggests, it represents the burglars.

Why they should send a copy to *Siftings* office is more than we can understand, and we feel hurt at the insinuation. We may not be pink and white angels, but we will be blowed if we will stand coolly by and be called burglars.

In order to give our readers a fair idea of *The Burglars' Gazette* we clip the following from its columns:

"Every live burglar should subscribe to *The Burglars' Gazette*. It is the recognized organ of the profession, and the editorial on the seventh page, entitled, 'How to Quiet House Dogs,' is worth ten times the cost of subscription."

"WANTED.—A sober, honest pal. Must have experience in the banking business and a good kit of tools. Address Sharkie, this office. e o w."

"We had a very pleasant call last week from Kid Swipes. Although a young man, Kid is away up in his profession. He says business is booming, and he showed us some magnificent specimens of his industry. We predict for him a bright future. Call again, Swipes, old man, call again."

"Invaluable Hints to Burglars, or, How to Burgle Successfully. This little volume should be in the hands of every burglar in the land. Mailed upon receipt of ten cents in silver. 4 t."

"Don't fail to read our magnificent premium offer. Send us six yearly subscriptions and you will receive as a premium a beautiful silver-plated jimmy of the latest design. These jimmies are very stylish, and are used by the elite of the profession. You can rely on 'em every time. Now is your time to subscribe."

"Geo. F.—A sandbag should be used."

"Ah! how sad is death! Jimmie Kergeo is no more. He died last night suddenly at the residence of a citizen on High street. Had Jim read 'Invaluable Hints to Burglars' he would now be well and alive. He stood high as a member of the Burglars' Union."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE giraffe presents the most wonderful case of sore throat on record.

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Cures Backache. Backache. Backache.

Martinez, Cal., October 2, 1883.
I could hardly walk or lie down from lame-back; suffered several weeks. St. Jacobs Oil permanently cured me, other remedies having failed to do so. FRED. HITTMAN.

Cloverdale, Ind., Feb. 8, 1887.
From a bad cold pains settled in my back and I suffered greatly; confined to bed and could hardly move or turn. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. I do not fear recurrence. MRS. P. M. REINHEIMER.

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SERMON FOR WORKERS.

TALMAGE PREACHES ELOQUENTLY TO BUSINESS MEN.

His Text Taken from Job: "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth." Weary Laborers Can Find Peace in God's Haven.

In the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, May 4, after the Long-meter Doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation and prayers had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix. 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavement and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against his inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer in your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say: "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? Have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done."

Ah! skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that the Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some charges against those who profess religion.

Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you think upon the whole that its influence has been beneficial? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. To-day I invite you back into the good old religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they learned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulancy that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time. He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterwards found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The Captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped!—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they hoist the signal of distress. However weak and feeble they may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently damned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business trouble than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room, and gone in and found the chief man a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide.

There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harrassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to Heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for Heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in Heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvey they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frozen and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse.

Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of the spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

The world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An Eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, so pressed as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Cœlius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall go home to-day feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Some Mistake There.

We were having a good time in a St. Louis gymnasium one night when the question of self-defense came up to be argued by half a dozen different persons. Among them was a man from Cincinnati, who contended that a gentleman ought always to be able to thrash a mudsill, provided the latter would make a fair scrap of it. Two or three opposed this theory, and to test it the Cincinnatian offered to strip while the committee went out to pick up a victim. It was a committee of one, and I went out upon the street and picked my man hap-hazard. He was going past with a bundle under his arm, and I said to him:

"Will you come in and box a man five or six rounds for $5?"

"Regular fighter?" he asked.

"No, only an amateur."

"I'm your huckleberry."

He was a plasterer, and he had some of his tools in his bundle. He got ready without seeming to care who his opponent was to be, and as they entered the ring it was seen that they were about even in size and weight. Time was called, and the fun began. It didn't last long, however. Inside of two minutes the plasterer planted a straight right-hander at the other's nose, which floored him and kept him on his back for sixty seconds.

"Is that all?" calmly inquired the plasterer, as he took off the gloves.

"Yes. Here's your money.

"Thanks. Good night."

When the Cincinnatian came too and got his nose repaired he sat for a long time wondering how it all came about.

"Can't you explain it?" he was finally asked.

"No."

"Well, I can."

"What is it?"

"He was a mudsill all right enough, but you are no gentleman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wearing False Necks.

"The use of the false neck is more common than one would naturally suppose," writes Lucy Hooper from Paris. "It is worn by ladies who are too thin to look well with their necks entirely uncovered, and also by those who have delicate lungs and so are forced to keep the bust and throat thoroughly protected from the cold.

"I once saw one of these false necks worn by a Parisian belle who had just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. The dress was cut square in front, the opening (which was very wide) being only filled in with a single thickness of tulle, slightly frilled and met at the top by a collar necklace of pearls fitting closely around the throat. Under this slight veiling of tulle there was visible what was apparently the rose-tinted flesh of the fair wearer.

"But I noticed that after she had indulged in a dance and came panting back to her seat, that part of her chest which was shown by the square opening of her dress never moved; it was not stirred in the least by her quickets breathing. My notice was attracted to this phenomenon, and on looking closely I could see how the thing was managed.

"The false neck was in wax, fitting closely to the breast and met at the throat by the collar of pearls. Sheets of flesh-tinted wax slightly softened in warm water to render them pliable are moulded on the wearer's chest and shoulders by skillful fingers so cleverly that it is almost impossible to detect the deception of the handiwork.

"It is said that twenty-five dollars is the charge of such beautifying. The princess of Wales is reported to use one occasionally."

Where Pumice Stone Is Found.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after the eruption of a volcano, that pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from the deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situated in the Tyrrhenian sea. The island is mountainous in character and consists of tuffs and lavas of highly siliceous volcanic productions. The district where the stone is found is called Camp Blanco or Monte Petalo (1,500 feet above the level of the sea).

Too Green to Pluck the Fruit.

George—What a prude that Barnsley girl is! I asked her for a kiss the other evening.

Frank—And she refused you?

George—Not in so many words. But she puckered up her mouth in a most provoking way and said: "No, George, I cannot give you a kiss;" and then added in an irrelevant sort of way: "Don't you know that stolen fruit is the sweetest?"

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE.

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR

Perished Ideals—The Sheep Followed Him for They Know His Voice—Woman's Place and Work—How We Shall See Heaven—An Easy Place.

A dear sister inquires whether we shall see Heaven the first day we get there. No, my sister, no more than you can see London in a day, or New York in a week. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. And you cannot see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a single day. No; it will take all eternity to see Heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones, to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages will roll, and yet Heaven will always be new. The streets new! The temple new! The joy new!—*Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Perished Ideals.

Speaking of perished ideals, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, remarks:

Elijah in his younger days expected to be a good deal better than his fathers. He thought that he would carry things a good-deal further forward, and there was a time when events seemed to justify that expectation. Elijah had done wonders on Carmel. In answer to prayer, the Lord had sent down the fire from heaven which consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood and the stones, and in the spirit of riotous triumph licked up the water like a thirsty tiger. Elijah had seen God's answer to prayer, and had put the prophets of Baal to death. Then came the conflict with Jezebel and her message, and the prophet despairs of seeing his cherished hopes fulfilled. So we look back on the bright dreams of early life. The scholar was to read more books; the poet was to sing as never a poet sang before; the lyre was to vibrate as never before when it was touched with the finger of sympathy and genius. Did it all come to pass? Was it a failure? By what standard do we judge? Do we keep a true balance? We ought to be very careful how we judge that any life has been a failure; we ought to be very careful when we say it of our own lives, if we are praying earnestly and working faithfully, but yet see no result.

An Easy Place.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked: "Are you not now employed?" "Yes, sir." "Then why do you wish to change?" "Oh, I want an easier place." We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages. They have strength enough to be out late at night, to indulge in vices, and habits which debilitate them. They have strength enough to waste on wine, or beer, or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let me advise them? Go in the hard places; bend your backs to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost to your personal ease; and if you do this, he will find that he cannot spare you. And when you have learned how to do work, you may be sent to teach others; and so, when the easy places are to be had, they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, and not at the beginning of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.—*Little Christian.*

The Sheep Followed Him for They Knew His Voice.

A gentleman traveling in Spain, writes the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. The three flocks were inextricably mixed; to the traveler's eye the mass seemed one. Presently one of the shepherds stood forth and began to call out "Menah!" the Arabic word for "follow me." Thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the indiscriminate mass and began to follow the shepherd up the hill. Then a second shepherd began to cry "Menah! Menah!" and a second flock separated from the others and started after the second shepherd.

The traveler was astonished; and as he saw the third shepherd preparing to depart, laying his hand to his crook, and beginning to gather a few dates that had fallen from a palm beneath which he had been resting, the traveler stepped up to him, and asked: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your shepherd's cloak and crook, and let me try," the traveler said. He even wound the shepherd's turban round his head. Then he stood forth, and began to cry, "Men-ah," "Men-ah," "Men-ah," but no sheep stirred; they only blinked at him lazily as he stood there in the sunshine. "Do they never follow anyone but you?" asked the traveler, tiring of the experiment. "Only when a sheep is sick; then the silly creatures follow anyone." the shepherd said.

What a perfect commentary was this little scene upon the greater Shepherd's words as He tells us of His sheep: "I am the good Shepherd. When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow but flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." And what a sure sign of spiritual sickness it is, when one of the greater Shepherd's sheep ceases to hear His voice, and follows any other voice, and so goes straying into dangerous and forbidden places.

The Painter's Fault.

It is well to be careful in all things. This season some tableau-vivants were given at a certain house in the east end. It was a private affair and very high-toned. The most fashionable orchestra in town was secured to furnish the music, without which tableaux are not complete. A pretty little program was printed. It contained sufficient information to enable the audience to distinguish George Washington from Scipio Africanus, and the names of the operas from which the music was selected.

The printer made a mistake about one of the musical numbers, attributing it to "Erminie" instead of "Ernani." The orchestra followed the program, and rehearsed some of the catchy airs from Jakobwski's tuneful work, instead of the more sober strains of Verdi's "Ernani." Nobody told the leader of the orchestra of the typographical error.

It was a little inharmonious, therefore, when the curtain went up and disclosed seven virgins at the gate of Heaven, while the orchestra broke out with the jolly thieves' chorus from "Erminie"—you know the thing—beginning "We are jail-birds." The lady manager realized that something was wrong, and the curtain went down with a rush; but the orchestra finished the measure to the great amusement of the audience. — *Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Sagacity of Shell-Fish.

A correspondent of *Nature* furnishes to that journal some curious observations upon the habits of common shell-fishes. The shrewdness shown by these unsightly creatures will lead the reader to place them in a higher order of beings than they have been classed with here tofore.

An interesting fact, illustrating the ingenuity shown by more than one species of crustacea in concealing themselves, came under my notice last summer. Having dredged a number of Amphipoda, I placed them in a vessel of sea-water till I could examine them.

Among them I noticed what seemed to be a piece of dead weed swimming rapidly about, and occasionally falling to the bottom. Examination showed that the piece of weed was carried by an amphipod, which grasped it by the two first pairs of walking legs. When it came to the bottom, the animal concealed itself beneath the weed, which was much larger than itself.

In connection with this habit it may be mentioned that another species resembles the first-named minutely in every respect but one, namely; that the first has the claws immensely developed, while at the base of the next joint are two or three strong, blunt spines or tubercles, into which the point of the claw fits. This appears to give the latter species a great advantage over its congener in grasping an object for purposes of concealment.

Another species has the last or hindmost pair of legs of a shrunken and apparently almost abortive form. They appear to be used for walking, and are generally carried turned up on the back; but they are sometimes utilized to carry the valve of a bivalve mollusk over their back, under which they can squat and hide.

From this it is an easy transition through various stages to the hermit crabs which ensconce themselves altogether in a univalve shell, and use the curiously abortive hind limbs to cling to the inside whorls. My friend, Surgeon-Major Archer, has seen crabs protecting themselves, probably from the scorching tropical sun, at low tide, on the mud flats at Singapore by carrying large leaves over their backs.

A Victim of Defective Information.

"Whoopee! whoopee! whoop! Tally one for us."

These shouts of wild exultation were heard at a late hour last night in City Hall park.

They were immediately followed by others like them, and the disturber was quickly in the hands of a policeman.

"Can't a man holler when his town's goin' to git the world's fair?" said the man as he expostulated against arrest. "My town's little, but she knocked out New York, Chicago and other big ones just as slick as grease."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the officer. "Chicago's got the world's fair."

"Not the big round world's quadri-Christopher Columbus exposish?"

"That's what she has," reiterated the officer.

"What's that you say?" demanded the man. "Didn't Cumberland Gap get it?"

"Rats!" ejaculated the officer. "Cumberland Gap got one vote only. Chicago got the fair on the eighth ballot with one hundred and fifty-seven votes. Cumberland Gap wasn't in it. You don't seem to be yourself, as the whole business was fixed up a week ago."

"You're sure the Gap didn't get it?"

"The Gap was left."

"Then you can let me go," said the man, sadly, "and bet your bottom dollar that the man from Cumberland Gap disturbs the peace no more with shouts of mad revelry. I don't read the papers much myself, but a reporter over there on Park row told me that the Gap had it, and I thought I would let 'er go once for luck."

"I'll let you go once for luck," said the officer as he released his man, "but don't be buncoed that way again."—*New York World.*

Tim Was Too Late.

An incident of exceeding sadness has just occurred in this city. Tim Coleman, a farmer living near this city was arrested for fast driving. "For God's sake don't stop me, boys!" exclaimed Tim, trying to whip up his horses. "No, you don't," shouted one of the officers, grabbing the bridle. "You're driving faster than the law allows, and you will have to come along with us and answer for it." "By God! I refuse"—whack. He was struck with a billy and driven to the station in his own wagon. He was charged with fast driving and disorderly conduct.

With bewildered air Tim stood up. His voice trembled. "Judge, I didn't mean no wrong; I was just driving for the doctor. Oh, don't keep me here. My wife is dying!"

The Magistrate quickly released him, with sympathizing and regretful words. Some one quickly brought a doctor, others secured a fleet-footed team. The drive to the little farm house was quickly made. Tim's little daughter opened the door. Her eyes were red with weeping as she sobbed: "Oh, papa! papa! you were gone so long, and now it is too late!" Tim's wife was dead. *Philadelphia Times.*

Self-Possessed.

In the time of the Indian War, about 1675, the church at New Milford, Conn., was in charge of Parson Boardman. It is not with the good parson, however, that this story has to do, but with the parson's wife.

A general alarm had seized upon the community, and the people were flocking to the fort for security. A man was sent to the parsonage to warn Madam Boardman of the danger from a hostile attack, and to help her and the children to escape. He was excited, and naturally urged immediate haste.

To this the quiet woman calmly replied that she would be ready to start "as soon as she had knit into the seam-needle."

QUEEN Victoria has written two more books, which she declares she will not have printed till after her death. Remembering her "Diary of Life in the Highlands," most Englishmen will sincerely wish the Queen a long, long life. —*Light.*

THE TERROR OF BATTLE.

Few Cowards Ever Go to War.—It Is Only Brave Men Who Face the Grim Monster on the Battle-Field.

During the war we used to read of companies falling back, regiments giving ground and brigades becoming demoralized, and the average reader took it for cowardice and openly expressed his contempt. No man ever went into battle twice alike. No company, regiment or brigade were ever situated twice alike. A man may be very brave in one battle and very timid in the next. His physical and mental conditions have much to do with it. A private soldier knows the position of his entire brigade in a fight. If the position is a strong one he is encouraged; if the flanks are exposed or the defenses are weak he is nervous and apprehensive.

It is a grand stake the soldier plays for in battle. If he wins he may live on until the next fight. If he loses he gets a headstone in a National cemetery. I can not make you understand the situation better than to give you personal experiences. The great majority of soldiers had the same feeling and passed through the same experiences.

At first Bull Run my brigade gained ground for several hours. This, with a small loss of men, kept us encouraged. Indeed it was hard for the officers to restrain us. Every man was hopeful and determined, and any single company would have charged a regiment. The panic had upset thousands before it touched us. Indeed the retreat had been going on two hours before we got word. We were well in hand and ready to advance when the news reached us. In five minutes every man was shaky. In ten minutes men whose faces were powder-stained were sneaking out of the ranks to gain the rear. In a quarter of an hour half a company of Confederates could have driven the whole brigade like a flock of sheep. I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from weakness. Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave way to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one would stop to reason. No one cared whether his comrade was ahead or behind. This was called cowardice, but it was not. It was panic—the terror of battle—a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air when the enemy was in point blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble and groan and cry. This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing for the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. It was a natural rifle-pit, and sheltered us so well that we only had a slight loss in killed and wounded. As the Confederates charged across the fields we felt to pity them. We poured in our volleys without fear of danger in return, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice, but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrific fire from cannon and musketry.

At Cold Harbor, after beating off every thing in front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the Confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeer of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. One band of prisoners numbering about thirty was led past us on their way to the rear, and I noticed that many were crying and all were whitefaced. I have seen the best and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a Second Lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and saud returns.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Traveling in Germany.

In the course of our travels we found it impossible to learn the distance from one point to another in miles or kilometres; and they always give it in hours and minutes. An educated and charming lady whom we have met, and who is a governess in a school somewhere here, told me, as she thought, just where she lived and how to get there. She said: "You ride half an hour in the cars, then you get out, then you take another car, and ride half an hour; then you must walk half or three-quarters of an hour, and you are close by. Oh! it is so grand! so beautiful!" Of course, after she had taken such pains to tell me, I couldn't say I didn't believe I should be able to find her home, without confessing to unpardonable stupidity; so I said: "Oh! that isn't difficult; I should like to go." The people do not understand jokes unless they are labelled as such. Here is a case in point. An American lady, a great traveler here and in other countries, had become tired of this schein, or reporting-to-police-headquarters business, and so, on reaching Munich, she changed her answers to the customary questions by saying that she was born in 1800, was traveling for pleasure, and should remain as long as the police would let her. Up came a policeman the next morning, and asked, in all seriousness, if there wasn't a mistake in the date! Germany seems to me like a thousand-year-old garret filled with accumulations, good and bad. Everything it ever had it has now. Of course, among the rubbish are some gems—its old castles, its cathedrals, its music, its literature, its great men of science; but take it in an everyday sense and its houses, its treatment of women, its food, its want of business methods, its traveling accommodations, its day after to-morrow way of doing things, and its ready and helpless sympathy for your discomfort, and it is enough to make anybody who has seen better things sick with despair.

Philanthropy on Credit.

The late Horace Leland, who for many years kept the Leland Hotel, at Springfield, Ill., was an exceedingly generous man and an especial lover of children. One day he and John A. C. Matthews, then Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, now First Comptroller of the Treasury, were walking out together when they met a man with a cluster of toy balloons. School was just out and hundreds of boys and girls came pouring from a building near at hand and formed in groups around the balloon man.

"Hold on, Ace," said Mr. Leland, "there's a joyous sight," and the two stopped and watched the children gaze longingly at the balloons.

"Fi' cent apiece."

"How much for the lot?" asked the philanthropist.

The man counted them over. There were twenty-one.

"One dol' for de lot."

Mr. Leland took them all and distributed them among the children with as much fairness as possible, and away the little codgers ran with them.

Then Mr. Leland put his hand in his pocket and said:

"By thunder, Ace, I ain't got a cent. Lend me a dollar."

"Oh, no," said Judge Matthews, seriously; "you can't play philanthropist at my expense. Not much."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Leland, "I guess you'll have to call at my hotel for your money."

"No, sir," said the man, "you give me my money or you give me back my balloons."

"But don't you see I can do neither? Come to the Leland House and ask for Mr. Leland, and I will pay you."

"No, sir," persisted the man, "you pay me my money or give me back my balloons. I haf seen dat hotel trick before."

"Come, Ace," said Mr. Leland, from the depth of his troubled soul, "give me a dollar."

"Not a cent," said the Judge; "I wouldn't trust you with a dime."

"See," said the man, "your own friend no will trust you. You give me my money or I will call de policeman."

Just then there happened along an old beggar woman who had lived upon the bounty of the good people of Springfield for many a year. She stopped and heard enough of the conversation to know what it was about.

"Hould on, Misther Layland," said she, "if yer foine frind there won't lave ye the loan av a dollar, begorra O'im the frind that will, and as she lectured Judge Matthews for the "stingiest ould thing out o' jail," she unrolled the money from a dirty rag and gave it to the philanthropist.

Judge Matthews says he never tried to play just that kind of a joke on Horace Leland again.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Was Insured.

Abner Singleton was constantly annoyed with accident insurance agents. He spent much of his time on the road, and the agents assured him that unless he had himself insured, he should, ere long, be laid up with a broken leg, without any revenue coming in. Singleton had just returned from a trip to the northwest and was sitting in his office, when an agent, the most persistent of the lot, came in.

"Ah," said the agent, "I see that you have gotten back safe this time."

"Yes, I always get back safe."

"Ah, and that's what Dan Butterfield always said, and so he did until the other day, and then the train ran off the track and broke one of his legs. He came within one of insuring with me, just before he started, but, remembering that he always did get back all right; he held out against my entreaty, and the best interests of his family, and now look at him. Lying up and not able to pay his board."

Singleton studied for a moment, and then said: "What advantages do you offer?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you: Take out one of our policies, and in case you have a leg broken, for instance, you get one thousand dollars, and as much again if you loose both eyes."

"That's fair enough," Singleton answered, almost converted.

"Nothing could be fairer. Suppose I write you up."

"All right, I am with you."

He was "written up," and the conquering agent, happy in his achievement, took his departure. Singleton went out on the road the next day, and shortly afterward the insurance company received information that in a railroad accident he had lost an eye. Several days later he returned, and, sure enough, one of his eyes was gone.

He shook the agent by the hand and said: "Old fellow, you did me a great turn. I am now almost incapacitated, and the chances are that I shall loose my job with the company, as the firm is rather inclined to have a prejudice against one-eyed men

THEY HAVE COME!

So many Ladies have been waiting for the Second Lot of Accordian Skirts, and at last they are here. Come and get one, as they are going pretty fast.

Another New Lot of Hats, Flowers and Trimmings of all kinds just received. Every day we get new styles.

Parisian Millinery

—:AND:—

Cloak House

VICTOR E. WOLF,

26 CALHOUN ST.

Mourning Hats a Specialty.

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl at 65 East Jefferson street. 25-tf

WANTED—Good experienced girl for light housework in small family. English preferred. Enquire at 188 Ewing street. 8-tf

MONEY TO LOAN.

We are prepared to loan money in sums of $300 up to $2,000, on improved city property, on very reasonable terms.

☞Persons having money to loan in small amounts and desiring a safe investment by first mortgage security on improved city real estate will do well to call and see us.

SCHRADER & WILSON AGENCY,
Successors to H. C. Schrader,
feb6-tf 46 Harrison St.

STANLEY IN AFRICA—AGENTS WANTED to sell his history of the WONDERFUL EXPLORATIONS, DARING DEEDS and grand ACHIEVEMENTS on the dark CONTINENT. Finely illustrated. COLORED PLATES. The grandest edition of STANLEY, including all other AFRICAN EXPLORERS published. Illustrated circulars free. Address, O. A. BROWNING & CO., Toledo, O.
jan14-6d&w4m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—For good houses apply at D. Creighton avenue.

FOR RENT—Brick store, 23x75, corner Calhoun and Dawson street. Inquire of L. Markey, 844 Calhoun street. 23-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

WANTED!

One Lady Canvasser in every City and Village Within the United States

TO SELL

Steketee's Positive Periodical Preparation.

NO HUMBUG!

A SURE CURE!

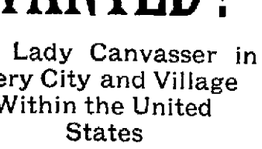
Address,

GEO. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

P. S.—Must have experience as a seller. Good wages can be made.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind,



I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

HENRY HOP LEE'S CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs per pair, 4 cts; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, cts; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending May 3, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, April 28	2,771
Tuesday, April 29	2,799
Wednesday, April 30	2,810
Thursday, May 1	2,783
Friday, May 2	2,861
Saturday, May 3	2,820
Total for the week	16,844
Average for the week	2,807

[SIGNED] JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of May, 1890. GEORGE W. LOAG, Clerk.

For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL, we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C Katt, 82 Calhoun street
E. C. Gouty, 252 Calhoun street
W. W. Fox, 325 West Main street
Wefel's Drug Store, cor. Hanna and Lasalle sts,
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street

TO-NIGHT.

ST. JOSEPH CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—Election of Officers.
BAPTIST TABERNACLE—Phillip Phillips.
WORLD'S MUSEUM—Living Curiosities and stage performance.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.

1530—Death of Cardinal de Bourbon; born 1520
1756—Great Britain declares war against France.
1760—Death of Count Zinzendorf, founder of the sect of Moravian Brothers
1775—Ticonderoga surprised by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.
1805—Death of Frederick Schiller, German poet; born 1759.
1846—Battle of Resaca de la Palma, Mexico Americans victorious. Gen. La Vega captured by Capt. May.
1860—John Bell, of Tennessee, nominated for president by the 'Constitutional Union' party.
1861—Gen Wool occupies Norfolk, Va
1862—Gen Hunter, commanding in South Carolina, issued an order emancipating the negroes
1864—Battle of Cloyd's Mountain and New River Bridge, Va. Union loss, 745; Confederate loss, 900.
1864—Two days' fight at Swift creek, Va Union loss, 490, Confederate, 500.
1871—Treaty of peace signed at Frankfort between France and Germany.
1876—Tidal wave at Callao destroys shipping and towns.
1876—International exhibition opened in Philadelphia.
1879—Death of Admiral F. G Parrott, U. S. A., aged 79; inventor of Parrott gun

THE newly elected city officials have qualified.

MOTHER EARTH was visited by a drenching rain last night.

THE bicycle club held a brilliant reception at their hall last night.

THE annual meeting of the Indiana commandery of the Loyal Legion is being held at Indianapolis.

IT is now thought that only twenty lives were lost by the fire in the poor house near Norwich, N. Y.

Russiaville is being supplied with natural gas from the Seward well, five miles distant, which is owned by a Lafayette syndicate.

HON. J. M. BARRETT and Hon. H. Green Smith will speak at Monroeville to-night, when the Hendricks club will be reorganized at that place. A number of democrats from this city will attend the meeting.

PHILIP PHILLIPS gave his second entertainment at the Baptist Tabernacle last night to an interested audience. His photo-optican and pictures are valued at $12,000. To-night he will take his audience all over America and show the grand sights of this great continent.

JAMES M. ARGEBRIGHT, whose family lives on East Jefferson street, in Fort Wayne, narrowly escaped with his life in the Josiah Partridge furniture manufactory fire at 10 and 12 Roosevelt street, New York, the other day. Mr. Argebright is foreman of the large factory.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY BUSSEY has overruled a decision of the pension office rejecting the claim of Wesley C. Gerard, of Indiana. The claimant based his application upon disability occasioned by being thrown from a mule while on a trip for food for the captain of his company, who was sick. The assistant secretary holds that the disability was incurred while the claimant was in the line of his duty.

THE Northern Indiana Ministerial association of the Church of Christ, convenes at the Christian chapel, in this city, next Tuesday and continues three days. A large number of preachers will be in attendance and an interesting program will be presented. Three sessions will be held daily, open to the public. At the evening sessions leading speakers will deliver addresses on various topics. Pastor Sims tells us that a cordial welcome will be given to all persons attending.

CHARLES WALKER HAMMOND, one of the most noted convicts in the Northern prison, died Thursday night, aged forty-six years. He was sentenced by the Boone county circuit court in 1887 for thirteen years. He has been sick for the past two years of consumption, and during that time was an inmate of the prison hospital. In former years it is supposed he belonged to the notorious Reno gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters, who were terrors to the people of southern Indiana.

REV. J. F. NEITHAMMER, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, at LaPorte, Ind., died very suddenly yesterday, of inflammation of the stomach. The deceased was born in Wittenburg, Germany, in 1844, and came to this country when a boy. He was educated at Concordia college, Fort Wayne, and after receiving his diploma was called to preach at Rodenburg, Ill.; afterwards filling pulpits of the Lutheran faith at Lisbon, Mich., and Sugar Grove, O. He came to LaPorte seventeen years ago, and has occupied St. John's pulpit continuously since that time.

THE CARPENTERS

Listen to a Stirring Address on the Labor Issues by Vice-President Kliver, of Their Union.

The attendance at the circuit court rooms last night, notwithstanding the drenching rain that fell, to listen to the address of W. H. Kliver, general vice-president of the International Union of carpenters and joiners, was very large. Mr. Kliver comes from the ranks of labor and is well qualified to discuss the issues which are so vital to the classes he represents. He is a fluent talker, full of good argument for his cause, and his words held the audience attentive listeners until the close of his address.

He opened by alluding to the trouble now existing between the carpenters and the Master Builders' association in this city and explained the purpose of the meeting as being one to review the issues of the hour in a practical manner. He gave an interesting and detailed history of the labor movement and told how on account of the use of improved machinery, it became necessary years ago in Australia to adopt the eight-hour law and how it had worked to the advantage of everybody concerned.

The present eight-hour movement in this country, he said, was born in the carpenters' union in Chicago in 1886, and become general amongst the trades unions, but the only ones who gained and profited by it were the bricklayers, who are to-day the highest paid mechanics in the building trade. The late fight of the carpenters in Chicago for the eight-hour day was then alluded to, and he said he believed the ten-hour day had been buried there forever and better wages obtained, as would be the case here if the carpenters stood firm in their demands.

The average wages of a carpenter in this city, he was informed, was $416 per year, $144 of which must go for rent, $40 for fuel, $15 for car fare, $25 to keep up a chest of tools, and many other incidental expenses, leaving $190 to clothe and feed himself and family and pay his general expenses. This, he thought, was unjust to this class of workmen, and the contractors should grant them the increase which they asked.

He spoke frequently of the "red hatchet and saw men," and said he did not believe twenty-five cents an hour was too much for any kind of a carpenter. Let the scale of wages commence at that point, and let the better class of workmen be graded in regard to the amount of wages they received by their respective abilities. This was just and right. He said he was not here to cause a strike, but to lay the matter before the public and show that they were right. Some bosses have already signed the agreement, and if any trouble occurred those bosses will not be tied up, but can have all the men they need.

The secretary read the agreement which the carpenters have prepared for the union and bosses to sign, which is a remodeling of the one published in the SENTINEL a few days ago. It provides nine hours as a day's work, $2.25 a day, car fares for all distances over two miles and the refusal of union men to work with any non-union men who shall refuse to become members after one week's notice to do so.

The conclusion of the speech is thus given by the morning Journal:

The speaker then went on to explain that the agreement did not compel the contractor to hire a man he did not want to, but did not allow any one boss to fix the fate of a man whom he considered not worth the money. Three or four men should first make a statement that they did not consider a man worth it and he would probably be allowed to work for a lower rate of wages.

Some people stated that if the hours were shortened more time would be spent in saloons, but in the organizations where the demands had been granted there was 50 per cent. less drunkenness than before. And even if they did drink some, take 100 carpenters and 100 bosses, and there was as many drinking men among the bosses as among the employes.

"When you leave the hall go out to work in your own interest and do everything in a gentlemanly manner and do not let your angry passions carry you away, and when I return Monday I hope to see the whole matter settled, but if it cannot be settled the men will be called away from every contractor who does not sign the agreement," he said in conclusion.

Mr. Kliver left for Milwaukee last night, but will return Monday to assist in the prosecution of Mitchell, now in jail here for securing money from the Carpenters' union under false pretences.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood, and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to be come mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

Frank Mingus, of Lagrange, who murdered his mother-in-law under particularly brutal circumstances, is either insane or is feigning mental infirmity very cleverly. The authorities are puzzled what to do.

TIRED OF WAR.

The King of Dahomy Yearns for Peace in His Country.

LONDON, May 9.—The latest advices from Africa represent the king of Dahomy as very tired of his war against the French. He had expected to overwhelm the small French garrison on the coast at one blow and either capture or drive them into the sea, and when his troops returned discomfited from the defences of Kotenow he was so enraged that he promptly beheaded the general in command and followed up the act with a slaughter of several more of his officers next day. This severity, however, had a contrary effect to what he expected and many of his troops deserted, some seeking refuge within the French lines. The bombardment of Whydah had added to the disgust of the Dahomians, who had been accustomed to regard their monarch as invincible and almost divine, and the king is said to be in some fear of an outbreak among his subjects. The French will not make peace without an effort to put a stop to the inhuman sacrifices of human life, which accompanies late ceremonies in Dahomy, and the king will be required to give indemnity for the loss of life and property he has caused the French.

The question of taking the control of charitable institutions from the priests and placing it in the hands of civil power, is arousing bitter controversy in the Italian parliament. The government does not find unanimity for the measure among its own supporters and they are straining every influence they possess to secure its de eat. The bill, however, will probably pass.

The military exhibition at the Chelsea hospital, which was opened on Wednesday with due ceremonies, is one of the most memorable exhibitions that the country has ever witnessed and is filled with memorials of England's greatest campaigns. The occasion has brought out contributions from all over the kingdom of trophies and other articles connected with famous battles, the queen having sent some contributions from Windsor Castle.

PASSENGER RATE WAR.

Via the Wabash Railroad.

The Wabash Line is selling tickets to all points west at greatly reduced rates. Now is the time to go west as rates will be restored to former tariff soon. Remember the Wabash is the only line running through cars to St. Louis and Kansas City without change, and is the only route giving its patrons the privilege of free reclining chair cars. Reduced rates to California, Oregon and Washington points. Apply to Wabash ticket office for full particulars.
apr24-eod-tf

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st.
eodtf

Half-Fare to Warrensburg, Mo.—Meeting of German Baptists.

The "Muncie Route" will sell tickets at one first-class fare for the round trip May 20 to 28, inclusive, from all stations on its line, to Pertle Springs, Mo., near Warrensburg, Mo., on account of the meeting of German Baptists. Tickets good to return until June 25, 1890. Purchasers of tickets via the "Muncie Route" may avail themselves of tickets at rate one fare for the round trip from Pertle Springs to points in southwestern Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Indian Territory, offered by the Missouri Pacific railway. For further information call on agents or address,
9-15t W. H. FISHER, G. P. & T. A.

GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN.

Annual Meetings at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, 1890.

For the annual meetings of the German Baptist Brethren, to be held at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, the Wabash railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its line at half fare. Tickets will be on sale May 19 to 27 inclusive, and will be good to return up to and including June 26, 1890. For tickets and all desired information, call on or address nearest Wabash ticket agent. my7-d-15t-w-3t

Wanted 100 Carpenters

To apply at Master Builders' association for work. Wages, 25 cents per hour for good mechanics. Signed,
7-tf MASTER CARPENTER ASSOCIATION,

A New Paint.

Mr. Kriebaum, No. 90 Barr street, has just received a consignment of new paint called "The People's Choice." It is a paint of rare excellence, guaranteed to wear and keep its color, and the cost is not as much as ordinary paints. Try it, and you will be satisfied with it. It comes in tin cans, and is put up to suit in any quantity.

Will Double Up.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 9.—The Fonawonda Iron and Steel company has been operating the Ironton furnace for the past year has decided to double the capacity of the works at a cost of $75,000 to $100,000. The financial result of the first year's operations has been most encouraging.

Badly Beaten.

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 9.—Mr. M. F. Rich, a Boston drummer, was attacked by a mob of white men at Laurens, S. C., on Tuesday night last, and badly beaten with switches, his injuries compelling him to remain in bed until yesterday. Mr. Rich has been traveling through the south for ten years, selling a patent laundry iron, the principal users of which are the negro washerwomen.

A century of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

Don't say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever, and cold in the head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supercedes the use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price, 50c.

San Francisco shipped eight Chinese lepers home last week, leaving six—all white—in her hospital.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Had with Eczema Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scall-head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.
Mrs. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. Cason, merchant. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainesboro, Tenn.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them.
TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Frankfort, Kan.

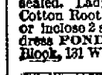
Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous or hereditary, when all other remedies fail

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.



EVERY MUSCLE ACHES. Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

FOR MEN ONLY. PATENTED AND IMPROVED DEBILITATED through EXCESSES or EXPOSURE. WE GUARANTEE to CURE by obtaining our IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. *Is successfully used monthly*—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

FOR MEN ONLY! VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG FREE TO ALL MEN. Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc. THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

LUMBER LATH & SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS & BLINDS

If you are a CLOSE CASH BUYER don't purchase until you get quotations from

THE HAMMOND LUMBER COMPANY,
Office, 3830 Laurel St., Chicago, Ill.
Yard, Calumet River, Hammond, Ind.

MOST APPETIZING—EASILY DIGESTED.

The VAN HOUTENS process renders their cocoa easy of digestion and develops in the highest degree its delicious aroma. It is an excellent flesh-former, *fifty per cent.* greater than the best of other cocoas.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞ VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("once tried always used") is *the original*, pure, soluble Cocoa, invented, made and patented in Holland, and is to-day better and more soluble than any of the numerous imitations. In fact, it is generally admitted all over Europe[and a comparative test will easily prove]that *another* Cocoa equals this Inventor's in solubility, agreeable taste and nutritive qualities. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S AND TAKE NO OTHER. 53

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

L. O. HULL, WALLPAPER

In Every Grade, Cheaper Than Ever.

Decorations, Window Curtains.
House and Sign Painting.

PAPER HANGING, DECORATING.

We do first-class work and charge no more than others.

SOLE AGENTS for PLASTICO.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

NEW DECATUR, ALABAMA.

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL CITY OF THE GREAT TENNESSEE VALLEY.

(Junction of the Louisville and Nashville, and Memphis and Charleston Railroads, on the Tennessee River.)

AUCTION SALE OF CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MAY 19 & 20, 1890.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSION RATES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.—From St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Evansville, May 17th, 18th and 19th, one fare for round trip; tickets good 30 days. From other points on their lines, May 18th and 19th, one and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON.—From points on their lines, May 17th to 20th, one and one-third fares, good till May 30th.

EAST TENN., Va. & Ga.—One and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

QUEEN AND CRESCENT.—From Cincinnati and all stations south as far as Meridian and Vicksburg, same as Louisville and Nashville.

See station agents for further particulars and advertising matter. Rates will be obtained from other connecting lines, if possible; and arrangements made for special excursion trains from distant points.

ONE-HALF THE PROCEEDS OF SALE

Will be set aside and applied to Improvements, Promoting Industries, and other means of developing the town.

INDUSTRIES IN OPERATION.

Three years ago the sight of New Decatur was a plantation. To-day its industrial plants pay $75,000 monthly for labor. The principal industries are as follows: A 70-ton Charcoal Iron Furnace. Main shops of Louisville & Nashville R. R. (58 acres). Shops of United States Rolling Stock Co. (50 acres). Car-wheel Works (150 wheels daily) Charcoal and Chemical Works (50,000 cords wood annually). American Oak Tanning Extract Works. Steam Cotton Congress (1000 bales daily). Two Foundries and Machine Shops. Metal Cornice and Roofing Works. Steam-Fitting and Plumbing Works. Ice Factory. Gas and Electric Light Plants. Water-Works (30 miles pipe). Street Railway (5 miles). Sawmills, lumber-yards, planing-mills, etc. The town has also a $20,000 school-house, six churches, a perfect modern system of sewerage and drainage, graded and macadamized streets, and

"THE TAVERN," THE FINEST HOTEL IN ALABAMA.

Send for our beautifully printed and illustrated descriptive book, entitled

"ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE,"

And for Maps, and information of every description, address,

THE DECATUR LAND, IMPROVEMENT AND FURNACE CO.,

New Decatur, Ala.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,
Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 89 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 226 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec30-dawzm
TELEPHONE 278.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 Fort Wayne, Ind.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

TAKE S.S.S. IN THE SPRING.

Nature should be assisted in the spring to throw off the heaviness of the sluggish winter circulation of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so prompt or so safely as Swift's Specific.

I have used S. S. S. for a number of years, and consider it the best tonic and blood remedy that I ever used. In fact I would not attempt to enter upon a spring or summer in this climate without it. H. W. COLEMAN, Of Coleman, Ferguson & Co., Dade City, Fla.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Women wear corsets for different reasons. You, who want to be shapely and comfortable, may go to your store and say: "I hear that Ball's corset is offered for trial. I want one."

The seller will answer: "You can wear it a week or two or three, and if you don't like it bring it back and get your money."

And he will give you a primer on Corsets. You might as well know what is going on in the corset world.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago and New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

HAY-FEVER

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY The CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec2-eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LIFE'S HISTORY;

Its Smiles and Tears. Such is the course of life, made up of sunshine and gloom, gladness and sorrow, riches and poverty, health and disease. We may dispel the gloom, banish the sorrow and gain riches; but sickness will overtake us, sooner or later. Yet, happily, that enemy can be vanquished; pains and aches can be relieved; there is a balm for every wound, and science has placed it within the reach of all. There is no discovery that has proven so great a blessing as Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. In malarial regions, where Fever and Ague, Bilious Diseases and ailments incident to a deranged liver prevail, they have proven an inestimable boon, as a hundred thousand living witnesses testify.

Tutt's Liver Pills

SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING!

Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.

48 W. Main St---Telephone 261.

TOLD AS GATHERED.

The News of the Day as Found Around the City's Busy Centers.

A. Mullidor, of the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty to-day.

W. Fisher is sick. He is employed in the Pittsburg car shop.

John Daily, of the Pittsburg machine shops, is off duty this week.

W. H. Shelby, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Wm. Borden, engineer on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Herman Nietert has returned to work in the Pittsburg round house.

Mr. Joseph Kincaid, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Ohio on a visit to-day.

J. Glazier, of the East Pittsburg shops, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

P. J. Hess, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is the owner of a fine Reno colt.

The Pittburg car shops have an order for two new cars to transfer plate glass.

The frame gang at the Pittsburg machine shop are off on a fishing trip to-day.

P. Kucher has resumed his position in the Pittsburg car shop after a sickness.

Dr. Kells, of the relief department of the Pennsylvania company, is at Hanna to-day.

Wm. Lepper, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is off duty on a week's vacation.

E. Nickolai, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, will spend Sunday at New Haven.

Isaac Cafron, of the Standard Emery Wheel company, Albany, N. Y., is in the city.

Roadmaster Ramsey, of the Muncie route, will have his office at Muncie hereafter.

The Fat Men's club have postponed their excursion to blue lake until next Saturday.

W. Madison, foreman of the lathe gang in the Pittsburg machine shops, is at Chicago.

Fred Hursher, of the electric light works, has returned from a trip to Harrisburg, Pa.

Harry Kelker, night engineer at the Pittsburg round house, is off duty on account of sickness.

Two engines were turned out of the Pittsburg machine shop this morning after general repairs.

E. Tegtmeyer, of the Pittsburg car shops, will spend Sunday up the St. Joe river on a fishing trip.

Ed. Carey, of the Pittsburg store room, who had his arm cut last Monday, is getting along nicely.

Patrick O'Brien, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty this week on account of sickness.

O. Barry and gang, in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day on account of repairs being made to the furnace.

The clerks of Shop Clerk Meegan's office of the Pittsburg shop, will take a fishing trip up the river to-day. They have promised each employ of the shop a fish and will no doubt fill their promise.

F. Starke will take charge of the big steam hammer in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops next week.

The wheel, finishing, rimming and hub rooms of the American wheel works are shut down to-day.

M. Brown and John Berning are fixing the boiler at the Berghoff brewery. They are from the Bass works.

Geo. Hess and Wm. Connors, of the Pittsburg machine shop, will attend the excursion to Monroeville to-night.

Charles Bates, of the American wheel works, had his knee badly cut this morning, and was obliged to leave work.

Chas. McElfatrick, of the Pittsburg machine shop, has returned to work after an absence, attending the wedding of his cousin.

Henry Schwier and Billy Meyers, of the Bass works, both owners of fast horses, will have an interesting race in the near future.

A. Johnson is at the throttle, and C. Misner will shovel coal on the trial trip of engine No. 93, turned out of the Pittsburg shops yesterday.

H. A. Dowell, of the electric works, has gone to Rockford, Ill., in the interest of the works, and Charles Eickhoff has charge of his department.

The Bass blacksmith shop, under the foremanship of Joseph Slater, has an order for forty-eight large engine shaftings for E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bass works, Kerr Murray manufacturing company, Horton manufacturing company, and the Fort Wayne iron works pay their employes to-day.

L. Kenerk, formerly of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has gone to Huntington to take a position in the shops of the Chicago and Atlantic railroad at that place.

Herman Ragel has returned from Cambridge, O., where he was placing two large engines for the Bass works. Harry Hayes, who is at the same place, will not return for a while.

Peter Harber, the veteran machinist in the Pittsburg shops, is making attractive improvements to his home on Hanna street, and has an artistic water fountain instead of a hydrant.

Henry Lepper, formerly of the Olds wagon works, has taken a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops.

The Lake City branch of the Grand Rapids and Indiana is practically completed, although there still remains some finishing work to be done. The first train, a freight, went over the line Wednesday.

August Kutsch, the well-known young brakeman on the Pittburg road, who was badly injured a short time ago by having his foot badly lacerated, has so far recovered as to be able to be around. He has been visiting in this city a few days and will return to his home at VanWert, to-day.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Joseph Hulfinger, of Marion, was run down and killed by a freight engine Wednesday night.

Failure.

CINCINNATI, O., May 9.—J. H. & T. Jouvett, wholesale dealers in silk thread and spool cotton at 254 Race street, assigned this morning to C. W. McIntyre. Liabilities, $30,000; assets, $15,000; preferences, $13,000.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

The Legion of Honor (France) now numbers 53,848 members, of whom nearly 22,000 are civilians.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lebanon has voted in favor of waterworks.

ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

Act gently upon the bowels, giving no uneasiness or distress. The beauty of this great remedy is, that it furnishes nourishment to the system like food, thus preventing all weakening effects or loss of strength, while at the same time it ERADICATES THE POISONS FROM THE BLOOD and builds you up.

Every Man, woman and child may take "Rogers' Royal Herbs" and experience only beneficial results.

It preserves the health.

It is just the thing for delicate women.

It is positively harmless to everything but disease.

It is the Best Blood Purifier in the Market.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y

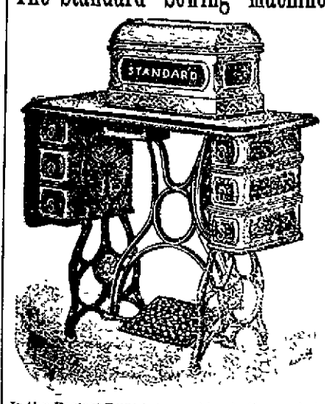
MEDICINE IS A SCIENCE!

Standard ‡ Medical ‡ and ‡ Surgical ‡ Institute!

(INCORPORATED)

For the NEW TREATMENT and cure of all Nervous Diseases, Heart, Throat, Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Tumors, Erysipelas, Eye and Ear, Syphilis, Impotency, Paralysis, Consumption, &c., &c. &c. This new method appeals to the common sense of all, and utterly destroys the absurdity of the claim made by the common traveling doctor and patent medicine vender, which guarantees to cure every disease out of a single bottle of medicine. The STANDARD MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, will pay $500.00 to any case of the above diseases, treated by its staff of Physicians or Surgeons, that is not benefitted or cured. Recommendations and Testimonials from the ablest men in the United States. Call on or address, W. F. Carter, M. D., General Manager, No. 210 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Standard Sewing Machine



Is the Easiest Running machine in the market. You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you.

We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Hose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees, and a complete line of General Hardware.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 & 40 E. COLUMBIA

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

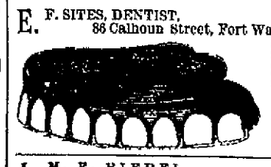
Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

E. F. SITES, DENTIST, 86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Over Ohnhau & Co's hat store 2 doors north of Wayne street.

J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

Best and Choicest Meats.

GOTTLIEB HALLER,

Of the Popular South Side Market, 366 Calhoun St, Branch 227 Hanna St.

Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

J. M. WATSON,

Practical Carpet Layer,

(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)

28 Stophlet Street, - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Carpets made and laid to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. apr15-1m

ALLEN ZOLLARS,

Attorney - At - Law.

MACDOUGAL BLOCK.

Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.

Call before buying and save money. Feb13-daw2mo

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne,

203 CALHOUN STREETS.

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
Undershirts	7
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

C. D. NISWONGER,

Dealer in all Kinds of

Fresh Oysters and Fish

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

NO. 17 1-2 WEST BERRY STREET.

☞ FRESH FISH Dressed Ready for Cooking. 3-6-3m

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

8 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

The WORKINGMEN'S FRIEND

EXAMINE THESE PRICES.

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99cts.

Men's Solid Buckle, Lace, Gaiter or Button Shoes, 99cts.

Gent's Fine Dress Shoes, Seamless, sewed and soild, gaiter or lace, $1.50.

Babies' Kid Button, Leather Soles, 25cts.

Ladies' Elegant Kid Oxford Ties, 50cts.

Ladies' Kid Toe Slippers, 58cts.

Ladies' Good Pebble Button, worked holes 85cts.

Ladies Fine French Kid Finish Dongola Button, Elegant goods, warranted just as good as any $2.00 Shoe sold, $1.50.

The EMERY SHOE

The Best Medium Price Dress Shoe Sold. All Calf and Warranted.

$2.50. $2.50.

If you want Genuine Bargains Come to the Popular

MASSACHUSETTS - SHOE - COMPANY,

36 CALHOUN STREET.

1st Door North of Main street.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

BARR STREET.

House and corner lot	$4 000

HOOD STREET.

Lot 25x150, with brick house	2 200

WELLS STREET.

Corner lot, 96x135, with two dwellings on, suitable for business location	5 000

EWING STREET.

House and lot	4 000

HANNA STREET.

House and lot near Lewis street	2 500

GRIFFITH STREET.

House and lot	3 500

MAUMEE ROAD.

House and lot	2 700

HOLMAN STREET.

House and lot	5 500

WEBSTER STREET.

House and lot	4 200

MAPLE AVENUE.

Lot 100x275	1 100

McCLELLAN STREET.

Lot and two houses, $1,700 and $1,800 separately, or for both	3 400

WILLIAMS STREET.

House and lot	3 400

SOUTH BROADWAY.

Four vacant lots	$500 to $600

HOAGLAND AVENUE.

House and lot	2 500

WEST MAIN STREET.

Lot 100x150, brick dwelling	12 000

WEST DeWALD STREET.

Lot 30x150, 1 1 2 story house	2 600

SOUTH HARRISON STREET.

Vacant lot, 76x150	2 500

SOUTH WAYNE AVENUE.

House and lot	2 200

FIRST STREET, BLOOMINGDALE.

Lot 50x150, two houses	2 000

Butler Street.

House and lot	3 500
House and half lot	1 900

Monroe Street.

House and half lot	2 400
House and half lot	2 200

Superior Street.

Double house and lot	4 700
House and lot	4 000

Columbia Street.

Lot 20x150, with three story brick building	6 000
Lot 20x110, with three story brick building	6 000

Bass Street

House and lot	
House and lot	
House and half lot	1 400

East Washington Street.

Corner lot, 70x150, with double two story house; room for two more houses	7 500
House and lot	3 500

Douglas Avenue.

House and lot	5 500
House and lot	6 500
House and lot	9 000
Half lot and half double house	2 900

East Berry Street.

Vacant lot, 30x150	3 000
Vacant corner lot, 70x150	7 000
Lot 75x150, with two-story frame dwelling	8 250
Lot 100x150, large two-story brick dwelling, modern improvements	17 000

East Jefferson Street.

Lot 75x150, frame cottage house, modern improvements	5 250
Lot 30x150, frame house	4 000
Lot 60x150, large two story brick dwelling	8 000
Half lot and house	2 800

West Jefferson Street.

Corner lot, 50x150, brick house	4 000
Lot 50x150, two-story frame house	5 000
Corner lot, 50x150, two-story brick house	5 500
Lot 50x150, two story frame house, new	4 500
Corner lot, 50x150, 1 1 2 story brick house	4 000

Calhoun Street.

Lot 20x120, three-story brick building, 20x100, price	$20 000
Lot 20x120, in the form of an "L," with three-story brick building covering all	20 000
Lot 25x150, with one story frame building	9 000
Lot 20x120, with three-story brick building, 20x100, finely finished throughout	16 000
Lot 20x150, with two story frame building	4 200
Lot 40x170, with building 40x180, three stores high	10 000
Lot 20x150, two-story brick building	8 000
Lot 40x150, brick, hotel property, South Calhoun street	15 000

West Washington Street.

Lot 50x150, frame house of 7 rooms	4 000
Lot 55x150, large frame house	5 500
Lot 55x150, brick house	9 000
Lot 55x96, two-story frame house of eight rooms	5 000
Lot 55x150, one-story frame house	3 500
Lot 37 1-2x150, two-story frame house	3 800
Lot 50x150, two story frame house	4 200
Lot 25x150, 1 1-2 story frame house	2 500
Lot 50x150, large two-story frame house	4 000
Lot 50x150, frame house, new	5 500

West Berry Street.

Corner lot, 50x150, one brick and one frame dwelling	6 500
Corner lot, 65x150, with two-story frame dwelling	8 500
Lot 100x150, with two-story brick dwelling	15 000
Lot 100x150, with two-story brick dwelling	18 000
Lot 55x150, with brick dwelling	7 500
Lot 100x150, vacant	9 000
Lot 45x150, vacant	3 500
Lot 60x150, vacant	4 500
Lot 50x150, with two-story frame dwelling	6 000
Lot 50x150, with one-story frame dwelling	4 000
Vacant lot, 50x150	2 500
Lot 50x150, with new two-story dwelling	6 500

West Wayne Street.

Lot 30x150, with two-story brick store building, frame dwelling in rear	5 500
Lot 60x150, fine large residence	16 000
Lot 60x150, with two-story double brick house	6 000
Lot 50x150, fine large brick residence	12 000
Lot 90x150, with two frame dwellings	11 000
Lot 50x150, corner, large fine brick residence	12 000
Lot 50x150, corner, two frame dwellings	6 500
Lot 50x150, with double two story frame dwelling	4 500
Lot 50x150, with frame cottage dwelling	4 500
Lot 90x150, vacant corner	6 300
Lot 100x150, vacant corner	6 000
Lot 50x150, new brick residence, modern improvements	14 000

ALSO:

Thirty vacant lots in LaSalle's addition	$ 500 to 600
One hundred vacant lots in Hamilton's fourth addition	700 to 2 000
Twenty vacant lots in Williams' addition	1 000 to 1 700
Thirty vacant lots in Bloomingdale	250 to 600
Four hundred vacant lots in Lakeside Park addition	250 to 900
One hundred acre lots in Elizabeth Hanna's new addition	400 to 550
Twenty vacant lots in Huestis & Taylor's addition	150 each.
Forty vacant lots near New Haven toll gate	200 "
Fifty vacant lots north of Main street, near Horton Manufacturing company, price from	200 to 350

Vacant and improved property of all kinds and prices, on nearly every street in the city.

S. C. LUMBARD, Agent,

NO. 3 AVELINE HOUSE,

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

WHAT A MILK PUNCH DID.

An Episode of Frontier Life on the Backbone of the Continent.

I crossed the plains the first time in 1854. There was not much gingerbread about it, you bet. Injins, snakes, drought, heat, dust, burnt feet, blistered lips and bleeding nose east of the mountains; snow, frost, cold, starvation and freezing among the mountains. I was not a Mormon then, and had no fire of fanaticism; no zeal for the building up of Zion sizzling in my veins. I saw no promise of a gold crown and a jews-harp for me in the skies if I should leave my bones on the trail to be cleaned off by coyotes and bleached in the burning sun of the next summer. In my boyhood I had been brought up pious like. My good old mother is a saint, and I get my natural piety from her.

Well, as I say, I had no promise of a ticket of admission to Heaven from a parson when I started out west as a youth to find a fortune; and when I got into a tight place I never spent much time in prayer, but set about exerting myself to get out. Our train got stuck in Emigration Canyon, south of Salt Lake City. The snow piled down around and over us until we were blockaded beyond all apparent possibility of release. Had no fodder for the stock and it starved. Our own provisions ran out, and we lived on the dead oxen until they had disappeared, and then we ate their hides, and at length were glad to chew and suck at the blacksnakes; that is the bullwhacker whips with which we drove the teams. Some of the party prayed, but most of us had to work to make paths through the snow wall and gather wood to keep us from freezing to death. It was the hardest winter I ever experienced, but while it looked as if we should all die right there, I never yielded to the thought, and kept telling the boys that a live dog was better than a dead lion.

Well, we held on until the snow melted, and we got through the canyon skin and bone, but alive, most of us. At Salt Lake our party broke up, unable to go further, and most of its members went into the Mormon Church in order to derive the benefits, temporal, of the order. I recruited there, and when the spring got settled, went on into Nevada, and was one of the party to make a new trail through the country. I became familiar with the country between the Salt Lake Basin and Mexico and the Pacific. By 1857 I was on the Overland, and held the reins over its teams for years. I married a woman who had come out with a party of Mormons, and through her influence I finally joined the Mormon Church, and have never been sorry that I did so. I went into Southern Utah and took up land and became a rancher. There were lots of Injins all over them, and they were mighty bold and at times ugly. I could talk Injin as well as I could United States, and never had any trouble with the vermin because I was always careful to give them no chance to think that I was an enemy to them. They knew me all over the country in Utah and Nevada, and were as friendly as it was possible for them to be with any one upon whom they look with continual suspicion. Once, however, I thought that my family and myself would have to surrender.

A band of Utes under an old chief who had been disturbed by some passing whites came to my ranch one morning at daylight and surrounded my shanty. There was a white man with us who had come down to look out a ranch for himself, and this was the first time he had seen a tomahawk brandished over his head. It made him sick to hear the Injins whoop. I went out and talked with the truck, but they were surly all through. I backed into the house and consulted a bit. There was a big jug of whisky under the bed and I made some stiff milk punch, the Injins whooping away outside. I wanted the stranger to drink, but he was too sick to touch it. I swallowed a bowl of it and went out. Now, said I to the old chief, my wife and children are in the shanty and I don't want them killed. If you will agree to let them take a team and drive to Salt Lake I will give myself up to you and you can kill me as you please. There is a stranger white man in the house who has never wronged you, and I'd like you to let him go, too, but if you must kill somebody, take the men and let the women and children go.

The redskins pulled off to consult and I went into the house. Presently they came up again and said that they had come to a conclusion. It was to the effect that they would spare no one. Men, women, and children had to die and they wanted no more talk. I made up my mind that there was no way out, but I hadn't surrendered. Taking up the bowl of milk punch, I drank deep. Without thinking of it my flesh was making up its mind to die hard. With the whisky spinning through my veins, I went out again armed with a wicked knife and said that as they were determined to kill us all we would die together. It was the boldest game of bluff I ever played and I had only that chance. I said the others might kill the children and my wife, but I would wrestle with the chief. He and I would go to the happy hunting ground together. I drew my knife and started for the chief. My movement was so unexpected and my whole action and bearing apparently so fearless that I frightened the chief and he turned and ran. The band followed him and they disappeared. That milk punch had done the business, said the old man with a smile, as he concluded his story.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tricks of Convicts.

Henry Southgate was one of the men engaged in robbing the Indiana National Bank some years ago in what is known as the "orange box robbery," the box being used to stand upon while the thief reached over the glass framework upon the counter and lifted out several thousand dollars in bank notes—it was, I think $20,000 or $25,000.

Southgate's friends pressed an application for pardon on the ground that he was dying of consumption. Governor Hendricks believed his story and pardoned him. "In a very short time after his release Southgate was as lively and healthy an evil-doer as there was in the State," said a prison official. "He had simply been playing the soap trick."

"What's that?"

"Eating soap. The effect was to bleach his skin by producing a dearth of blood, or rather of changing the corpuscles—increasing the white and diminishing the red. There are no serious consequences following the use of soap, and when discontinued the man rapidly gets well.

Governor Hendricks, naturally enough, was much chagrined over this deception and made an entry in this office to the effect that it was never safe to pardon a man merely because he looked sick. Men in prison will do other things to excite sympathy and make it appear that they are dying of consumption.

"Now and then a fellow will strike himself in the throat, or even cut himself within the throat or under the tongue. Then he will spit blood in the presence of the physician, walk feebly, talk in a whisper. Sometimes they eat dirt, which stops digestion, and this is followed by a falling off in flesh.

"A short time ago a request was made for the pardon of a notorious criminal in the southern prison on the ground that he was dying. He was upon that showing placed in the hospital, from which he escaped, but was captured four days later."

Little Geniuses.

"If a man cannot be a great genius, is it worth his while to be a little one?" asks the Atlanta *Constitution*. Some learned men say not. Of the poets who flourished and were famous a hundred years ago, how many are known now? Of all the bright volumes that brought fame to their authors and made the booksellers of old wealthy, how many can we find upon the shelves of the bookstores of to-day? Only a few. And yet their authors, lauded by friends and flattered by reviews, threw all their souls into their songs, and fondly dreamed of earthly immortality. The fittest survive, and the world has sorted them out with unerring judgment. From the good it has taken the best, and we are thankful. But these little geniuses—did they live their lives in vain because they are forgotten now? Was all their music meaningless, and did the world never miss it when their harps were silent? They fulfilled their mission: their songs went home to human hearts and quickened them with feeling. They sang as sung the birds brief, tender songs that made the world glad for a day; and though their names are now unknown, their graves unmarked, their work has not been unrewarded. So let the little geniuses be of good cheer; their footsteps may not go echoing down the ages, but they may sound very pleasantly in the pathways of to-day. If they feel that they must sing, let no man say them nay; there will be ears to listen, voices to applaud, and hearts to feel. The world needs the low, soft notes of the humble singer, the homely harpings of the little poet, as a rest from the deep bass of the bards sublime.

Wearing a Wife.

A certain Russian nobleman visiting Paris was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and which extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color and was traversed by red veins.

It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger until one day a lady, meeting him in public, ventured to say:

"You wear a very handsome ring."

The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself.

"It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher."

A shudder passed through the whole company.

"This jewel," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since in Russia. She was an Italian and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance which I could carry about with me. Eight days after he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, amid a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on the table. He had, through means of some corrosive substance, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me."

Perseverance.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and asked,—

"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy, "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully. "This is a big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it."

"Just so, just so!" said a gentleman who had overheard the remark. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor, and he thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in this world standing on the corners or sitting in the shops waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come to us. Almost everything worth having, like ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Art in Enameled Jewelry.

"Enameled jewelry," said a manufacturer the other day, "is very much the rage just now, and we have considerable difficulty in getting competent workmen to do the coloring. You see the fashion runs to marguerites, clover leaves, daisies, etc., and much care and artistic taste have to be exercised in laying on the exact shades which, when 'fired,' will bring out the chosen flowers as nearly as possible to nature's tints. There are very few enamelers—that is, of course, high art enamelers—to be secured in this city, and, strange as it may seem—and yet why, should it be anything strange?—one of the best, if not the very best, is a woman. She will not work for less than $100 a week, and she has no trouble in finding constant employment at that figure. She is a splendid colorist and full of suggestions as to designs. Women of such special capacities are always in demand. —*New York Times.*

A Reasonable Excuse.

"Mother, I can never win the medal for good behavior," exclaimed a boy just from school; "I've tried and tried, but some other pupil always gets it."

"But you must keep on trying," said his mother, encouragingly.

"It's no use," replied the boy; I shan't try any more. It's a clean waste of goodness."

WHEN a conscientious father explained to his son that it was his duty to "hide" him for some offense, the son said he was inflexibly opposed to the duty on hides.

A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE.

The Way He Got Even with a Hot-Headed Old Farmer.

One year ago, while I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie, I came to a large fine farm-house. I walked up and gave the door-bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl, as fresh and pretty to look at as a new-blown rose. I bowed with the easy gracefulness of an accomplished book agent, an art only attained by long and constant practice, and greeted her with my most bewitching smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two eyes beamed upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of Heaven.

She seated herself upon the sofa, and I, thinking "faint heart never won fair lady," pulled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when, just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened and a six-footed, raw-boned, big-footed young farmer answered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Gal, what in tunnder are you doing with that young—Great Scott! It's a book agent!" he ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work——"

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red-headed ——"

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a young cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed; but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing on the doorstep laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to; but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we two shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet goodbye of the horny-handed son of toil.

That night I laid awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheet iron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in an oil-lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hayfield to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door-bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and with a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward, so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick, seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately: "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fail and the Heavens should fall——"

When—well, the Heavens did not fall, but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!

When I picked myself out of a straw pile ten rods away, into which I had been fortunately thrown and therefore not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a mud puddle in the hog yard some fifteen rods away and the girl hanging on the wire fence in the back yard.

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Caught Napping.

Persons who own impulsive tongues may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answered question is unexpectedly put to them. Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the Fourth of July?" and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us napping.

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod-liver oil is made of?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine, all advertisement and humbug."

"I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place, to an old friend. "I hope you will come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"

The very meanings of words are sometimes ignored by rash speakers.

"Yes, I've actually succeeded in getting Mr. C——'s autograph," said a lady, displaying with pride an album leaf adorned by the name of a famous author. "But I dare say his amanuensis wrote it."

One instance more of unexpected questions which find no answer. A gentleman one day stepped into an office full of clerks, and said, brusquely, "Can any of you tell me Carl Jones's Christian name?"

On the spur of the moment, no one could.—*Youth's Companion.*

It's a Very Poor Sermon that Does Not Hit Him Somewhere.

At a recent gathering of ministers one speaker told an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who had said some strong things about horse racing. He was told after the sermon that he touched one of their best members at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him."

In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said:

"I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," said the man; "it is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

"IT rains on rich and poor alike," we are told; but where does the umbrella come in?—*Puck.*

Her Criticism.

She was visiting her artist cousin's studio upon an invitation to criticise his latest work. He had the canvas upon the easel, and occasionally touching it up here and there, would walk away a few paces, then turn to observe the effect.

"Fred," said she, finally, "I think I would be afraid to turn my back upon that picture and walk away as you do if I had and desire to finish it."

"Why?"

"Why, I am almost certain that if I had painted that picture and should get a little start away from it I would keep on going and never come back any more."—*Texas Siftings.*

How Soon Are We Forgotten.

A gentleman who lives not a thousand miles from this city has recently been absent from home several months on business. Not long ago his wife received a letter from him, which she began to read aloud at the breakfast table. But she was somewhat interrupted by a young son and heir, who apparently found other things more interesting than the letter.

"My child," she said in a tone of maternal rebuke, "don't you want to hear this nice letter from papa?"

"Papa, papa," was the puzzled reply. "Oh, yes; you mean the man who used to live at our house."—*New York Tribune.*

The Clangor of an Alarm Bell

Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquility not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also equally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.

Test of Grit.

President Insurance Company—Want to be appointed a life insurance agent, eh? What experience have you had?

Applicant—None. I will be frank with you, sir. I wish to marry old Moneybags' daughter, and I want to be able to say that I am in business for myself. See?

President—I see. Now, I'll be frank with you. Go to old Moneybags, tell him you haven't a cent, and don't expect any, yet you want to marry his daughter. Of course he'll refuse and kick you out. But if you keep at him and stick to it until he finally consents, I'll appoint you superintendent. *New York Weekly.*

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Juvenile Perplexity.

A member of a certain order invited several brother members to call at his house for the purpose of organizing a Building and Loan Association.

When they had arrived, the gentleman's wife and little son were in the parlor, to whom he introduced his friends as brother so and so.

His son sized each individual up for all he was worth, and when the good-nights were in vogue the party was electrified by the youngster saying: "You may be dad's brothers and my uncles, but I'll be Jim Crowed if I can see any family resemblance."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Michigan Central Railroad Employe Wins His Case, After Seven Years' Contest.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, at Augusta, Mich., my kidneys became diseased and from an impoverished and impure state of the blood my general health was entirely undermined. I consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. In October last I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and am to-day a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and I wish to say that I think it the greatest blood, kidney and liver medicine in the world.

E. LARZELERE,
Agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Go West.

Beggar—Please, sir, I am out of work and my family is starving.

Western Man—Out of work? Of course you are. What else could you expect, living here in the effete East? Why don't you go West—the free, the boundless, glorious West yearns for you. That's the place for you, sir. Meet me in Dugout City this day week, and I'll sell you the finest corner lot in Jackrabbitville for only $10,000, and put you up a one-and-a-half story, four-room frame-house, with painted front, for only $10,000 more.—*New York Weekly.*

The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad is the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and the only direct line between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo.

E. O. MCCORMICK,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Lost the Joke.

Managing Editor—What's the matter, Funny Man?

Funny Man—I was reading over this article for errors.

Managing Editor—Well?

Funny Man (gloomily)—Well, I found the errors, but I can't find the joke now. —*Texas Siftings.*

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

Good Training.

Landlady (to actor)—And you are going to leave me?

"Yes. I only meant to stay until I perfected myself in the part I am going to play this evening."

"What part is that, pray?

"The 'lean and hungry Cassius.'"—*Life.*

One Reason

Why nearly everybody should take a good medicine in the spring is because at this season the system is especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, the effect of which is most felt when spring comes on, in general weakness and languor. The system craves assistance to maintain the health tone and expel impurities, which Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives. Try it.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Miss LARKINS was bilious and feeble and sick,
And it seemed as if nothing would ever relieve her.
Her liver was clogged with impurities thick,
And her stomach was constantly burning with fever.
Of the great G. M. D. she bought a supply,
And directions for taking pursued to the letter.
'Twas the best thing on earth she could possibly try,
And soon, very soon, Miss Larkins was better.

The G. M. D. which she took was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for bronchial, throat and lung diseases, sick headache, scrofula, dyspepsia, and all diseases that have origin in impure blood and a disordered liver.

THE cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

A Scaly Trick.

Grocer—Yes, I want a pair of grocery scales, but—ahem——

Hardware Dealer—Oh, the weights are all right. We have a hole in the bottom of each one to be filled up with lead. No pound weight will go over fourteen ounces until filled up.

"Ah, I see. Very well, sir. Your house evidently understands its business. Send me the scales."—*Texas Siftings.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Postal Note.

Amalie—So your sister-in-law will soon visit you?

Mrs. Jones (amazed)—Yes; but how do you know she will?

"Oh, my feller works in the postoffice and he read it on a postal card, the other day."—*Texas Siftings.*

Worth Hundreds of Dollars.

My wife used only two bottles of "Mother's Friend" before her third confinement. Says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. Had not half as much trouble as before. Dock MILES, Lincoln Parish, La. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

An English Tramp.

Police Judge—Where did you come from?

Tramp—I'm English, you know.

Any business?

Oh, yes, Your Honor; I'm one of Her Majesty's Footmen of the Backyards and All Outdoors.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

TEN mills don't make a cent in Lowell, Mass., no matter what the school masters say. —*Independent.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

A CAPITAL crime—well, kissing is about as good as any of them, if we admit that kissing is a crime.—*Somerville Journal.*

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

MORMONS ought to be good sailors—they have so much marry-time experience.—*Texas Siftings.*

Rich, fragrant, fine, "Tansill's Punch."

YOUNG lovers don't mind addition, but they despise the rule of three.—*Texas Siftings.*

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DR. OWEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
AND SUSPENSORY.

PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 30, 1888.
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure All Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Costiveness, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of Body, Diseases caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age, Married or Single Life.
CURRENT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES ON 20 DAYS TRIAL.
PRICE, A PAIR OF
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES $1 PER PAIR.
Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined.
Send 4c. postage for new illust'd book, 276 pages, which will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address
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A LOVELY WOMAN

overheard one say of her, "By Heaven, she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven *only!*" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, and suffering from a dry, hacking cough, night-sweats, and spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again,—a perfect picture of health and strength.

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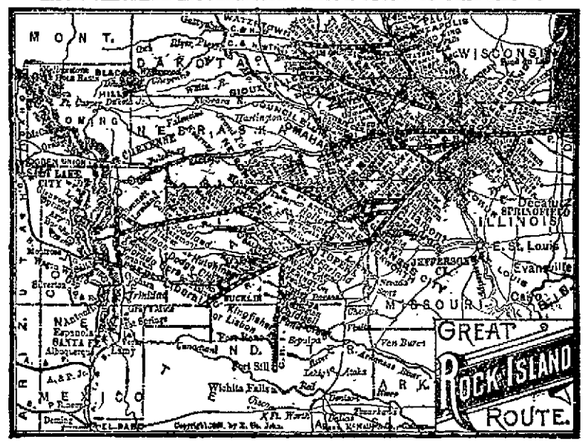

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THE LUSCIOUS ORANGE.

THE EPICURE'S WAY OF CARVING AND SERVING IT.

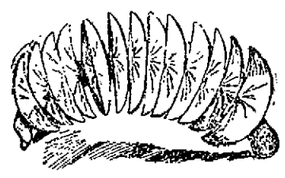
Skinning and Dissecting the Fruit—There Is No Economy in Buying So-Called Cheap Oranges—The Florida Product by Far the Best Sold in Our Markets—Points of Interest.

HERE is little if any economy in buying cheap oranges, writes Allen Foreman in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a rule, there is more pulp and juice in one solid "Florida," for which you will pay three or four cents during the season, than in five of the cheaper fruit, which may possibly be sold as low as a cent apiece.

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. The skin was carefully removed and the fruit separated in its natural sections, and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion was set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice at the top of the orange, at about the arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core; a second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is dexterously performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice, a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method. The native Sicilian, who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife—every Sicilian carries a long, sharp knife for family purposes, as he generally has a vendetta or two on hand—and cuts the orange spirally around, so that it becomes a long strip of peel and pulp. He grabs this strip at either end and draws it rapidly across his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is practiced in the United States and used to be known as "New Orleans' fashion." It consists in dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form by orange experts.

Oranges are grown all over the semi-tropical world. Spain, Italy, Northern Africa, China, Southern California, Florida, Cuba, and Palestine send their quóta of the fruit to the great markets. But for excellence the Florida orange takes the lead. Florida produces a larger variety of oranges and brings them to greater perfection than any other region in the orange belt. Whether this is to be attributed to the soil, the climate, or to methods of cultivation has not been definitely decided, though I fancy the latter cause has the most to do with the excellence of the Florida fruit.

Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble and has but little to recommend it on score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator and by carefully turing the peel back form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange. The pulp is then bitten off around and around, as a school-boy eats an apple. While this style keeps the hands comparatively clean, it smears the face

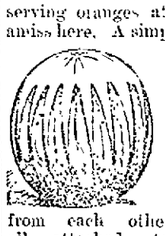


most unpleasantly. The same objection may be urged against the fashion of peeling the orange on a fork and holding it in that way while eating it.

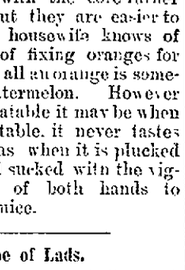
Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit, and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice. At a dinner-table, if the orange-knives are very sharp—a circumstance that rarely happens, by the way—this is perhaps as good a way as any. It is simple and makes no fuss, and there is an air of refinement about touching the fruit only with the knife and fork, if it be gracefully done, which recommends it to many people.

With a mandarin orange, which, as its name suggests, originated in China, none of these methods are practicable. The mandarin is a delicate little fruit, with a strong musky flavor, and its tender skin fits as loosely upon the pulp as does the silken coat of its celestian namesake. Like the Italian and Spanish oranges, its inner skin is dry, and it can be readily peeled and divided into sections. Its first cousin, the tangarine, whose habitat is Algiers and Northern Africa, is a trifle larger, not quite so musky, but possesses all the other peculiarities of the mandarin.

There is no doubt that the orange has been brought to its highest perfection in Florida; larger, juicier, and fuller-flavored fruit comes from the groves of that State than from any other part of the world. Florida malaria does not affect the orange orchards, and it is said that orange growers utilize the disease by getting up in an orange tree when they feel a chill coming on, and let the ague shake down the fruit. The navel orange, so called from the peculiar appearance of the blossom cup at the lower end, is a true seedless orange, and probably stands first among orange lovers. It has hardly any core, the flesh is solid and juicy, and the skin is thin and smooth. Tangarines, mandarins, sweet and sour oranges seem to thrive equally well on the sandy soil which looks as if it would not support a blade of grass. Orange-growers say that the long tap-root of the orange tree pierces through the sand into the primeval swamp which underlies all Florida, and it sucks nurishment from the same source whence the orange-grower gets his chills and fever. However that may be, the fact remains that Florida is rapidly approaching the point where she can supply the world with oranges. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than a Florida packing barn during the season, great heaps of the yellow fruit piled up higher than a man's head; the pungent fragrance and the brilliant color delight the senses, and the low prices that they net home, after transportation and commissions are deducted, make the farmer wild.



A word or two as to the methods of serving oranges at table may not be amiss here. A simple way is to remove the peel from the top and bottom of the fruit, leaving a girdle about an inch wide all about the equator; sever this at one side, and carefully separate the sections from each other, leaving them all attached to the strip of skin. Another fashion which is effective for table-dressing is to cut the skin on lines of longitude, leaving the sections attached at the south pole. In making up a dish of oranges prepared in this way some of the points of the peel may be bent forward under the orange and others be allowed to stand loosely away from the fruit. Carefully done this makes an orange look like a large yellow flower with a white center. Sliced oranges is too familiar a dish to require any comment, but a very palatable modification is to alternate in the dish layers of sliced banana and sliced orange and cover the whole with a frosting of desiccated cocoanut. The oranges do not look quite so pretty if the slices are cut parallel with the core rather than across it, but they are easier to eat. But every housewife knows of dozens of ways of fixing oranges for the table. After all an orange is something like a watermelon. However beautiful and palatable it may be when prepared for the table, it never tastes quite so sweet as when it is plucked from the tree and sucked with the vigorous assistance of both hands to squeeze out the juice.



A Rope of Lads.

A number of boys were skating and sliding. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake and one little chap fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help, no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank, with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in case the ice should give out and swallow them all up. But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on the ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice. It only took him a moment to remember all that: the next he spoke to his friends after this fashion:

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line quite long enough to reach poor Reuben."

Taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would soon have sunk.

His Honor's Time Was Precious.

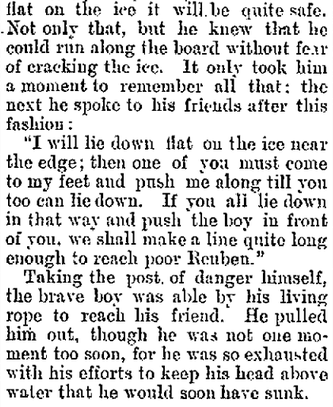
A southwest Georgia Justice of the Peace had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded one of the lawyers arose to make a speech in favor of his client.

The Judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minates later, he interrupted the lawyer by saying:

"Gentlemen, when you finish your speeches, you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me for awhile, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know when you have concluded, and I will return and sentence the prisoner."

It is unnecessary to mention the fact that another young lawyer had his finest effort cut short.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In a Chicago Cemetery.



Stranger—Fine monument you've got there, sir.

Citizen—Yes; that's in memory of my pet game-cock.

Stranger—Who's the little stone for?

Citizen—I ain't dead sure, but I believe one of my wives occupies that locality.—*Judge.*

A Foxy Hackman.

There is a Philadelphia hackman who has a regular bar-room in his carriage. A belt with pockets reaches around the inside and in the pockets are bottles holding beer, whisky, brandy, sherry, apollinaris, seltzer and all plain drinks. There are also pockets for cigars and cigarettes. He does a rushing trade Sundays and nights after the saloons are closed. His profits, outside of what he receives for the actual hire of the hack, are often $10 per day.

MAKING MAPLE SIRUP.

THE OLD-TIME WAY CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF TO-DAY.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times—The Sugaring Season—Sugar Parties in the Woods—The Old and Young Make Merry.

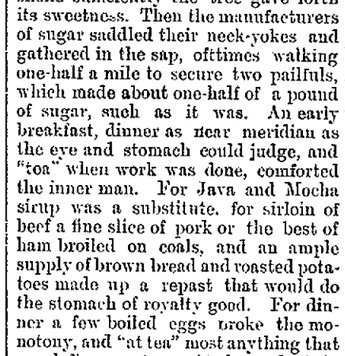
N age ago the Vermont farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring sugar campaign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; oftimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured, large maples were selected, and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logs—called back-logs—were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and to bring back in the morning the brown bread, pork and beans.

About the middle of March the old "five-pail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled which had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered together, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the family flint-lock, some powder and shot, and a good supply of "punk"—an article found in decayed wood, which is about as combustible as

STARTING FOR THE WOODS.

tissue paper or young oratory—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the rock the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gouged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, oftimes walking one-half a mile to secure two pailfuls, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done, comforted the inner man. For Java and Mocha sirup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony, and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. At the end of six weeks, when the party took account of stock, they usually had, all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that came off the trees, and now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who ventured too near the trough. This was pure Vermont maple sugar something like 100 years ago.

Another generation realized that the world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets, and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for a kettle, not built of cut stone, but of material easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by home: the wife or daughter at noon time brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order, and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the typewriter, the idea of a girl tramping a



BRINGING THE DINNER.

mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl with her dinner-pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Oftimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always enjoys. Ofttimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order, and some love-making is indulged in. Lads and lasses play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

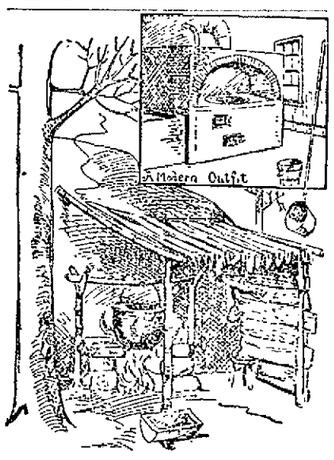
In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so sometimes was exchanged for store pay. The farmer who then controlled a sugar orchard of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a

MAKING SAP TROUGHS.

scrub oak, beech, birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that, in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmer's sugar place. Here are the finest songsters in the world, and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and ofttimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly homelike. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land—mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer, and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, reception-room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. This sap is drawn to the sugar-house, and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure sirup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off" day comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of



THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-HOUSE.

a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar-house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and a Vermont girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of paddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go, secure a pint or more of the sirup, and start for a snow-bank, upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs cooing and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

A Bold Stroke for Fortune.

Young and struggling M. D. (glad to get a small fee)—Now, madam, you will not need me any more. Take care of yourself and you are all right.

Convalescent—Then allow me to pay you, Doctor.

Doctor—Let me see. Ten visits. Well, say $10.

Convalescent—Only $10! Why, Doctor——

Doctor (seized with a happy thought)—Ten dollars a visit.

Convalescent—Ah, that is more like it.

[Receives his check and his fortune is as good as made.]

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NICK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS.

R. Editur: You better believe I felt awful meen an considably riled to: ef I'd a got my hare onto "Colonel Vanderbelt" I'd a Vanderbelted him, but i didn't. "Well, you mite mole better then to go to talkin to a stranger," ses William Henery.

"How'd I no he wus a sheap in wolf's cloth's?" ses I, a quotin scripter.

"Now, I kin always tell a rascal, quick es I slap my eyes onto him," ses Willam Henery, but "you wimming will believe anything a feller ses to you, aspecially ef he's dressed up an looks slick, an talkes big."

"Well, I ain't one o' ther kind," ses the widder, a holpin herself to a fride chicking big, fur we wus a eatin supper, thet is, thay wus, but I want a eatin mutch. "No," continys the widder, "I haint easily took in by no man."

"I shud think not, but youd like to be," ses Willam Henery.

The widder throwd a bone at him, but he dodged it an it hit a feller thet wus a settin 4 seats furder along rite on to the eend o the nose, an got sum grease in to his eye.

"I baig your parding, sir," ses Sally, "but I wus a goin to throw it out to the winder," an she got up an went an wus bound and bent to wipe the grease offen him, but he woodnt let her, an got up an went in to another keer, an then she kim back an finished eatin.

"Oh!" ses she, "its to bad, Miss Scooper, thet you shud a got to talkin to sech a bad man. Now, the man I was a talkin to wus jest lovely, an he cood quote potry to beet ennything."

But jest then a boy kim along with peeches, an Miss Boggs sed shed take em ef hed let her have 3 fur 5 sents, an he said he wood, an give her 3, but when she wint to pay for em she couldnt find her pocket book.

"Land sakes!" gasped she; "where did I put it?"

"Gim me back them peaches; yure a tryin to swindle me," ses the boy.

But I hed bit mine, an so I tole Willam Henery to pay for em, an the widder cood hand him the change when she found her wallet, and so he did.

The widder looked hie an low, but twant no whare to be found. Then she arsked the cunducter did he no whar hed went with it.

"No," ses he, purty short, "unless thet sharper you wus a settin by tuck it," and he went off. The widder wus badly beet, an Willam Henery lectered both of us tell we got up an went to a nother sete, an twant long tell I seen a gal a settin by his side, but I want nun alarmed, fur arfter thayd talked a while she lade her hed onto the back o the sete an went to sleep, an purty quick Wm. Henery wus a snorin to with his mouth wide open, an he waked the gal an him self to, and thay talked sum more, and then she wus a goin to git off the keers and he must go help her, and it seamed to me he wus gone considable of a spell. When he kim back he sot down by the widder an me an begin braggin on thet gal.

"I tell you she wus purty," ses he, "an jolly, to, for she throde me a kiss when the trane sturted."

"What time air it?" ses I, kindy hotty.

"Why—why——" ses he, fur his watch wus gon, an so wus his wallet; thet purty little gal hed tuck em.

"Well," ses he, "ef that don't bang bob tail!"

"Willam Henery," ses I, camly, "do not use slang!" An thare we wus, an not a sent betwixt us. We felt purty cheap, I tell you, but Hester Ann kim to meat us, an so we got threw all rite; an, sir, I want mutch sorry Sally an Willam Henery was in to the same bote with me. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

A Regular Sell.

A shabby-genteel sort of a man knocked at the door of a small suburban villa. The one servant of the establishment was out, so the mistress herself opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked, rather sharply, not much liking his appearance.

The man looked at her, opened his eyes wide as if struck with amazement, and said:

"Well, madam, I don't want anything. I see I've made a mistake. The fact is, I've come to the wrong house."

Then he murmured, but sufficiently loud for the lady to hear:

"What a complexion! Never saw such a lovely one in all my life! The pink and white seem to melt into one another. Beautiful! beautiful! If all ladies had such complexions, I might as well go into the workhouse at once!"

The lady had listened to his eulogy on her complexion with visible pleasure, and, noticing that the man had a box under his arm, asked:

"Have you anything to sell?"

"Well, madam I have, and I haven't, at least, not to you; for you don't require what I have to sell. So I'll say good day, madam, and must apologize for troubling you."

"Wait a minute. What is it you have to sell?" inquired the lady, her curiosity being aroused.

"I have, madam—I repeat, it is no good to you—I have, madam, a wonderful wash for the complexion. It's called the 'lily and rose blend,' and is prepared from a recipe nearly a hundred years old, and was used with fascinating effect by some of the great beauties of France. But, good day, madam. I won't detain you any longer; as I said before, you don't require a complexion wash. Art, madam, great as it is, cannot compete with Nature."

He gave an intense glance of admiration at the lady, took off his hat, retreated two steps, and then stopped to fiddle with the clasp of his box.

"Is it really good for the complexion?" asked the lady.

"Wonderful, madam, wonderful! but as I have said——"

"How much is it a bottle?"

"One shilling, madam, or two bottles for one and nine. But——"

"I'm half inclined to try a bottle," hesitated the lady.

"Of course, madam, if you feel charitably disposed, and would like to make a present of a bottle or two to some lady friend who suffers from the great detriment to beauty, a bad complexion—good complexions are very rare, madam—I say, should you feel charitably disposed, madam, why, that's another thing."

"Well, I'll take a bottle."

"Two for one and nine, madam," said the man, insinuatingly.

"Very well, give me two, then."

"Thank you, madam. Good-day. I'm extremely obliged to you, madam."

Said the lady to herself as she walked indoors: "What a well-spoken man—quite gentlemanly. It's a pity he can't get some better employment than peddling."

Said the man to himself as he walked down the street, with a boundless, prairie-like smile on his face: "That woman has about the worst complexion I've ever seen in my life! It almost made me bilious to look at her. What gullible creatures women are! If women were fish, how they would bite!"

The New Postage-Stamps.

On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1890, an entire new series of postage-stamps were issued, comprising the same denominations as those which they displaced. The stamps differ in form from the old series, being about one-eighth smaller in size and nearly square.

The designs contain as the leading feature the portraits of personages of great eminence in American history. The portraits are in medallion, with a heavily shaded background, and set in an ornamental frame containing the words and figures expressive of the object and value of the stamps.

The one-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Rubricht, of Benjamin Franklin, printed in ultramarine blue.

On the two-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Houdon, of George Washington, looking to the left, on an oval disk, printed in carmine.

The three-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Powers, of Andrew Jackson, on an oval disk, printed in purple.

The four-cent stamp contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right. The color is chocolate.

On the five-cent stamp is a portrait of General Grant, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right, color light-brown.

The six-cent denomination has a portrait of James A. Garfield, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face. The color of the stamp has not yet been fully determined upon.

The ten-cent stamp contains a portrait of Daniel Webster, after a daguerreotype from life, three-quarters face, looking to the left, color milori green.

The fifteen-cent denomination has a portrait of Henry Clay, after a daguerreotype from life. The color is deepblue.

On the thirty-cent stamp is a profile bust of Thomas Jefferson, after Ceracchi, color black.

The ninety-cent denomination contains a profile bust of Commodore O. H. Perry, after Walcott's statue. The color is orange.

The old stamps will of course continue to be received in payment of postage, but no more will be printed.

There will be no change in the current special delivery, postage due, or newspaper and periodical stamps; neither will the stamps on the stamped envelopes or on the letter-sheet envelopes be changed at present.

Two Left Hands and No Head.

The author of "Tom Brown" tells us of a nurse that watched over Tom's infancy, who was gifted with "two left hands and no head." How often this anomalous individual is found outside of the nursery! In the kitchen she is always dropping dishes and making the fortune of the crockery dealers. In school he is always at the foot of his class, rather by reason of a certain mental carelessness and inaptitude than because of positive stupidity. In politics he is constantly making those blunders which statesmen pronounce worse than crime. In society, by various contretemps and maladroit remarks, he blazes his way through life. If there is a corn under the table, he is sure to step on it: if there is a sore and sensitive heart, he is sure to probe the wound with his bungling lancet, and without the least intention of hurting any one's feelings. Sometimes this man with two left hands finds his way into the pulpit, and then, alas, his awkward work is often disastrous indeed. He can not perceive the difference between foolish preaching and the foolishness of preaching. He can not be made to believe that a word in due season is any better than a word out of season. In any walk of life this man seems to have no innate conception of little proprieties or the small amenities. A course of action is always in his eyes, lawful or unlawful, never expedient or inexpedient. Very often such a man labors under the delusion that he is usually frank and honest, and, if he gets into trouble through his inveterate bungling, he is likely to pride himself on being a martyr to the truth, where in reality he deserves no more honor for his bravery than the man who runs his head against a hornet's nest. However, many a man who starts out in life in this sad condition is by no means a hopeless case. By recognizing his besetting faults, by taking the advice of friends, by putting himself under the tutelage of a judicious wife, by care and thought and prayer, by looking at the "other side of the shield," and by recognizing the rights of other people, he can often become ambidextrous, and even grow a head with brains in it. This process of development is worth striving for.—*Golden Rule.*

An Absent-Minded Farmer.

A Scotch farmer who was a little absent-minded was one day going into Perth with a load of hay. He led the horse out of the stable, but instead of backing it into the trams of the wagon he absent-mindedly led the animal along the road and never as much as looked behind him till he walked into the yard, leading the horse, where the hay was to be delivered. "Whaur will I back into?" he cried to a stableman standing by. "Back in what?" asked the man. "The hay, you stupid idiot." "What hay? Ye've nae hay, ye daft gowk." Turning round, to his consternation the farmer for the first time apprehended the fact that he had left the wagon at home and brought the horse alone. In his hurry to repair the error he started off at a trot and was half way back to his own farm before he realized the fact that he had left the horse behind.—*Scottish American.*

As Loving and Sentimental as Ever.

"I don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse, "but still I thought it rather odd of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden. Poor, dear, simple boy! He's just as loving and sentimental as ever he was."—*Troy Press.*

THERE is said to be a tree at Monticello, Fla., which bears three kinds of fruit—quinces, pears and apples.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE GULF STREAM.

It Is a Mighty River with a Current Warm, Fresh and Pure, Cutting Its Course Through Solid Walls of Cold Salt Water—Its Wonderful Climatic Influence.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

ITH a chart of the world before us, we notice that on either side the Channel there are two countries, one, England, celebrated for its mild, genial climate, a climate that will produce nearly any agricultural product known to the civilized world, a climate that presents the greatest attraction on account of its salubriousness to visitors from all quarters of the globe, a climate very favorable to good health and longevity, but possibly not friendly, by virtue of its mildness, to great intellectual activity. The other country—Scandinavia—directly opposite, is almost the reverse of this: the summers are very short and cool, the winters long and severe, nearly all agricultural products, native grasses and forests, are of stunted growth, the entire country seemingly cold and desolate. Why is this? What physical causes are responsible for this wide difference in the climate and productions of two countries nearly in the same degree of latitude? For, other things being equal, the same latitude indicates the same temperature, one of the first things taught in the primary geographies, but the rule does not apply to England and Norway by any means.

Continuing the observation of the chart, looking away down among the tropic seas, and south torrid zone, imaginary belts or divisions directing us where to look for heat and cold, and between the two, the temperate climate, we shall see what is called the Gulf Stream, and as it winds its way, sometimes crooked and as often straight through the ocean, we find it nearly touches the shore of England, but fails to approach that of Scandinavia. Now, as this stream, a mighty river, has its origin in torrid countries, its fountain head is not only hot water but the stream itself as it flows sluggishly through the seas of the torrid zone—everything but sin and immorality moves slow in tropic countries—it loses none of its heat, but when it strikes the temperate and colder zones, in obedience to that insentable decree of physics, its motion becomes more rapid, and by the time this channel separating these two countries is reached the Gulf Stream has developed into a tempestuous torrent, a raging river, and, as it washes the shores of England it deposits its freight of heated vapor on what would otherwise be the same cold country as Norway and Sweden.

These two countries are warmed by the same sun, and its rays strike each at the same angle, hence so far as the sun's power of itself is concerned, the countries are alike benefited; but what the sun fails to do the Gulf Stream completes, what heat is lacking the Gulf Stream supplies, and away north it makes another turn, but comes back to warm and moisten the vineyards of France, but leaves those beautiful countries across the way, but in the same latitude, out in the cold.

If it were possible to change the current and general course of this mighty river, the Gulf Stream, what gigantic changes would be wrought on the earth's surface. Cold, barren, and desolate countries would bloom and blossom as the rose; sandy deserts would be covered with rank verdure, and icy plains become dense forests and jungles; mighty monarchies would disappear, kingdoms, powers, and governments would be only known in history; entire continents, seas and islands would be changed; animals would perish and new species would take their place; the vegetable kingdom as now found in certain sections would wither and decay, new species would spring up and feed upon their ruins, as they did in prehistoric ages.

This giant river in the ocean seems a strange phenomenon. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. It never gets on a rampage, nor goes out of the even tenor of its prescribed course. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, so salty it cannot be drank, but its current is warm, and its water approaches in chemical purity doubly distilled rain-water. Its source is in the Gulf of Mexico, and it empties itself away up in the frigidest of frigid zones, the northern arctic seas, where the foot of man has never been known to tread.

The entire world, so far as explored, does not contain such another majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than ten thousand times greater. Its waters are fresh, and away out from the coast of Carolina are of indigo blue. These are so distinctly marked that the line of demarkation that separates this river from the ocean may be traced by the unaided eye. Often one-half the ship may be seen floating in this river while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the lack of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of that of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

In addition to this there is another very peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco. But it is a fact, well known to travelers, that such is the case and many other equal phenomena that may be discussed at another time.

A Dog's Fad.

Mr. Jaeger of Rochester, New York, was frequently puzzled by the absence of his dog. The animal was frequently absent half a day at a time, and recently was missing for two days. His owner advertised for him, and on the following day he was returned by a man who had discovered his peculiar mania. It was for riding on street cars. He will get aboard of any car he sees and ride until he is put off. Mr. Jaeger proposes to get a season ticket and attach it to the dog's collar, that he may indulge his street car propensities in a proper and legal way.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Check Challies!

One of the neatest, most durable dress fabrics received this season, is a lot of 31 inch challies in small and medium checks, exceedingly stylish—good for Ladies' and Misses.

Price 35 Cents.

ALL WRAPS

Remaining

Will be sold at

ONE THIRD OFF.

KID GLOVES!

Still another large shipment of new kids has reached us—a five button kid—as good as any of our regular $1.25 kids. Nice choice shades.

88c a pair.

CARPETS!

LACE CURTAINS.

Do you think we could sell as many Carpets and Curtains as we do if our patterns were not superior and the quality the very best for the money. Some

CHOICE INGRAIN CARPETS

Come in Thursday. We don't know but what you would take them instead of a Brussels.

They are so handsome

AND THE QUALITIES SUPERIOR.

Come and look at them.

ROOT & COMPANY

SURPRISE NO. 14,608.

Wall paper men are advertising that one might believe they would give the world for a cent, and that you ought to drop in occasionally and see their goods.

Now here are facts—just you drop in semi-occasionally or oftener, at F. H. Treep's, 68 East Main street, where you will find borders from 1 band up and in fact everything in the wall paper line, and at prices that goes them one better everytime.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.

Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.

TELEPHONE, No. 230.

RIVERS & SON,

General Contractors For All Kinds of

PAINTING and DECORATING,

No. 70 Calhoun Street.

Leave Orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

WALL PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. Meade C. Williams is in the city.

Mr. J. D. Bond has sold his interest in Park place.

The Q. & O. club will go to Maxinkuckee June 22.

Mr. Edwin Jackson has accepted a position with the Press.

There will be twenty-one events in the coming field-day sports.

The excavation for the new Odd Fellows block is nearly finished.

Mr. John Noegle, known as "Camp-meeting John," is in the city.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The social clubs are closing their events for a rest during the summer season.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shaffer, of 171 Superior street—a ten-pound daughter.

Mr. R. T. McDonald has purchased the property of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Keel on Broadway.

Mr. Louis Curdes, of the organ works, is erecting a handsome home in Williams' addition.

Mrs. Paul Kiedel, of Milwaukee, is the guest of her brother, D. L. Mason, of 298 Calhoun street.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAfee, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, are visiting their son and family at 331 South Hanna street.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Baldock is quite seriously ill and it is feared the little one has scarlet fever.

The State Pharmaceutical convention will meet at Maxinkuckee early in June. A number of the druggists in this city will attend.

Born to Blacksmith Rose and wife, corner of Madison and Clay streets, a young blacksmith, almost large enough to shoe horses.

Mr. Henry Heidenrich, who had his leg injured at the Fort Wayne Iron works nine weeks ago, fell and again injured the limb yesterday.

H. N. Coffinberry, who was formerly the Wabash railway company's trainmaster here, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for county auditor at his home, Garret, Indiana.

Mr. Frank Squires, who was chief clerk at the Rich hotel for a long time, is in the city. Mr. Squires has been managing the Ross hotel at Garrett, Ind., and is taking a much needed vacation.

The board of managers of the Fort Wayne Electric club met last night and decided to have an excursion to Warsaw, June 21. They aim to make it the biggest excursion to that resort this season.

The Talbot Paving company of Detroit, have fitted up handsome office apartments in the Pixley-Long block, where their headquarters will be while the pavements for which they have contracts are being laid.

The new bell in St. Paul's Catholic church will be blessed to-morrow. Bishop Radamacher, of Nashville, will conduct the ceremonies, assisted by Father Koenig. The Father Edward council, C. B. L., will turn out in uniform.

The officers of the different Catholic societies have been requested by Father Delaney to meet Monday evening for the purpose of electing a marshal for the demonstration attendant upon the corner stone laying of St. Patrick's church. The corner stone will be laid Sunday, the 18th inst.

The reception and hop given by the Nonpareil club at the Rifles' armory on Wednesday evening was the last of a series given by that society. It was a fitting finale to the club's social season, being by all odds the most elegant affair yet given under its auspices. The attendance numbered seventy couples. There was no dearth of happiness and the entire affair passed off a big success.

Manager Geary will pitch the tent of his new traveling show on the vacant lot on Calhoun street, near Rich's Hotel, next Monday morning and will show the people what he has for two days. Wednesday he will leave on his summer tour and return to the city again in August, when the World's Museum will be reopened. Mr. Geary has made himself a fixture here and our citizens will wish him success in his summer campaign.

The Allen county medical society held an annual meeting yesterday afternoon. The re-election of Dr. A. P. Buchman, president, and Dr. Howard McCullough, secretary, was unanimous. Dr. McCullough was elected a delegate to the meeting of the American medical society at Nashville, Tenn., and Drs. K. K. Wheelock and G. W. McCaskey were elected delegates to the Indiana State Medical society's meeting to be held at Indianapolis.

Property owners wishing to build their own sidewalks must hereafter file a bond in the sum of $5,000. This is done to protect the city from damage suits. A case at point, and one which inspired the adoption of this rule, was one in which the wife of Mr. Frank Tyrell was awarded damages against the city for injuries sustained by a carriage upsetting over a pile of bricks on Fairfield avenue The bricks were in front of the premises of J. A. Spereisen, who was building his own sidewalk and he, not having been compelled to file a bond, could not be held responsible.

The Fawn cigar is the best 5-cent cigar in town. Try it.

Potatoes, Flour and Butter Down.

Best Early Rose Potatoes, per bushel 40c.

South Whitley Mills Flour, $4 barrel.

Best new grass butter 15c lb.

Good jar butter, 10c lb.

Cooking butter 5c lb.

Best sugar cured hams 11c lb.

Choice breakfast bacon 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The last day of the 20 PER CENT. OFF Sale at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

If you wish to have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired, have it done at A. KOENIG'S,

176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall.

First class work done. 8-3t

Do you know Tait Sisters will sell you millinery goods next week for one-half that others ask. No. 26 East Wayne street, near Fruit House.

Phillip Phillips' program to-night is picturesque America and British Columbia. It is the best night of the series, at the Baptist church.

Home-Seekers' Excursion via Wabash Railroad.

On Tuesday, May 20th, the Wabash line will sell tickets to points west at one fare for the round trip, good for return passage thirty days from date of sale. For full information apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

7-w1t-d10t

Smoke the Fawn cigar. The best 5-cent cigar in the city.

On account of the second annual musical festival to be held at Indianapolis, May 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1890 the "Muncie Route" will make reduced rates for all those desiring to attend. Tickets on sale May 13 to 17 inclusive, and returning May 18. For ticket and other information call on or address

W. H. FISHER,
General Pass. and Ticket Ag't.
Or City Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun street. 3-13t

WANTED—A girl for general house work. Wages $3.00 per week. Inquire at 199 West Berry street.

WANTED—Ten laborers on sewers, Monday morning. Apply to Jas. Madden, plumber, 101 Calhoun street.

WANTED—Five men to canvass for the Love sewing machine. Call at 56 East Columbia street.

FOR SALE—One team of mules, harness and wagon, cheap. Inquire of W. H. Bassett & Son.

GLOBE CLOTHING COMPETITION.

HANDSOME DRESS SUIT

TO THE

MOST POPULAR RAILROAD MAN.

(This includes Conductors, Engineers, Firemen, Brakemen or Switchmen.

I vote for .....

R. R. .....

Position.....

The one receiving the largest number of Ballots will be presented with the best Suit of Clothes in our stock. Any one can vote, and as often as they please, by using coupon cut from this paper.

Ballot closes June 15. Cut this out and send it to

GLOBE,

One Price Clothiers and Furnishers. Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

MALONIA

—THE NEW—

R·U·S·S·I·A·N

REMEDY

FOR ALL LIVER DISEASES.

MALONIA Stimulates the Liver and Cures Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all Diseases of the Liver For sale by

BENEKE & CO., No. 210 Calhoun Street.

PRICE: 50c, and $1.00 Per Bottle.

GARDEN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Twelve acres of land without improvements, south of New Haven gravel road, half mile east of toll gate. Price, $3,000.

Twenty acres, cleared and in grass, on Illinois road, three miles west of city, price, $2,000.

Ten acres improved land frame house, five rooms, frame barn and fruit, situated three miles east of city on New Haven gravel road. Price, $2,500.

Ten acres improved land, brick house and frame barn, located just west of Lindenwood cemetery. Price, $3,000.

Twenty-three and one-half acres on gravel road, opposite McKinney farm, two and one-half miles from city. Good new frame barn, well fenced, and young orchard. Price, $4,000.

Three and thirty-two one hundredths acres on gravel road, between St. Joe river bridge, and asylum for feeble minded. Would make good little garden, or sell in lots Price $1,500. S. C. LUMBARD Agent,

10-7t No. 3, Avenue House.

Good Music. Latest Music.

KINSELL CORNET BAND.

Best ÷ Uniformed ÷ Band ÷ in ÷ the ÷ State.

For Terms, Address,

E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,

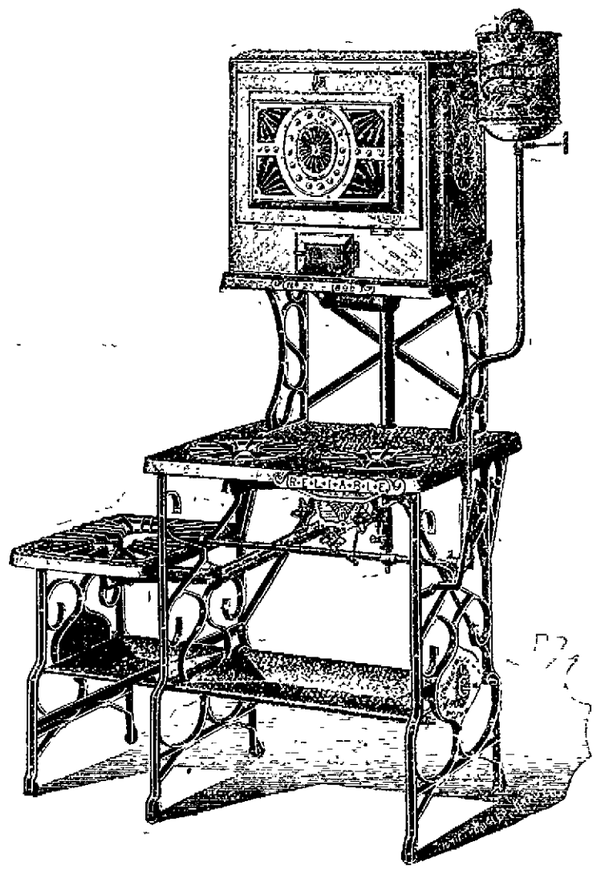
may3 sat 1st Roanoke, Indiana.

LOST—On Sunday morning, between Washington and Main streets, a gold necklace, not very large, and no charm on it. Finder will please return it to this office.

PICKARD BROS.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Natural ⊛ Gas ⊛ and ⊛ Gasoline ⊛ Stoves ⊛ for ⊛ Summer ⊛ Use.



The above cut represents a new addition to our already large line of "RELIABLE" Gasoline Stoves. It is a stove that will do more work for the amount of floor space it takes up, than any other pattern ever brought out. The generator is placed at the end, under the half low-down shelf. The oven is below top of stove, is removable, and stands at convenient height. When oven is not in use you have two powerful burners underneath to cook on, thus making four cooking grates in the space of a two-burner end stove. This new style will be found very desirable where a large amount of work is required in a small space. "RELIABLE" Stoves are Fully Guaranteed in Every Particular.

BRAND NEW!

The 5 and 10 Cent Store,

At 58 Clinton Street,

—AND—

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE AND CHINA,

AT 15 COURT STREET,

Same Room in Foster's Block,

Most cordially invite you to see the

NEW ⊹ STOCK

And get their LOW PRICES.

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Lamps, Glass Sets, Vases, Woodenware, Toys, Notions,

Anything you want or need. Come early and see us.

5 AND 10 CENT STORE.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

The Largest, Strongest, Cheapest and Best in the World.

Largest Outstanding Assurance. Largest New Business Written in 1889. Largest Surplus.

The following are the most important items of the THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMEFT of the EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY:

Outstanding Assurance December 31, 1889	$631,016,666
New Assurance Written in 1889	175,264,100
Premium Income in 1889	25,357,523
Interest and Other Income	5,035,765
Total Income	30,393,288
Payments to Policy-holders	11,842,858
Assets	$107,150,309
Liabilities (per cent.)	84,329,295
Surplus	$22,821,074
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities	127 per cent.

These figures show, as compared with the Statement for 1888;

An Increase in Outstanding Assurance of	$81,800,540
An Increase in New Assurance of	21,330,565
An Increase in Premium Income of	3,309,710
An Increase in Total Income of	3,434,311
An Increase in Assets of	12,107,386
An Increase in Surplus of	2,026,359

Send for illustrations of the Equitable Society's twenty-year tontine policies, showing the following unprecedented results at maturity:

On "Endowment" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, varying according to age, from 6; to 7 per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 4; to 5 per cent. per annum.

On "Twenty-payment life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, at the rate of from 4½ to 5; per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 3½ to 4½ per cent. per annum.

On "Ordinary life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with from 2½ to 4 per cent. simple interest, or compound interest of from 2 to 3½ per cent. per annum. Call on or address,

M. E. ARGO, Agent,

62 CALHOUN STREET.

D. C. FISHER,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

No. 32 EAST BERRY STREET.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE,

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

Leaders in Low Prices

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

and Notions.

We not only lead on low prices but we have all the New Desirable Things of the season. We make specialties of Chenille Curtains, Lace Curtains, Irish Point Curtains, Imported Madras, Plain and Dotted Swiss, Low Price Scrims, &c., &c.

While all our other Departments, embracing Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Embroideries, Corsets, Jackets, Wraps, Umbrellas, Linens, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c., &c., will be found Complete, at popular and

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

One Price to All.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

B·I·C·Y·C·L·E·S!

The World-Renowned

SWIFT, NEW RAPID, CONVENTRY RIVAL RUDGE QUADRANT AND MIDLAND

BICYCLES & SAFETIES.

BOYS' SAFETIES FOR $28.

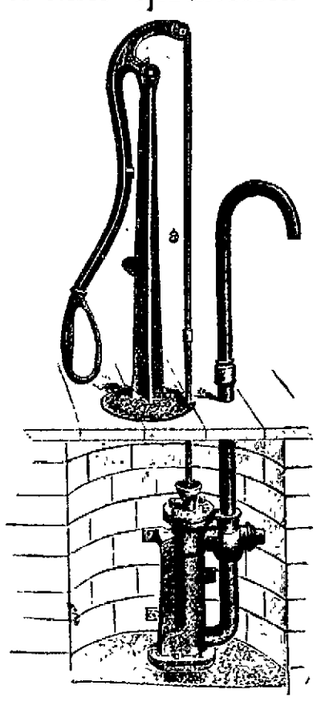
Lanterns, Caps and Bicycle Supplies of kinds, of

A. B. WHITE CYCLE CO.,

OR AT MORGAN & BEACH,

Fort Wayne Ind.

A NEW INVENTION.



Try the New Double Acting Force Pump. An excellent pump for all purposes. It works like a charm and should be in every well. By attaching a hose, can be used in case of fire, sprinkling streets or lawn. Is the best pump for cistern, windmill, kitchen or yard; always in order and the most substantial made. Pumps sold at very low prices.

AUGUST REILING,

Inventor and Manufacturer, No. 70 Pearl street, corner Ewing street. Territory For Sale.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photoes and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

6eod L. JUNK, No. 181 Calhoun St.

SPECIALS for TO-DAY

THE BEST Line of All-wool Men's Suits in the city for $10

THE BEST Line of All-wool Pants in the city for $3

THE BEST Imported Pique Bosom Dress Shirt in the city for $1

THE BEST Soft and Stiff Hats, all shades, in the city for $1

THE BEST Child's Suits, all-wool ages 4 to 14, in the city for $3

THE BEST Boys' Suits, all-wool, ages 14 to 19, in the city for $6

The Best Line and Newest Styles of GENTS' NECKWEAR in the city for 25c. and 50c.

Our Stock is Replete With Hundreds of Bargains Which We Will be Pleased to Show.

Friend's Enterprise One-Price Clothiers, Hatters and Gent's Furnishers,

62 AND 64 CALHOUN ST., COR. BERRY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 | SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890. | PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DEWALD & CO.

See Our New Lines of

Dress Goods!

They Excel in Extent, Beauty, Variety and Finish All of our Previous Efforts.

We have an Immense Line of

IMPORTED ✦ GOODS!

And have made Special Efforts in Styles. In

DOMESTIC ✦ GOODS!

Our Lines will be found complete and unsurpassed in variety.

GEORGE -I- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY.

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

LACE CURTAIN STRETCHER.

Any lady can do her curtains better than they can be he done at any laundry.
Try our frames and you will never send any more curtains from home.
Every housekeeper needs one. For sale at

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

22 CALHOUN STREET.

Dr. Wilbur's Eye-Water.

If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Detzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. H. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.

☞This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated oculist, in his practice for fifteen years. aprl30-d&w-3m

JOS. M. CLARK & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

34 EAST BERRY ST.

Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

Black and Colored

LACES

For Over Dresses. No such line has ever been shown in Fort Wayne.

The Handsomest and Newest Styles Out.

FISH NET!

In Striped, Dotted and Plain.

Point de Sprays & Chentilla Laces.

No effort has been spared to make this the

Grandest Selection!

To be seen, and we are showing some of the Loveliest Patterns to be had.

You Must All Come!

We have the goods and prices to suit every one.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.,

Our carpet department still continues to attract attention.

FREMONT'S GOOD LUCK!

The Old General Feints When Informed That the Government is Indebted to Him in the Sum of $21,000.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Second comptroller of the treasury department has just discovered that the government is indebted to General John C. Fremont in the sum of $21,000.

For many years the treasury department has charged General Fremont with $19,000 for which it was thought no voucher had been issued. When General Fremont had been placed upon the retired list under special act of congress recently he called at the treasury department to say that if his pay was held back to make up this $19,000 balance, he would be left in want.

A few days ago he called on the second comptroller to see what conclusion had been reached. The second comptroller told him that the two vouchers had been discovered which proved that instead of a debt of $19,000, there was a credit of $21,000 in his account. The news was so startling that General Fremont fainted. A warrant for the amount due him has been delivered to General Fremont.

CYCLONES.

Several of Them Strike the Country and Do Damage.

MARYVILLE, Mo., May 10.—Yesterday afternoon a cyclone passed about three miles north of this city. It blew down the barn of Fine Conrad, the house of George Cox, the house of Wm. Alexander and the house and barn of Geo. Shronck. The families in the houses escaped without serious injury.

BRIDGEPORT, Ill., May 10.—Severe local storms prevailed in Lawrence county yesterday which did great damage to fences and small buildings. A freight train on the O. & M. was caught in the vortex between here and Lawrenceville and wrecked. Several cars were unroofed and badly torn up. Telegraph wires are badly broken.

BUTLERVILLE, Mo., May 10.—A furious cyclone passed north of this city last evening at about 6 o'clock, doing great damage. A dozen or more dwellings were completely demolished and numerous barns blown down. The family of Henry Young were all severely hurt, and Mrs. Young will die. The storm passed in a northwesterly direction.

NORWICH, N. Y., May 10.—Three more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Chenango county poor house at Preston, yesterday. This brings up the total of those recovered to thirteen. It is feared that several more bodies are still buried in the debris.

IOWA'S FIRST DECISION

In Reference to the Original Package Decision of the Supreme Court.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 10.—The first decision of an Iowa court in accord with the recent original package decision of the Federal supreme court is that of Steele vs. Verstraeten and others, of Brooklyn, charged with maintaining a nuisance, which came up in the district court at Grinnell yesterday.

The counsel for the defense moved that the jury be instructed to bring in a verdict for the defense on the ground that the evidence showed only sales by an importer or his agent in original packages, the sale coming under the recent decision by the supreme court of the United States. The county attorney assented to the motion. Judge Ryan so ordered and the case was dismissed.

TABLES TURNED.

The Master Carpenters on the Offensive at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 10.—The tables are turned. The journeymen carpenters have finished their strike. Now master carpenters are taking the offensive. A committee appointed by the carpenters and builders' association to take charge of the employment of new men, has sent out circulars to different cities inviting workmen to come to Chicago. The secretary is preparing a revised list of members for the use of architects and material men. These two classes have joined hands with the master carpenters in their effort to defeat the new boss carpenters' association. The members of the latter are relying on the union of the journeymen to pull them through the present difficulty.

REV. FATHER KEEGAN.

Death of the Vicar General of the Diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 10.—The Very Rev. Father William Keegan, the vicar general of the Roman Catholic church in this diocese, died this morning of pneumonia at his home in this city. He had been ill since Monday last, when he was attacked with chills and fever with resultant pneumonia.

No churchman of any denomination was more favorably known than he was, nor had any more friends, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher being one of his warmest admirers. Father Keegan was about seventy years old.

Dr. George E. Harrison and wife, representing Mrs. Longshore-Potts, M. D., the lecturer, are in the city They have engaged the Temple for a date early in January, 1891.

MRS. CHAS. L. HILL.

Death of a Well Known Christian Lady of This City.

This forenoon at 11 o'clock, at her home on Spy Run avenue, occurred the death of Mrs. Emily M. Hill, the beloved wife of Mr. Chas. L. Hill, the prominent dealer in musical instruments.

The cause of her death was locomotor ataxia, with which she has been suffering for some time.

Mrs. Hill was sixty-one years of age, a noble Christian lady and was loved by a large circle of warm friends.

The funeral occurs at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Trinity Episcopal church, Rev. A. W. Seabrer so officiating.

MR. HARRINGTON.

Mr. Harrington, of the Sixth ward, died this afternoon. Deceased was the son of the former owner of the Harrington block.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. M. W. Simons is in the city.

Dr. A. J. Lambach is at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Gun, of Toledo, is the guest of Mrs. McKenzie, 121 Butler street.

Judge Lowry has returned from Decatur where he is interested in a case.

Mrs. Mungen will open the Woods mansion as a first-class boarding house.

There is no truth in the report that the organ factory will have a base ball club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Madison, of Wallace street, will spend Sunday in Chicago.

Miss Jennie Lance, of the conservatory, will spend Sunday at Marion, her home.

Mr. Heverin and family will soon move into their new home in South Wayne.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Borden, formerly of this city, now of Dakota—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn celebrated their first wedding anniversary last Thursday evening.

Miss Grace Strong gave an elegant reception last evening in honor of Miss Bowser, of Chicago.

St. Julian council, No. 89, C. B. L., will hold an important meeting to-morrow evening at Library hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, of Jackson street, celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of their marriage yesterday.

The German Lutherans will have a meeting to-morrow night at Carpenters' hall for the purpose of organizing a sick benefit society. THE SENTINEL erred in announcing that the meeting was to be held last evening.

The Emmett Dramatic club will shortly begin the rehearsal of their new play, "E Pluribus Unum," which will be produced on the stage of Library Hall. Rev. Father Byrne has the arrangements in charge.

"Around the World in a Chariot of Song," by Philip Phillips, the noted song lecturer, will be given at the Baptist Tabernacle to-night. This is Mr. Phillips' last entertainment in this city and he should have a crowded house, for he is magnificent in his performances and charms his audiences with his lecture and songs.

The general association of Congregational churches and ministers of Indiana is now in annual session at Terre Haute. The opening sermon was preached on Wednesday evening by Rev. D. P. Breen, of Michigan City, who was chosen moderator of the convention. Rev. C. A. Gleason, of Auguola, was chosen scribe.

TO-NIGHT.

DON'T MIND THE RAIN!

Glittering bargains for this evening's trade at the Bee Hive.

Each customer presented with a pretty souvenir.

Every purchaser of goods amounting to $5,00 or more is presented with our handsome illustrated volume, containing views of principal cities of the world.

READ! READ! READ! READ!

Special attractive bargains to-night!

100 gold tip umbrellas at 85c each.

50 ladies' gossamers 35c each; worth $1.25.

20 dozen extra fine quality ladies' ribbed vests 18c; worth 50c.

20 dozen ladies' ribbed vests 8c each.

20 dozen black silk mits—good quality—at 22c a pair.

500 regular 50c corsets reduced to 41c each.

30 dozen white aprons at 11c a piece; regular price 15c.

50 dozen ladies purses reduced from 25 cents to 17c each.

100 dozen rmull ties at 9c each; regular price 15c.

100 dozen ladies' hose reduced from 25 cents to 12½c a pair.

Splendid bargains in parasols, buckles, ribbons, jewelry, etc., etc.

M. FRANK & CO.,

Bee Hive.

60 Calhoun street,

CRAIG CAPTURED!

The Lightning Rod Swindler Arrested at Upper Sandusky—Hills Partner Caged at Last.

Lemuel C. Craig, who is wanted in this city on an indictment of the grand jury for larceny and procuring money under false pretenses, has been placed under arrest at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, for another swindle. Waldo E. Hills and Craig were indicted at the same time for perpetrating a lightning rod swindle in which William Warenp, of Perry township, was the victim. Hills, as is already known, had a trial and the jury disagreed. In the meantime Craig had crossed the Indiana border and worked his clever swindle in the Buckeye state. He victimized farmers in the vicinity of Loudonville, but the bold manner in which he operated soon had the officers on the alert. Sheriff Herzog, of Ashland county, got a clew and yesterday he apprehended his man in the express office at Upper Sandusky. The prosecuting witness against Craig will be one Brown, a farmer, who was swindled out of $900 by the prisoner.

Sheriff Herzog had received from Sheriff Viberg a description of Craig, and to-day Deputy Tom Wilkinson received word of the man' arrest. While the law of Ohio is being satisfied, the indictment from this county will still hang over his head.

Hills, who was Craig's partner, is in jail awaiting his second trial, which will be called up on the 21st inst.

A NOVEL TRIP.

The Fifth United States Artillery Arrive in the City To-day En Route West.

A special train of fifteen Wagner sleeping cars and two baggage cars arrived from the east over the Nickle Plate at 8 o'clock this morning.

The train had on board the Fifth United States artillery, 450 strong, composed of batteries A, B, C, K, M, H, and band, on route from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope. The regiment is under orders to proceed to Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Cala., relieving the First United States artillery, who take their place in New York Harbor under command of Col. A. C. Wilcbick. The party left New Jersey at 6:30 p. m. 8th inst.

A SENTINEL reporter was shown courtesy at the hands of Sergeant F. G. Hamilton, of Battery K, who is a gentleman in all respects.

W. H. Coffin, adjutant, and John D. Miley, lieutenant, who are with the party, were comrades with Lieut. Chas. McQuisten, of this city, and while here they had a pleasant chat with their friend's father, the venerable Mr. John McQuisten.

The departure of the boys in blue was witnessed by several hundred, and 'mid the playing of the band and the waving of many handkerchiefs the train was lost to view.

GENTLE ANNIE.

The Notorious Cute Girl Bound Over On Complaint of Her Mother.

Annie Cull, whose name is inscribed on the pages of the mayor's docket more times than Annie has fingers and toes, is again in trouble.

Annie, when under the Bacchanalian inspiration, can do almost anything from stopping a clock to whipping a good-sized man. She accomplished neither feat last night but devoted about fifteen minutes of her valuable time to the task of beating her mother at her home on Baker street. The girl was arrested by Officer Lee and taken to the police station. On her way down she emitted oaths loud and profuse enough to create excitement all along the route, and it was all Chief Wilkinson could do to quell her rebellious actions.

The prisoner was bound over by Mayor Harding for surety of the peace on complaint of her mother.

Annie Cull has been in the insane asylum once and it is believed by some that she belongs there now.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

A Thief Carries Away an Armful of Umbrellas.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. C. Hettler entertained friends at their home, on East Lewis street.

The guests arrived in a pouring rain and they left under the same condition, but to their discomfiture they departed umbrellaless.

The guests deposited the umbrellas in the entry, and while the party were absorbed in sociability some thief entered and carried off the entire outfit.

C. W. Howey, the deputy postmaster, was one of the heaviest losers and he notified the officers of the theft.

An Expert Bookkeeper.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 10.—The Albany City bank is short $30,000, due to the peculations of its book-keeper, George F. Whitney.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—For Indiana: Colder, southwesterly, shifting to northwesterly winds; threatening weather and rain; colder Sunday.

The Emmett Dramatic club will have a business meeting to-morrow.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

Street Paving to Be Commenced Early Next Week—A Force of Men Arrive From Detroit.

The laying of cedar block pavements on many of the streets this summer will cause a great deal of confusion, and give the city a torn-up appearance. The work on a greater portion of the contracts will be simultaneously in progress, not, however, to the great interference of travel.

The Talbot Paving company, of Detroit, have the largest amount of pavement to lay, their contracts representing nearly 70,000 square yards of cedar block. The company will commence upon their first contract, West Jefferson street, Monday or Tuesday next, a large force of men having already arrived in the city to-day to begin the work. It will not be long before this company will have one hundred and fifty men employed in this city.

The Talbot company, on contracts so far secured, will lay cedar blocks on the following streets: Jefferson (West), 11,892 feet; Wallace, 4,867 feet; Fairfield avenue, 10,666 feet; Washington, 2,660 feet; Broadway, 15,075 feet; Hanna, 16,300 feet; Harmer, 430 feet; Harrison, 4,300 feet.

The company has filed eight bonds, in the sum of $10,000 each, for the fulfillment of its contract in paving these streets. F. C. Beach, William Moellering and James Woulfe are sureties.

Mr. Joseph Derheimer will receive the contract for paving about 30,000 square yards with cedar blocks, his bids to be approved at the next council meeting, on Tuesday evening. He will have work commenced on his contracts without delay.

DESERVED HONORS

Come to Mr. A. L. Woodworth of the Pittsburg Shops—New Roadmaster on the Grand Rapids.

New honors have come to A. L. Woodworth, assistant foreman of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, and they came unsought. He has received the appointment of foreman of the blacksmith department of the company's extensive works at Logansport, Ind., and will leave for that place to enter upon his new duties about the 1st of June.

Mr. Woodworth has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania company for ten years, the last five of which have been spent as the assistant foreman of the blacksmith department of the works in this city. He is a thoroughly competent man and is well qualified for filling the position to which the officials have assigned him, possessing a knowledge of all branches of the railroad blacksmith work. He is the inventor of several appliances which the company have adopted and put into use, and is known as an artizan of superior excellence.

The news of his appointment will come to the boys in the shops as a sort a thunder clap, for he is deservedly popular with them and they will regret to have him taken from their midst. The writer, in the gathering of the every day news of the railroads, was thrown for a few years, into intimate relations with Mr. Woodworth, and knows him as a man of sterling qualities—attentive to business and honorable in all his dealings—and he predicts for him not only a cordial reception at Logansport, but higher honors in the future, and they will come.

Mr. Woodworth formerly resided at Logansport for several years, and will be "at home" in his new location. His family will remove to that place.

The successor of Mr. Woodworth will be Mr. George A. Szink, at present employed in the blacksmith department. He is capable and popular and in every way qualified for the position.

Supt. W. B. Stimson, of the northern division of the Grand Rapids and Indiana has announced the appointment of J. H. K. Bergwin, of Kalamazoo, to the position of roadmaster of the same division, to take effect May 12. Mr. Bergwin is a practical engineer, and has had much experience. From the office of the chief engineer he was appointed an assistant roadmaster and had charge of the road from Cadillac to Mackinaw City. He resigned this position last fall and spent several months in Europe. Returning he spent a short time in the office of Chief Engineer Johnson, when he was appointed assistant roadmaster of the southern division with headquarters at Kalamazoo. His present position is considered by railroad men a very fitting one.

Hair Goods Less than Cost Until closed out AT MRS. FLAGLER'S, 14 West Berry St.

For a nice Prayer Book, Statue, Picture or other religious articles, call at A. KOENIG'S, 176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall.

The Phillips entertainments are the best ever given in the city.

To-night is the last and best of the series.

At the Baptist church at 8 p. m.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

The Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow's Worship.

Come to the Baptist tabernacle.

Missionary services at the Christian Chapel to-morrow at 7:30 p. m.

Second Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. No morning or evening services.

Regular service at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffatt; Sunday school at 9:30, a. m. All welcome.

Rev. T. J. Gardner, of Elyria, Ohio, will preach in the Plymouth Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

Come to Trinity M. E. church to-morrow, both morning and evening. Sunday sch ol at 2:30 p. m. Our motto: Holiness to the Lord. N. D. Shackelford, pastor.

Berry street M. E. church. Preaching 10:30 by Rev. John F. Naugle, "campmeeting John." Young people have charge of Epworth League services at 7:30. Sunday school 2:15 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church, 94 East Washington street, to-morrow morning at 10:30, evening at 7:45. Topic for the evening sermon, the second in the Home series. "Home Influences."

You are invited to attend services to-morrow at Wayne street M. E. church, at the following hours: Class, at 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:30; Sabbath school, 2:00; Epworth league, 7 p. m., preaching, 8 p. m.

The evangelist of Columbus, O., Mr. John Nagel, will conduct the young men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Good singing and practical speaking. Young man, you can not afford to miss this meeting. 4 p. m. city time.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Department of the Y. M. C. A. at 3:30, standard time. One hour. Good music; short talks by young men; a pleasant and profitable hour assured. All men, strangers especially invited.

At the Church of God, Sabbath school at 9:15; preaching at 10:30; teacher's meeting at 6:30; preaching at 7:45; prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, at 7:45; O. Y. P. A. Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Pastor E. H. Shanks continues his talk on the "Attributes of God" in the evening.

One of Christ's Incomprehensible Comparisons Concerning Love, will be the subject of the Rev. John M. Driver's Sunday morning sermon at Simpson M. E. church, corner of Harrison and Dawson streets, one block from beltline street, one block from Belt line street cars. In the evening he will discourse on, The Divine Call, in which he will touch incidentally on the labor question. Strangers will find attentive usher, free seats, good music and a hearty welcome.

St. Paul M. E. church, on Walton avenue. Preaching at 10:30, by Rev. J. V. Gilbert, and 7:45 in the evening a Bible reading and praise service will be held, conducted by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Class meeting at 9:30 in the morning. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon, and yoke fellows' meeting at 6:45 in the evening. Good music will be furnished by a full choir of voices, and all who attend this church will receive a cordial welcome from the pastor and membership to the church.

BASE BALL.

Anderson Loses Its First Game—The Fort Wayne Club at Elkhart To-day.

The Fort Wayne base ball club left for Elkhart over the Pittsburg road at 6:30 o'clock this morning, and arrived in that city at 10 o'clock. The following players went on the trip: Scott Quirk, Benton, Allen, Downing, Cain, Ellery, Ferris, Gallagher, and Murphy. Carson and Malone will remain in the city until sent for.

ASSOCIATION GAMES.

Brotherhood—New York, 2, Boston, 4; Philadelphia, 5, Brooklyn, 7.

National League—New York, 16, Boston, 3; Brooklyn, 1, Philadelphia, 6; Cleveland, 10, Pittsburg, 5.

American Association—Syracuse, 4, Rochester, 7; Brooklyn, 2, Athletic, 4.

NOTES.

Bluffton did not play yesterday on account of rain.

The Fort Wayne club will be gone on their trip until the 28th of May.

Anderson lost its first game yesterday, Peru breaking their record. The score was 5 to 3.

Bluffton and Anderson are tie for the first place, and Fort Wayne and Muncie for the third place.

The game between Muncie and Marion yesterday, resulted in favor of the former club by a score of 5 to 4.

The Fort Wayne base ball club will play fourteen games on their present trip. Two games will be played in each of the following places: Elkhart, Marion, Kokomo, Peru, Anderson, Muncie and Bluffton.

Hear Mr. Phillips sing "Your Mission" as he sang it in the hall of the house of representatives in Washington, at the request of President Lincoln.

WILL THEY GO!

The Muncie Offices in This City, It Is Said, Will Go Either to Indianapolis or Muncie.

The Indianapolis News of yesterday says: "The stockholders of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road will meet on 28th inst. to ratify the sale of the road to the Lake Erie and Western company. It is probable that the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville will be consolidated with the Lake Erie and Western system immediately thereafter, and its offices at Fort Wayne brought to this city. It is not yet known whether W. H. Fisher, general passenger agent, Tom Peck, general traveling agent, and other young men to whom the credit for the recent great improvement in the property is due, will be retained."

A dispatch from Muncie gives these further particulars: "Arrangements are making in the Lake Erie and Western freight depot and telegraph buildings for the accommodation of all the offices of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railway now at Fort Wayne, and they will be brought here. The passenger trains of that line will cease running to the Big Four depot, and passengers will be taken on trains at the Lake Erie depot, which road has purchased the Muncie route."

The Muncie Herald says: "Mr. D. S. Hill, general superintendent of the Lake Erie and Western railway, arrived in the city this morning and met by appointment, Mr. H. H. Crosby, train dispatcher of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, and arranged for the removal of his office from Fort Wayne to this city. Mr. Crosby will occupy the rooms on South Walnut street across the track from the Lake Erie and Western passenger depot adjoining the telegraph office."

MRS. ANN THOMPSON.

Death of a Pioneer Lady, Well-Known and Beloved.

Mrs. Ann McFarland Thompson died at Oak Ridge, South Wayne, the home of Mr. Byron S. Thompson, at an early hour this morning.

The deceased was born at Pittsburg, Pa., and had attained the ripe old age of eighty-five years.

Mrs. Thompson was an old resident of Fort Wayne and was beloved by many for her kindness and noble character. She had been failing of late years, the last few months being especially painful ones to her. She was the mother of Byron Thompson and Mrs. Col. Reed, whose husband was interred at Lindenwood only a few days ago.

The funeral will take place Monday at 3 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church.

MRS. DAVID MILES.

Mary Ann, wife of David Miles, of 105 Wells street, died last night from paralysis of the brain, age 52 years. She had been unconscious for five days. The funeral will take place Sunday at 3 o'clock from the Baptist church.

Phillip Phillips' entertainments are the finest, most instructive and best that ever visited our city, and to-night is the best night of the series. At the Baptist church, at 8 p. m.

Excursion to Rome City, May 24th, given by the Ladies' Society of First Presbyterian church. Tickets, $1.00. On sale at Keil Bros., Dewald & Co.'s and Foster Furniture Store.

Money to Loan.

For particulars apply to Allen County Loan and Savings association, rooms 6 and 7, White's block, over Fruit House. 10 eod-6t

Be up with the times and smoke the Fawn cigar.

At Keil's, 116 Calhoun street, you can buy a cloth curtain mounted on a spring fixture for 20c; a Dado curtain mounted the same way for 35c, also a large stock of plain and Dado curtains equally low.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

1-5th off sale on all Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Notions, will continue until To-night. Every one should come and buy to-day, at

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Excursion Rates to Indianapolis, via the Wabash Line.

The Wabash line will sell tickets at excursion rates to Indianapolis on the following dates, viz: May 12, 13, 14, Indiana State Medical Society, May 18 to 23, Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.; May 26 to 28, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M. Remember the Wabash is the popular and old reliable route to Indianapolis. 10 eod-6t

Try the Fawn cigar. Manufactured by Schele Bros.

For a fine Watch, Clock, Jewelry and Silverware call at

A. KOENIG, THE JEWELER,

176 Calhoun St., opposite Library Hall.

Ladies are surprised when they find how very low they can buy Millinery Goods at Mrs. E. A. Flagler's, 14 West Berry street.

The Columbus Buggy Co., will hold a reception at Joe W. Bell's Repository, 13 East Columbia street, May 16, from 8 till 11 p. m., for both ladies and gentlemen. 8 3t.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Experiences of The Every Advertising Writer—Stories That Seem Stranger than Fiction.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SERMON FOR WORKERS.

TALMAGE PREACHES ELOQUENTLY TO BUSINESS MEN.

His Text Taken from Job: "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth." Weary Laborers Can Find Peace in God's Haven.

In the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, May 8, after the Long-Meter Doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation and prayers had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix. 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavement and bankruptcy, and a bad of a wife to be wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry, his teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel remained left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Dyo, Good and Rooke and Barnes, have all tried their forces on Job's teeth. You may my interposition, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Gold and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against his inflamed face, he says: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their souls. There was a time when the partition between flesh and rib was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." Saved as in the flames. You go to the storm of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flame advances; you can endure the heat no longer in your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the full force of the fire is upon the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make a narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You say, going to the store and say: "Grandpa joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was nicknamed good. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never stood long nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood reckless; his middle very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Ackwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any one of us if old Ackwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their sails, and after awhile come ashore pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh that who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless to say to some who reject the Christian religion, "I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state. I know not. I only know that you are in darkness; the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come and put you with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, 'Come in; my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven.'

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now travelling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? Then I entreat you to turn about face from the course you are pursuing, and look this way. Take an agonizing look into the face of God and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for Heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Rowland Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incognito from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, and Third street. On the day they were called there, no gold jobbers, no peddlers, or importers, but in Heaven, Christian heroes. No facets were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier mixed a pile at their heart; but they had merely themselves compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so vheated, so fled about, so outrageously wronged that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvey they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and ironized and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the existence of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand. Here is a life boat which has been sent against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse.

Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and the more they have stepped back and back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God; try who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The Power of the upraised hand is to us as awful as the dispersing of thunderbolts. The outstretched hand is a spectacle jarred with the terror of hell. The waters have not perforated like the fountains that will shake the thirst of the world. At the moment of the darkest midnight sob for aid there will stand at the door of your heart the Lord Jesus Christ in the act of knocking. Will you let him wait? Will you open the door? Will you? Will you? Will you

THEY HAVE COME!

So many Ladies have been waiting for the Second Lot of Accordian Skirts, and at last they are here. Come and get one, as they are going pretty fast.

Another New Lot of Hats, Flowers and Trimmings of all kinds just received. Every day we get new styles.

Parisian Millinery

—AND:—

Cloak House

VICTOR E. WOLF,

26 CALHOUN ST.

Mourning Hats a Specialty.

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl at 63 East Jefferson street. 25-tf

WANTED—Good experienced girl for light housework in small family. English preferred. Enquire at 188 Ewing street. 8-tf

MONEY TO LOAN.

We are prepared to loan money in sums of $200 up to $5,000, on improved city property, on very reasonable terms.

If persons having money to loan in small amounts and desiring a safe investment by first mortgage security on improved city real estate will do well to call and see us.

SCHEIMER & WILSON AGENCY,
Successors to H. C. Schrader,
feb6-tf 46 Harrison St.

STANLEY IN AFRICA—

AGENTS WANTED to sell his history of the WONDERFUL EXPLORATIONS, DARING DEEDS and grand ACHIEVEMENTS on the dark CONTINENT. Finely illustrated. COLORED PLATES. The grandest edition of STANLEY, including all other AFRICAN EXPLORERS published. Illustrated circulars free. Address, O. A. BROWNING & CO., Toledo, O.
jan14-52&wkn

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—For good houses apply at D. Creighton avenue.

FOR RENT—Brick store, 22x15, corner Calhoun and Dawson street. Inquire of L. Markey, 644 Calhoun street. 28-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WEIKEL, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

WANTED!

One Lady Canvasser in every City and Village Within the United States

TO SELL

Steketee's Positive Periodical Preparation.

NO HUMBUG! A SURE CURE!

Address,

GEO. G. STEKETEE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

P. S.—Must have experience as a seller. Good wages can be made.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST. NILES BLOCK 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

HENRY HOP LEE'S

CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs per pair, 4 cts; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 4 cts.; Drawers, 4 cts; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; socks, per pair, 4 cts; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to regular and town agents for the week ending May 3, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, April 28	2,774
Tuesday, April 29	2,799
Wednesday, April 30	2,810
Thursday, May 1	2,783
Friday, May 2	2,861
Saturday, May 3	2,820
Total for the week	16,847
Average for the week	2,807

SWORN TO! JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of May, 1890. GILMAN W. LOWE, Clerk.

For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C. Hall, 87 Calhoun street.
E. C. Gouty, 324 Calhoun street.
W. W. Fox, 525 West Main street.
Wolf & Dyer, Store, cor. Barnard and Lasalle sts.
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street.

TO-NIGHT.

ST. JOSEPH CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—Election of Officers.
HARMONY TABERNACLE.—Phillip Phillips.
WORLD'S MUSEUM.—Living Curiosities and Stage Performance.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.

1809—Death of Cardinal de Bernis; born 1804.
1758—Great Britain declares war against France.
1760—Death of Count Zinzendorf, founder of the sect of Moravian Brothers.
1775—Ticonderoga surprised by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.
1835—Death of Frederick Schiller, German poet; born 1759.
1846—Battle of Resaca de la Palma, Mexico. Americans victorious. Gen. La Vega captured by Capt. May.
1860—John Bell, of Tennessee, nominated for president by the "Constitutional Union" party.
1861—Gen. Wool occupies Norfolk, Va.
1862—Gen. Hunter, commanding in South Carolina, issued an order emancipating the negroes.
1864—Battles of Cloyd's Mountain and New River Bridge, Va. Union loss, 745; Confederate loss, 900.
1864—Two days' fight at Swift creek, Va. Union loss, 400; Confederate, 900.
1871—Treaty of peace signed at Frankfort between France and Germany.
1876—Tidal wave at Calibo destroys shipping and towns.
1876—International exhibition opened in Philadelphia.
1879—Death of Admiral F. G. Parrott, U. S. A., aged 79; inventor of Parrott gun

THE newly elected city officials have qualified.

MOTHER EARTH was visited by a drenching rain last night.

THE bicycle club held a brilliant reception at their hall last night.

THE annual meeting of the Indiana commandery of the Loyal Legion is being held at Indianapolis.

IT is now thought that only twenty lives were lost by the fire in the poor house near Norwich, N. Y.

Russinville is being supplied with natural gas from the Seward well, five miles distant, which is owned by a Lafayette syndicate.

HON. J. M. BARRETT and Hon. H. Green Smith will speak at Monroeville to-night, when the Hendricks club will be reorganized at that place. A number of democrats from this city will attend the meeting.

PHILIP PHILLIPS gave his second entertainment at the Baptist Tabernacle last night to an interested audience. His photo-optican and pictures are valued at $12,000. To-night he will take his audience all over America and show the grand sights of this great continent.

JAMES M. ARGENBRIGHT, whose family lives on East Jefferson street, in Fort Wayne, narrowly escaped with his life in the Josiah Partridge furniture manufactory fire at 10 and 12 Roosevelt street, New York, the other day. Mr. Argubright is foreman of the large factory.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY BUSSEY has overruled a decision of the pension office rejecting the claim of Wesley C. Gerard, of Indiana. The claimant based his application upon disability occasioned by being thrown from a mule while on a trip for food for the captain of his company, who was sick. The assistant secretary holds that the disability was incurred while the claimant was in the line of his duty.

THE Northern Indiana Ministerial association of the Church of Christ, convenes at the Christian chapel, in this city, next Tuesday and continues three days. A large number of preachers will be in attendance and an interesting program will be presented. Three sessions will be held daily, open to the public. At the evening sessions leading speakers will deliver addresses on various topics. Pastor Sims tells us that a cordial welcome will be given to all persons attending.

CHARLES WALKER HAMMOND, one of the most noted convicts in the Northern prison, died Thursday night, aged forty-six years. He was sentenced by the Boone county circuit court in 1887 for thirteen years. He has been sick for the past two years of consumption, and during that time was an inmate of the prison hospital. In former years it is supposed he belonged to the notorious Reno gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters, who were terrors to the people of southern Indiana.

REV. J. F. NEITHAMMER, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, at LaPorte, Ind., died very suddenly yesterday, of inflammation of the stomach. The deceased was born in Wittenburg, Germany, in 1814, and came to this country when a boy. He was educated at Concordia college, Fort Wayne, and after receiving his diploma was called to preach at Rochenburg, Ill.; afterwards filling pulpits of the Lutheran faith at Lisbon, Mich., and Sugar Grove, O. He came to LaPorte seventeen years ago, and has occupied St. John's pulpit continuously since that time.

THE CARPENTERS

Listen to a Stirring Address on the Labor Issues by Vice-President Kliver of Their Union.

The attendance at the circuit court rooms last night, notwithstanding the drenching rain that fell, to listen to the address of W. H. Kliver, general vice-president of the International Union of carpenters and joiners, was very large. Mr. Kliver comes from the ranks of labor and is well qualified to discuss the issues which are so vital to the classes he represents. He is a fluent talker, full of good argument for his cause, and his words held the audience attentive listeners until the close of his address.

He opened by alluding to the trouble now existing between the carpenters and the Master Builders' association in this city and explained the purpose of the meeting as being one to review the issues of the hour in a practical manner. He gave an interesting and detailed history of the labor movement and told how on account of the use of improved machinery, it became necessary years ago in Australia to adopt the eight-hour law and how it had worked to the advantage of everybody concerned.

The present eight-hour movement in this country, he said, was born in the carpenters' union in Chicago in 1886, and became general amongst the trades unions, but the only men who gained and profited by it were the bricklayers, who are to-day the highest paid mechanics in the building trade. The late fight of the carpenters in Chicago for the eight hour day was then alluded to, and he said he believed the ten-hour day had been buried there forever and better wages obtained, as would be the case here if the carpenters stood firm in their demands.

The average wages of a carpenter in this city, he was informed, was $416 per year, $144 of which must go for rent, $40 for fuel, $15 for car fare, $25 to keep up a chest of tools, and many other incidental expenses, leaving $190 to clothe and feed himself and family and pay his general expenses. This, he thought, was unjust to this class of workmen, and the contractors should grant them the increase which they asked.

He spoke frequently of the "red hatchet and saw men," and said he did not believe twenty-five cents an hour was too much for any kind of a carpenter. Let the scale of wages commence at that point, and let the better class of workmen be graded in regard to the amount of wages they received by their respective abilities. This was just and right. He said he was not here to cause a strike, but to lay the matter before the public and show that they were right. Some bosses have already signed the agreement, and if any trouble occurred those bosses will not be tied up, but can have all the men they need.

The secretary read the agreement which the carpenters have prepared for the union and bosses to sign, which is a remodeling of the one published in the SENTINEL a few days ago. It provides nine hours as a day's work, $2.25 a day, car fares for all distances over two miles and the refusal of union men to work with any non-union men who shall refuse to become members after one week's notice to do so.

The conclusion of the speech is thus given by the morning Journal:

The speaker then went on to explain that the agreement did not compel the contractor to hire a man he did not want to, but did not allow any one boss to fix the fate of a man whom he considered not worth the money. Three or four men should first make a statement that they did not consider a man worth it and he would probably be allowed to work for a lower rate of wages.

Some people stated that if the hours were shortened more time would be spent in saloons, but in the organizations where the demands had been granted there was 50 per cent. less drunkenness than before. And even if they did drink some, take 100 carpenters and 100 bosses, and there was as many drinking men among the bosses as among the employes.

"When you leave the hall go out to work in your own interest and do everything in a gentlemanly manner and do not let your angry passions carry you away, and when I return Monday I hope to see the whole matter settled, but if it cannot be settled the men will be called away from every contractor who does not sign the agreement," he said in conclusion.

Mr. Kliver left for Milwaukee last night, but will return Monday to assist in the prosecution of Mitchell, now in jail here for securing money from the Carpenters' union under false pretences.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood, and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. B. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

Frank Mingus, of Lagrange, who murdered his mother-in-law under particularly brutal circumstances, is either insane or is feigning mental infirmity very cleverly. The authorities are puzzled what to do.

TIRED OF WAR.

The King of Dahomy Yearns for Peace in His Country.

LONDON, May 9.—The latest advices from Africa represent the king of Dahomy as very tired of his war against the French. He had expected to overwhelm the small French garrison on the coast at one blow and either capture or drive them into the sea, and when his troops returned discomfited from the defences of Kotenou he was so enraged that he promptly beheaded the general in command and followed up the act with a slaughter of several more of his officers next day. This severity, however, had a contrary effect to what he expected and many of his troops deserted, some seeking refuge within the French lines. The bombardment of Whydah had added to the disgust of the Dahomians, who had been accustomed to regard their monarch as invincible and almost divine, and the king is said to be in some fear of an outbreak among his subjects. The French will not make peace without an effort to put a stop to the inhuman sacrifices of human life, which accompanies late ceremonies in Dahomny, and the king will be required to give indemnity for the loss of life and property he has caused the French.

The question of taking the control of charitable institutions from the priests and placing it in the hands of civil power, is arousing bitter controversy in the Italian parliament. The government does not find unanimity for the measure among its own supporters and they are straining every influence they possess to secure its de eat. The bill, however, will probably pass.

The military exhibition at the Chelsea hospital, which was opened on Wednesday with duo ceremonies, is one of the most memorable exhibitions that the country has ever witnessed and is filled with memorials of England's greatest campaigns. The occasion has brought out contributions from all over the kingdom of trophies and other articles connected with famous battles, the queen having sent some contributions from Windsor Castle.

PASSENGER RATE WAR.

Via the Wabash Railroad.

The Wabash Line is selling tickets to all points west at greatly reduced rates. Now is the time to go west as rates will be restored to former tariff soon. Remember the Wabash is the only line running through cars to St. Louis and Kansas City without change, and is the only route giving its patrons the privilege of free reclining chair cars. Reduced rates to California, Oregon and Washington points. Apply to Wabash ticket office for full particulars.

apr24-eod-tf

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st.

eodtf

Half-Fare to Warrensburg, Mo.—Meeting of German Baptists.

The "Muncie Route" will sell tickets at one first-class fare for the round trip May 20 to 28, inclusive, from all stations on its line, to Pertle Springs, Mo., near Warrensburg, Mo., on account of the meeting of German Baptists. Tickets good to return until June 25, 1890. Purchasers of tickets via the "Muncie Route" may avail themselves of tickets at rate one fare for the round trip from Pertle Springs to points in southwestern Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Indian Territory, offered by the Missouri Pacific railway. For further information call on agents or address,

9-15t W. H. FISHER, G. P. & T. A.

GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN.

Annual Meetings at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, 1890.

For the annual meetings of the German Baptist Brethren, to be held at Pertle Springs, Mo., and North Manchester, Ind., May 23 to 30, the Wabash railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its line at half fare. Tickets will be on sale May 19 to 27 inclusive, and will be good to return up to and including June 26, 1890. For tickets and all desired information, call on or address nearest Wabash ticket agent. my7-d-15t-w-3t

Wanted 100 Carpenters

To apply at Master Builders' association for work. Wages, 25 cents per hour for good mechanics. Signed,

7-tf MASTER CARPENTER ASSOCIATION,

A New Paint.

Mr. Kriebaum, No. 90 Barr street, has just received a consignment of new paint called "The People's Choice." It is a paint of rare excellence, guaranteed to wear and keep its color, and the cost is not as much as ordinary paints. Try it, and you will be satisfied with it. It comes in tin cans, and is put up to suit in any quantity.

Will Double Up.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 9.—The Fonawonda Iron and Steel company has been operating the Ironton furnace for the past year has decided to double the capacity of the works at a cost of $75,000 to $100,000. The financial result of the first year's operations has been most encouraging.

Badly Beaten.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 9.—Mr. M. F. Rich, a Boston drummer, was attacked by a mob of white men at Laurens, S. C., on Tuesday night last, and badly beaten with switches, his injuries compelling him to remain in bed until yesterday. Mr. Rich has been traveling through the south for ten years, selling a patent laundry iron, the principal users of which are the negro washerwomen.

A century of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

Don't say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever, and cold in the head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supercedes the use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price, 50c.

San Francisco shipped eight Chinese lepers home last week, leaving six—all white—in her hospital.

NOT A PIMPLE ON BABY.

Baby one year old. Had with Eczema Hair all gone. Scalp covered with Eruption. Cured by Cuticura. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

Cured by Cuticura.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Cuticura Remedies. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scall-head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. E. H. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Fever Sore Eight Years.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the Cuticura Remedies, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. Cason, merchant. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gaithersburg, Md.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of scrofula I ever saw was cured by them.

TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently, and economically cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, whether itching, burning, scaly, pimply, scrofulous or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

WITH SUSPENSORY FOR **WEAK MEN**

BE CURED. Don't ENTRUST your health to Cheap ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY advertised to PREVENT DISEASE. Made for this specific purpose, cure all Generative Weakness, Lost Power, Nervousness, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current felt instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Only $5 and Suspensory Complete $5, and up. Sealed pamphlet free, postpaid. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Consultation free. Call or address SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 160 Lasalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. A recent discovery by an old physician. Is successful and reliable. Safe. Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Shelby Block, 124 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR OF MANHOOD RESTORED. STRENGTH

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely exhausting HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Territories. Pamphlet, with full explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach dosing for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

LUMBER LATH & SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS & BLINDS

If you are a CLOSE CASH BUYER don't purchase until you get quotations from

THE HAMMOND LUMBER COMPANY,
Office, 3330 Laurel St., Chicago, Ill.
Yard, Calumet River, Hammond, Ind.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MOST APPETIZING EASILY DIGESTED.

The VAN HOUTEN process renders their cocoa easy of digestion and develops in the highest degree its delicious aroma. It is an excellent flesh-former, *fifty per cent.* greater than the best of other cocoas.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞ VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("unsurpassed always useful") is the purest, pure, soluble Cocoa, invented, made and patented in Holland, and is vastly better and more soluble than any of the numerous imitations. In fact, it is generally adopted all over Europe, and a comparative test will easily prove that no other Cocoa equals this for excellence of flavor, solubility, agreeable taste and nutritive qualities. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and TAKE NO OTHER. 55

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

L. O. HULL,

WALLPAPER

In Every Grade, Cheaper Than Ever.

Decorations, Window Curtains.

House and Sign Painting.

PAPER HANGING, DECORATING.

We do first-class work and charge no more than others.

SOLE AGENTS for PLASTICO.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

NEW DECATUR,

ALABAMA.

THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL CITY OF THE GREAT TENNESSEE VALLEY.

(Junction of the Louisville and Nashville, and Memphis and Charleston Railroads, on the Tennessee River.)

AUCTION SALE OF CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MAY 19 & 20, 1890.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSION RATES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.—From St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Evansville, May 17th, 18th and 19th, one fare for round trip; tickets good 30 days. From other points on their lines, May 18th and 19th, one and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON.—From points on their lines, May 17th to 20th, one and one-third fares, good till May 30th.

EAST TENN., Va. & Ga.—One and one-third fares, good till May 24th.

QUEEN AND CRESCENT.—From Cincinnati and all stations south as far as Meridian and Vicksburg, same as Louisville and Nashville.

See station agents for further particulars and advertising matter. Rates will be obtained from other connecting lines, if possible; and arrangements made for special excursion trains from distant points.

ONE-HALF THE PROCEEDS OF SALE

Will be set aside and applied to Improvements, Promoting Industries, and other means of developing the town.

INDUSTRIES IN OPERATION.

Three years ago the sight of New Decatur was a plantation. To-day its industrial plants pay $75,000 monthly for labor. The principal industries are as follows: A 70-ton Charcoal Iron Furnace. Main shops of Louisville & Nashville R. R. (58 acres). Shops of United States Rolling Stock Co. (50 acres). Car-wheel Works (150 wheels daily) Charcoal and Chemical Works (50,000 cords wood annually). American Oak Tanning Extract Works. Steam Cotton Congress (1000 bales daily). Two Foundries and Machine Shops. Metal Cornice and Roofing Works. Steam-Fitting and Plumbing Works. Ice Factory. Gas and Electric Light Plants. Water-Works (30 miles pipe). Street Railway (6 miles). Sawmills, lumber yards, planing-mills, etc. The town has also a $20,000 school-house, six churches, a perfect modern system of sewerage and drainage, graded and macadamized streets, and

"THE TAVERN," THE FINEST HOTEL IN ALABAMA.

Send for our beautifully printed and illustrated descriptive book, entitled

"ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE."

And for Maps, and information of every description, address,

THE DECATUR LAND, IMPROVEMENT AND FURNACE CO.,

New Decatur, Ala.

SCHOEN, WELLMAN & SCHOFFMAN,
Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 22½ East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec20-dawtf
TELEPHONE 278.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 178 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

TAKE S.S.S. IN THE SPRING.

Nature should be assisted in the spring to throw off the heaviness of the sluggish winter circulation of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so prompt or so safely as Swift's Specific.

I have used S. S. S. for a number of years, and consider it the best tonic and blood remedy that I ever used. In fact I would not attempt to enter upon a spring or summer in this climate without it.
H. W. COLEMAN,
Of Coleman, Ferguson & Co.,
Dale City, Fla.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Women wear corsets for different reasons. You, who want to be shapely and comfortable, may go to your store and say: "I hear that Ball's corset is offered for trial. I want one."

The seller will answer: "You can wear it a week or two or three, and if you don't like it bring it back and get your money."

And he will give you a primer on Corsets. You might as well know what is going on in the corset world.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago and New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH SOLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

TRY THE CURE.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec6-eodly
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LIFE'S HISTORY;

Its Smiles and Tears. Such is the course of life, made up of sunshine and gloom, gladness and sorrow, riches and poverty, health and disease. You may dispel the gloom, banish the sorrow and gain riches; but sickness will overtake us, sooner or later. Yet, happily, that enemy can be vanquished; pains and aches can be relieved; there is a balm for every wound, and science has placed it within the reach of all. There is no discovery that has proven so great a blessing to humanity as Tutt's Liver Pills. In malarial regions, where Fever and Ague, Bilious Diseases and all morbid incident to a deranged liver prevail, they have proven an inestimable boon, as a hundred thousand living witnesses testify.

Tutt's Liver Pills

SURE ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING!

Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.

48 W. Main St.---Telephone 261.

TOLD AS GATHERED.

The News of the Day as Found Around the City's Busy Centers.

A. Mullidor, of the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty to-day.

W. Fisher is sick. He is employed in the Pittsburg car shop.

John Daily, of the Pittsburg machine shops, is off duty this week.

W. H. Shelby, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Wm. Borden, engineer on the Pittsburg road, is on the sick list.

Herman Nietert has returned to work in the Pittsburg round house.

Mr. Joseph Kincaid, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Ohio on a visit to-day.

J. Glazier, of the East Pittsburg shops, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

P. J. Hess, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is the owner of a fine Reno colt.

The Pittburg car shops have an order for two new cars to transfer plate glass.

The frame gang at the Pittsburg machine shop are off on a fishing trip to-day.

P. Kucher has resumed his position in the Pittsburg car shop after a sickness.

Dr. Kells, of the relief department of the Pennsylvania company, is at Hanna to-day.

Wm. Lepper, of the Pittsburg machine shop, is off duty on a week's vacation.

E. Nickolai, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, will spend Sunday at New Haven.

Isaac Cafron, of the Standard Emery Wheel company, Albany, N. Y., is in the city.

Roadmaster Ramsey, of the Muncie route, will have his office at Muncie hereafter.

The Fat Men's club have postponed their excursion to blue lake until next Saturday.

W. Madison, foreman of the lathe gang in the Pittsburg machine shops, is at Chicago.

Fred Hursher, of the electric light works, has returned from a trip to Harrisburg, Pa.

Harry Kelker, night engineer at the Pittsburg round house, is off duty on account of sickness.

Two engines were turned out of the Pittsburg machine shop this morning after general repairs.

E. Tegtmeyer, of the Pittsburg car shops, will spend Sunday up the St. Joe river on a fishing trip.

Ed. Carey, of the Pittsburg store room, who had his arm cut last Monday, is getting along nicely.

Patrick O'Brien, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty this week on account of sickness.

O. Barry and gang, in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day on account of repairs being made to the furnace.

The clerks of Shop Clerk Meegan's office of the Pittsburg shop, will take a fishing trip up the river to-day. They have promised each employ of the shop a fish and will no doubt fill their promise.

F. Starke will take charge of the big steam hammer in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops next week.

The wheel, finishing, rimming and hub rooms of the American wheel works are shut down to-day.

M. Brown and John Berning are fixing the boiler at the Berghoff brewery. They are from the Bass works.

Geo. Hess and Wm. Connors, of the Pittsburg machine shop, will attend the excursion to Monroeville to-night.

Charles Bates, of the American wheel works, had his knee badly cut this morning, and was obliged to leave work.

Chas. McElfatrick, of the Pittsburg machine shop, has returned to work after an absence, attending the wedding of his cousin.

Henry Schwier and Billy Meyers, of the Bass works, both owners of fast horses, will have an interesting race in the near future.

A. Johnson is at the throttle, and C. Misner will shovel coal on the trial trip of engine No. 93, turned out of the Pittsburg shops yesterday.

H. A. Dowell, of the electric works, has gone to Rockford, Ill., in the interest of the works, and Charles Eickhoff has charge of his department.

The Bass blacksmith shop, under the foremanship of Joseph Slater, has an order for forty-eight large engine shaftings for E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bass works, Kerr Murray manufacturing company, Horton manufacturing company, and the Fort Wayne iron works pay their employes to-day.

L. Kenerk, formerly of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has gone to Huntington to take a position in the shops of the Chicago and Atlantic railroad at that place.

Herman Bagul has returned from Cambridge, O., where he was placing two large engines for the Bass works. Harry Hayes, who is at the same place, will not return for a while.

Peter Harber, the veteran machinist in the Pittsburg shops, is making attractive improvements to his home on Hanna street, and has an artistic water fountain instead of a hydrant.

Henry Lepper, formerly of the Olds wagon works, has taken a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shops.

The Lake City branch of the Grand Rapids and Indiana is practically completed, although there still remains some finishing work to be done. The first train, a freight, went over the line Wednesday.

August Kutsch, the well-known young brakeman on the Pittburg road, who was badly injured a short time ago by having his foot badly lacerated, has so far recovered as to be able to be around. He has been visiting in this city a few days and will return to his home at VanWert, to-day.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Athanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Joseph Huffinger, of Marion, was run down and killed by a freight engine Wednesday night.

Failure.

CINCINNATI, O., May 2.—J. H. & T. Jouvett, wholesale dealers in silk thread and spool cotton at 254 Race street, assigned this morning to C. W. McIntyre. Liabilities, $30,000; assets, $15,000; preferences, $13,000.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

The Legion of Honor (France)] now numbers 53,848 members, of whom nearly 22,000 are civilians.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lebanon has voted in favor of waterworks.

ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

Act gently upon the bowels, giving no uneasiness or distress. The beauty of this great remedy is, that it furnishes nourishment to the system like food, thus preventing all weakening effects or loss of strength, while at the same time it ERADICATES THE POISONS FROM THE BLOOD and builds you up.

Every Man, woman and child may take "Rogers' Royal Herbs" and experience only beneficial results.

It preserves the health.

It is just the thing for delicate women.

It is positively harmless to everything but disease.

It is the Best Blood Purifier in the Market.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

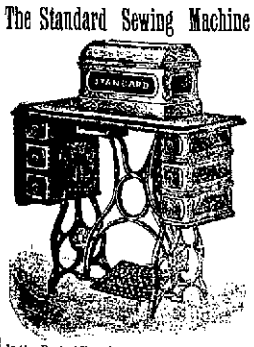
MEDICINE IS A SCIENCE!

Standard • Medical • and • Surgical • Institute!

(INCORPORATED)

For the NEW TREATMENT and cure of all Nervous Diseases, Heart, Throat, Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Tumors, Erysipelas, Eye and Ear, Syphilis, Impotency, Paralysis, Consumption, &c., &c. &c. This new method appeals to the common sense of all, and utterly destroys the absurdity of the claim made by the common traveling doctor and patent medicine vender, which guarantees to cure every disease out of a single bottle of medicine. The STANDARD MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, will pay $500.00 to any case of the above diseases, treated by its staff of Physicians or Surgeons, that is not benefitted or cured. Recommendations and Testimonials from the ablest men in the United States. Call on or address, W. F. Carter, M. D., General Manager, No. 210 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Standard Sewing Machine



Is the Easiest Running machine in the market. You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you.
We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Hose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees, and a complete line of General Hardware.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,
38 & 40 E. COLUMBIA

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. M. E. RIEDEL
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

Best and Choicest Meats.
GOTTLIEB HALLER,
Of the Popular South Side Market, 366 Calhoun St., Branch 77 Hanna St.
Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

J. M. WATSON.
Practical Carpet Layer,
(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)
28 Stophlet Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Carpets made and laid to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. apr15 3m

ALLEN ZOLLARS,
Attorney - At - Law.
MACDOUGAL BLOCK.
Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets.

T. E. COVINGTON,
Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.
Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.
All Seed Warranted Fresh.
No Old Stock.
I will also keep
EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.
Call before buying and save money.
Feb18-dawzmo

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,
No. 8 W. Wayne,
203 CALHOUN STREETS.

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	3
Undershirts	3
Night shirts	5
Socks, per pair	2
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

PAUL E. WOLF.
Steam Carpet Beating.
Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid,
Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.
All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.
PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

C. D. NISWONGER,
Dealer in all Kinds of
Fresh Oysters and Fish
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
NO. 17 1-2 WEST BERRY STREET.
FRESH FISH Dressed Ready for Cooking. 3-6-3m

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters.
8 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

BARR STREET.
House and corner lot $4 000

HOOD STREET.
Lot 25x150, with brick house 2 200

WELLS STREET.
Corner lot, 96x135, with two dwellings on, suitable for business location 5 000

EWING STREET.
House and lot 4 000

HANNA STREET.
House and lot near Lewis street 2 500

GRIFFITH STREET.
House and lot 3 500

MAUMEE ROAD.
House and lot 2 700

HOLMAN STREET.
House and lot 5 500

WEBSTER STREET.
House and lot 4 200

MAPLE AVENUE.
Lot 100x275 ..... 1 100

McCLELLAN STREET.
Lot and two houses, $1,700 and $1,800 separately, or for both 3 400

WILLIAMS STREET.
House and lot 3 400

SOUTH BROADWAY.
Four vacant lots ..... $500 to $600

HOAGLAND AVENUE.
House and lot 2 500

WEST MAIN STREET.
Lot 100x150, brick dwelling 12 000

WEST DeWALD STREET.
Lot 30x150, 1 1-2 story house 2 600

SOUTH HARRISON STREET.
Vacant lot, 76x150 ..... 2 500

SOUTH WAYNE AVENUE.
House and lot 2 200

FIRST STREET, BLOOMINGDALE.
Lot 50x150, two houses 2 000

Butler Street.
House and lot 3 500
House and half lot 1 900

Monroe Street.
House and half lot 2 400
House and half lot 2 200

Superior Street.
Double house and lot 4 700
House and lot 4 000

Columbia Street.
Lot 20x150, with three story brick building 6 000
Lot 20x110, with three story brick building 6 000

Bass Street.
House and lot 1 400
House and lot 1 400
House and half lot 1 400

East Washington Street.
Corner lot, 70x150, with double two story house; room for two more houses 7 500
House and lot 3 500

Douglas Avenue.
House and lot 5 500
House and lot 6 500
House and lot 9 000
Half lot and half double house 2 900

East Berry Street.
Vacant lot, 30x150 ..... 3 000
Vacant corner lot, 70x150 ..... 7 000
Lot 75x150, with two-story frame dwelling 8 250
Lot 100x150, large two-story brick dwelling, modern improvements 17 000

East Jefferson Street.
Lot 75x150, frame cottage house, modern improvements 5 250
Lot 30x150, frame house 4 000
Lot 60x150, large two story brick dwelling 8 000
Half lot and house 2 800

West Jefferson Street.
Corner lot, 50x150, brick house 4 000
Lot 50x150, two-story frame house 5 000
Corner lot, 50x150, two-story brick house 5 500
Lot 50x150, two story frame house, new 4 500
Corner lot, 50x150, 1 1-2 story brick house 4 000

Calhoun Street.
Lot 20x120, three-story brick building, 20x100, price $20 000
Lot 20x120, in the form of an "L," with three-story brick building covering all 20 000
Lot 25x150, with one-story frame building 9 000
Lot 20x120, with three-story brick building, 20x100, finely finished throughout 16 000
Lot 20x150, with two story frame building 4 200
Lot 40x170, with building 40x180, three stores high 10 000
Lot 20x150, two-story brick building 8 000
Lot 40x150, brick, hotel property, South Calhoun street 15 000

West Washington Street.
Lot 50x150, frame house of 7 rooms 4 000
Lot 55x150, large frame house 5 500
Lot 55x150, brick house 9 000
Lot 55x95, two-story frame house of eight rooms 5 000
Lot 55x150, one-story frame house 3 500
Lot 37 1-2x150, two-story frame house 3 800
Lot 50x150, two story frame house 4 200
Lot 25x150, 1 1-2 story frame house 2 600
Lot 50x150, large two-story frame house 4 000
Lot 50x150, frame house, new 5 500

West Berry Street.
Corner lot, 50x150, one brick and one frame dwelling 6 500
Corner lot, 65x150, with two-story frame dwelling 8 500
Lot 160x150, with two-story brick dwelling 15 000
Lot 100x150, with two-story brick dwelling 18 000
Lot 55x150, with brick dwelling 7 500
Lot 100x150, vacant 9 000
Lot 45x150, vacant 3 500
Lot 60x150, vacant 4 500
Lot 50x150, with two-story frame dwelling 6 000
Lot 50x150, with one-story frame dwelling 4 000
Vacant lot, 50x150 ..... 2 500
Lot 50x150, with new two-story dwelling 6 500

West Wayne Street.
Lot 30x150, with two-story brick store building, frame dwelling in rear 5 500
Lot 60x150, fine large residence 10 000
Lot 60x150, with two-story double brick house 6 000
Lot 50x150, fine large brick residence 12 000
Lot 90x150, with two frame dwellings 11 000
Lot 50x150, corner, large fine brick residence 12 000
Lot 50x150, corner, two frame dwellings 6 500
Lot 50x150, with double two-story frame dwelling 4 500
Lot 50x150, with frame cottage dwelling 4 500
Lot 90x150, vacant corner 6 300
Lot 100x150, vacant corner 6 000
Lot 50x150, new brick residence, modern improvements 14 000

ALSO:

Thirty vacant lots in LaSalle's addition	$ 500 to 600
One hundred vacant lots in Hamilton's fourth addition	700 to 2 000
Twenty vacant lots in Williams' addition	1 000 to 1 700
Thirty vacant lots in Bloomingdale	250 to 600
Four hundred vacant lots in Lakeside Park addition	250 to 900
One hundred acre lots in Elizabeth Hanna's new addition	400 to 550
Twenty vacant lots in Huestis & Taylor's addition	350 each.
Forty vacant lots near New Haven toll gate	200 "
Fifty vacant lots north of Main street, near Horton Manufacturing company, price from	200 to 350

Vacant and improved property of all kinds and prices, on nearly every street in the city.

S. C. LUMBARD, Agent,
NO. 3 AVELINE HOUSE,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

The WORKINGMEN'S FRIEND

EXAMINE THESE PRICES.

Men's Sewed Government Shoes, 99cts.

Men's Solid Buckle, Lace, Gaiter or Button Shoes, 99cts.

Gent's Fine Dress Shoes, Seamless, sewed and soild, gaiter or lace, $1.50.

Babies' Kid Button, Leather Soles, 25cts.

Ladies' Elegant Kid Oxford Ties, 50cts.

Ladies' Kid Toe Slippers, 58cts.

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Ladies Fine French Kid Finish Dongola Button, Elegant goods, warranted just as good as any $2.00 Shoe sold, $1.50.

The EMERY SHOE

The Best Medium Price Dress Shoe Sold.
All Calf and Warranted.

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If you want Genuine Bargains Come to the Popular

MASSACHUSETTS - SHOE - COMPANY,

36 CALHOUN STREET.

1st Door North of Main street.

WHAT A MILK PUNCH DID.

An Episode of Frontier Life on the Extreme Line of the Continent.

I crossed the plains the first time in 1851. There was not much exaggerated about it, yet for Injins, snakes, drought, heat, dust and hot, bitter tears I spent about the driest piece of the mountainous route, cold starvation and freezing among the mountains. I was not a Mormon then, and had no love of them nevertheless for the lording up of Zion among my wives. I saw no prospect of a good crown and a golden harp for me in the skies as I should leave my bones on the trail to be cleaned off by coyotes and bleached in the burning sun of the next summer. In my beloved I had been brought up prim-shut. My good old mother was a saint, and I got my natural piety from her.

Well as I say, I had no premonition of a bolt of a lunsoon to heaven from a parson when I started out west as a youth to find a fortune; and when I got into a tight place I never spent much time in prayer, but set about exerting myself to get out. Our train got stuck in Emigration Canyon, south of Salt Lake City. The snow piled down around and over us until we were blockaded beyond all apparent possibility of release. Had no fodder for the stock and it starved. Our own provisions ran out, and we lived on the dead oxen until they had disappeared, and then we ate their hides, and at length were glad to chew and suck at the blacksnakes; that is the lash whacker whips with which we drove the teams. Some of the party prayed, but most of us had to work to make paths through the snow wall and gather wood to keep us from freezing to death. It was the hardest winter I ever experienced, but while it looked as if we should all die right there, I never coddled to the thought, and kept telling the boys that a live dog was better than a dead lion.

Well, we held on until the snow melted, and we got through the canyon skin and bone, but alive, most of us. At Salt Lake our party broke up, unable to go further, and most of its members went into the Mormon Church in order to derive the benefits, temporal, of the order. I recruited there, and when the spring got settled, went on into Nevada, and was one of the party to make a new trail through the country. I became familiar with the country between the Salt Lake Basin and Mexico and the Pacific. By 1857 I was on the Overland, and held the reins over its teams for years. I married a woman who had come out with a party of Mormons, and through her influence I finally joined the Mormon Church, and have never been sorry that I did so. I went into Southern Utah and took up land and became a rancher. There were lots of Injins all over them, and they were mighty bold and at times ugly. I could talk Injin as well as I could United States, and never had any trouble with the vermin because I was always careful to give them no chance to think that I was an enemy to them. They knew me all over the country in Utah and Nevada, and were as friendly as it was possible for them to be with any one upon whom they look with continual suspicion. Once, however, I thought that my family and myself would have to surrender.

A band of Utes under an old chief who had been disturbed by some passing whites came to my ranch one morning at daylight and surrounded my shanty. There was a white man with us who had come down to look out a ranch for himself, and this was the first time he had seen a tomahawk brandished over his head. It made him sick to hear the Injins whoop. I went out and talked with the truck, but they were surly all through. I backed into the house and consulted a bit. There was a big jug of whisky under the bed and I made some stiff milk punch, the Injins whooping away outside. I wanted the stranger to drink, but he was too sick to touch it. I swallowed a bowl of it and went out. Now, said I to the old chief, my wife and children are in the shanty and I don't want them killed. If you will agree to let them take a team and drive to Salt Lake I will give myself up to you and you can kill me as you please. There is a stranger white man in the house who has never wronged you, and I'd like you to let him go, too, but if you must kill somebody, take the men and let the women and children go.

The redskins pulled off to consult and I went into the house. Presently they came up again and said that they had come to a conclusion. It was to the effect that they would spare no one. Men, women, and children had to die and they wanted no more talk. I made up my mind that there was no way out, but I hadn't surrendered. Taking up the bowl of milk punch, I drank deep. Without thinking of it my flesh was making up its mind to die hard. With the whisky spinning through my veins, I went out again armed with a wicked knife and said that as they were determined to kill us all we would die together. It was the boldest game of bluff I ever played and I had only that chance. I told the others might kill the children and my wife, but I would wrestle with the chief. He and I would go to the happy hunting ground together. I drew my knife and started for the chief. My movement was so unexpected and my whole action and bearing apparently so fearless that I frightened the chief and he turned and ran. The band followed him and they disappeared. That milk punch had done the business, said the old man with a smile, as he concluded his story.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tricks of Camels.

Henry Southgate was one of the men engaged in robbing the Indiana National Bank some years ago in what is known as the "orange box robbery," the box being used to stand upon while the thief reached over the glass frame-work upon the counter and lifted out several thousand dollars in bank notes—it was, I think, $20,000 or $25,000.

Southgate's friends pressed an application for pardon on the ground that he was dying of consumption. Governor Hendricks believed his story and pardoned him. "In a very short time after his release Southgate was as lively and healthy as gold-dor as there was in the State," said a prison official. "He had simply been playing the soap trick."

"What's that?"

"Eating soap. The effect was to bleach his skin by producing a dearth of blood, or rather of changing the corpuscles—increasing the white and diminishing the red. There are no secrets connected with the use of soap, and when discontinued the man rapidly gets well.

"Governor Hendricks, naturally enough, was much chagrined over this deception and made an entry in the office to the effect that it was never safe to pardon a man merely because he looked sick. Men in prison will do other things to excite sympathy and make it appear that they are afflicted with consumption.

"Now and then a beaver will work himself in the throat or even cut himself within the throat or under the tongue. This is what sent blood in the possession of the physician, who is by talk in a whisper. So numerous are the cut which stops digestion, and this is followed by a falling off in flesh.

"A short time ago a request was made for the pardon of a notorious criminal in the southern prison on the ground that he was dying. He was upon that showing placed in the hospital, from which he escaped, but was captured four days later."

Little Geniuses.

"If a man cannot be a go of genius, is it worth his while to be a little one?" asks the Atlanta *Constitution*. Some learned man say not. Of the poets who flourished and were famous a hundred years ago, how many are known now? Of all the bright volumes that brought fame to their authors, and made the booksellers of old wealthy, how many can we find upon the shelves of the booksters of to-day? Only a few. And yet their authors, landed by friends and flattered by reviews, threw all their souls into their songs, and fondly dreamed of earthly immortality. The fittest survive, and the world has sorted them out with unerring judgment. From the good it has taken the best, and we are thankful. But these little geniuses—did they live their lives in vain because they are forgotten now? Was all their music meaningless, and did the world never miss it when their lyres were silent? They fulfilled their mission; their songs went home to human hearts and quickened them with feeling. They sang as sang the birds—brief, tender songs that made the world glad for a day; and though their names are now unknown, their graves unmarked, their work has not been unrewarded. So let the little geniuses be of good cheer; their footsteps may not go echoing down the ages, but they may sound very pleasantly in the pathways of to-day. If they feel that they must sing, let no man say them nay; there will be ears to listen, voices to applaud, and hearts to feel. The world needs the low, soft notes of the humble singer, the homely harpings of the little poet, as a rest from the deep bass of the bards sublime.

Wearing a Wife.

A certain Russian nobleman visiting Paris was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and which extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color and was traversed by red veins.

It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger until one day a lady, meeting him in public, ventured to say:

"You wear a very handsome ring."

The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself.

"It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher."

A shudder passed through the whole company.

"This jewel," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since in Russia. She was an Italian and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance which I could carry about with me. Eight days after he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, amid a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on the table. He had, through means of some corrosive substance, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me."

Perseverance.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and asked,—

"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy, "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully. "This is a big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it."

"Just so, just so!" said a gentleman who had overheard the remark. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

He was a doctor, and he thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in this world standing on the corners or sitting in the shops waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come to us. Almost everything worth having, like ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Art in Enameled Jewelry.

"Enameled jewelry," said a manufacturer the other day, "is very much the rage just now, and we have considerable difficulty in getting competent workmen to do the coloring. You see the fashion runs to marguerites, clover leaves, daisies, etc., and much care and artistic taste have to be exercised in laying on the exact shades which when 'fired' will bring out the chosen flowers as nearly as possible to nature's tints. There are very few enamelers—that is, of course, high art enamelers—to be secured in this city, and, strange as it may seem—and yet why should it be anything strange?—one of the best, if not the very best, is a woman. She will not work for less than $100 a week, and she has no trouble in finding constant employment at that figure. She is a splendid colorist and full of suggestions as to designs. Women of such special capacities are always in demand.—*New York Times.*

A Reasonable Excuse.

"Mother, I can never win the medal for good behavior," exclaimed a boy just from school; "I've tried and tried, but some other pupil always gets it."

"But you must keep on trying," said his mother, encouragingly.

"It's no use," replied the boy; I shan't try any more. It's a clean waste of goodness."

When a conscientious father explained to his son that it was his duty to "hide" him for some offense, the son said he was inflexibly opposed to the duty on hides.

A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE.

The Way He Got Even with a Hot-Headed Old Farmer.

One year ago, while I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie, I came to a large fine farm-house. I walked up and gave the door-bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl, as fresh and pretty to look at as a new-blown rose. I bowed with the easy gracefulness of an ace employed book agent, and only attacks of by long and constant practice, and greeted her with me most bewitching smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two sweethearts upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of Heaven.

She seated herself upon the sofa, and I, the king "faint heart never won fair lady," settled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when, just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened and a six-footed, raw-boned, big-fooled young farmer answered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Gol, what in flunder are you doing with that young Great Scott! It's a Look agent!" he ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work. —"

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red-headed —"

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a young cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed; but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing on the doorstep laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to; but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we two shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet goodbye of the horny-handed son of toil.

That night I laid awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheet iron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in an oil-lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hayfield to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door-bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and with a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward, so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick, seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately: "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fail and the Heavens should fall——"

When—well, the Heavens did not fall, but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!

When I picked myself out of a straw pile ten rods away, into which I had been fortunately thrown and therefore not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a mud puddle in the hog yard some fifteen rods away and the girl hanging on the wire fence in the back yard.

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Caught Napping.

Persons who own impulsive tongues may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answered question is unexpectedly put to them. Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the Fourth of July?" and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us napping.

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod-liver oil is made of?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine, all advertisement and humbug."

"I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place, to an old friend. "I hope you will come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"

The very meanings of words are sometimes ignored by rash speakers.

"Yes, I've actually succeeded in getting Mr. C——'s autograph," said a lady, displaying with pride on album leaf adorned by the name of a famous author. "But I dare say his amanuensis wrote it."

One instance more of unexpected questions which find no answer. A gentleman one day stepped into an office full of clerks, and said, brusquely, "Can any of you tell me Carl Jones's Christian name?"

On the spur of the moment, no one could. *Youth's Companion.*

It's a Very Poor Sermon that Does Not Hit Him Somewhere.

At a recent gathering of ministers one speaker told an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who had said some strong things about horse racing. He was told after the sermon that he touched one of their best members at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him."

In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said:

"I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," said the man; "it is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

"It rains on rich and poor alike," we are told; but where does the umbrella come in?—*Puck.*

Her Criticism.

She was visiting her artist cousin's studio upon an invitation to criticise his latest work. He had the canvas upon the easel, and once-a-while touching it up here and there, would walk away a few paces, then turn to observe the effect.

"Fred," said she, finally, "I think I would be afraid to turn my back upon that picture and walk away as you do if I had and desire to punish it."

"Why?"

"Why, I'm almost certain that if I had painted that picture and should get a little mad away from it I would keep on getting and never come back any more."—*Texas Siftings.*

How Soon Are We Forgotten.

A gentleman who lives not a thousand miles from this city has recently been absent from home several months on business. Not long ago his wife received a letter from him, which she began to read aloud at the breakfast table, but she was soon but interrupted by a young son and heir, who apparently found other things more interesting than the letter.

"My child," she said in a tone of maternal rebuke, "don't you want to hear this nice letter from papa?"

"Papa, papa," was the puzzled reply. "Oh, yes; you mean the man who used to live at our house."—*New York Tribune.*

The Danger of an Alarm Bell

Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than the trifling incident described. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this and numberless occurrences far exceeding it in importance are to be regarded with entire composure. Impaired still as fast is a fertile cause of nervous weakness and intolerable mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia or restlessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. Dyspepsia is also speedily eradicated by it, as are malarious, constipation, liver complaint, and infirmity of the kidneys and bladder.

Test of Grit.

President Insurance Company—Want to be appointed a life insurance agent, eh? What experience have you had?

Applicant—None. I will be frank with you, sir. I wish to marry old Moneybags' daughter, and I want to be able to say that I am in business for myself. See?

President—I see. Now, I'll be frank with you. Go to old Moneybags, tell him you haven't a cent, and don't expect any, yet you want to marry his daughter. Of course he'll refuse and kick you out. But if you keep at him and stick to it until he finally consents, I'll appoint you superintendent. *New York Weekly.*

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Juvenile Perplexity.

A member of a certain order invited several brother members to call at his house for the purpose of organizing a Building and Loan Association.

When they had arrived, the gentleman's wife and little son were in the parlor, to whom he introduced his friends as brother so and so.

His son sized each individual up for all he was worth, and when the good-nights were in vogue the party was electrified by the youngster saying: "You may be dad's brothers and my uncles, but I'll be Jim Crowed if I can see any family resemblance."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Michigan Central Railroad Employe Wins His Case, After Seven Years' Contest.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, at Augusta, Mich., my kidneys became diseased and from an impoverished and impure state of the blood my general health was entirely undermined. I consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. In October last I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and am to-day a well man. It affords me pleasure to reader suffering humanity any good that I can, and I wish to say that I think it the greatest blood, kidney and liver medicine in the world.

E. LABELLIERE,
Agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Go West.

Beggar—Please, sir, I am out of work and my family is starving.

Western Man—Out of work? Of course you are. What else could you expect, living here in the effete East? Why don't you go West—the free, the boundless, glorious West yearns for you. That's the place for you, sir. Meet me in Dugout City this day week, and I'll sell you the finest corner lot in Jackrabbitville for only $10,000, and put you up a one-and-one-half story, four-room frame-house, with painted front, for only $10,000 more.—*New York Weekly.*

The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad is the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Ecokuk and Springfield, Ill., and the only direct line between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Lost the Joke.

Managing Editor—What's the matter, Funny Man?

Funny Man—I was reading over this article for errors.

Managing Editor—Well?

Funny Man (gloomily)—Well, I found the errors, but I can't find the joke now.—*Texas Siftings.*

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in *boxes*. Price, 25 cents.

Good Training.

Landlady (to actor)—And you are going to leave me?

"Yes. I only meant to stay until I perfected myself in the part I am going to play this evening."

"What part is that, pray?

"The 'lean and hungry Cassius.'"—*Life.*

One Reason

Why nearly every body should take a good medicine in the spring is because at this season the system is especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the winter rancor impurities accumulate in the blood, the effect of which is most felt when spring comes on, in general weakness and languor. The system craves assistance to maintain the health tone and expel impurities, which Hood's Sarsaparilla really gives. Try it.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A LOVELY WOMAN

overheard one say of her, "By Heaven, she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven only!" Badly health mantled her cheek, yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, and suffering from a dry, barking cough, night sweats, and spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again,—a perfect picture of health and strength.

This wonderful Golden Medical Discovery, now world-famed as a remedy for consumption, which is really lung-scrofula, is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous Skin and Scalp diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments. All scaly, crusty, itching, tumbling, unsightly eruptions yield readily to its curative powers. It invigorates the liver, enriches the blood and promotes all the bodily functions. It is the only liver, blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, that it will do all it is recommended to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. No ordinary remedy could be sold under such positive and trying conditions. To do so would bankrupt its manufacturers. Not so with "Golden Medical Discovery" which outsells every other liver, blood and lung remedy, throughout the civilized world. It's a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; contains no alcohol, to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; as *peculiar* in remedial effects as in its composition; it stands alone, *transcendent* in curative properties, unique in composition, it is backed by a substantial forfeit in case of failure to do all that is claimed for it. There's nothing at all like it, either in composition or curative effects; therefore, don't be induced to take something else represented to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. Every dealer knows it's the best and *only guaranteed* Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE | SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

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25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnishing meals at reasonable hours west of Missouri River, California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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No. 15—16.

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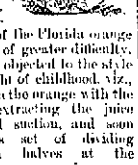
THE LUSCIOUS ORANGE.

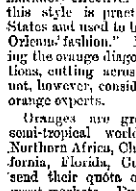
THE EPICURE'S WAY OF CARVING AND SERVING IT.

Skinning and Dissecting the Fruit: There Is No Economy in Buying Sacrificed Cheap Oranges: The Florida Product by Far the Best Sold in Our Markets: Points of Interest.

THERE is little if any economy in buying cheap oranges, writes Allen Forman in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a rule, there is more pulp and juice to one solid "Florida," for which you will pay three or four cents during the season, than in five of the cheaper fruit, which may possibly be sold as low as a cent apiece.

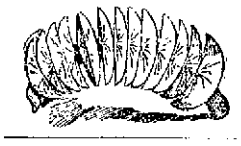
Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. The skin was carefully removed and the fruit separated in its natural sections, and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion was set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice at the top of the orange, at about the arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core; a second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is dexterously performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice, a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method. The native Sicilian, who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife—every Sicilian carries a long, sharp knife for family purposes, as he generally has a vendetta or two on hand—and cuts the orange spirally around, so that it becomes a long strip of peel and pulp. He grabs this strip at either end and draws it rapidly across his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is practiced in the United States and used to be known as "New Orleans fashion." It consists in dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form by orange experts.





Oranges are grown all over the semi-tropical world. Spain, Italy, Northern Africa, China, Southern California, Florida, Cuba, and Palestine send their quota of the fruit to the great markets. But for excellence the Florida orange takes the lead. Florida produces a larger variety of oranges and brings them to greater perfection than any other region in the orange belt. Whether this is to be attributed to the soil, the climate, or to methods of cultivation has not been definitely decided, though I fancy the latter cause has the most to do with the excellence of the Florida fruit.

Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble and has but little to recommend it on score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator and by carefully turning the peel back form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange. The pulp is then bitten off around and around, as a school-boy eats an apple. While this style keeps the hands comparatively clean, it smears the face

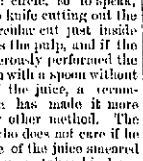


most unpleasantly. The same objection may be urged against the fashion of peeling the orange on a fork and holding it in that way while eating it.

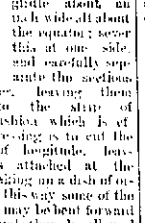
Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit, and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice. At a dinner-table, if the orange-knives are very sharp—a circumstance that rarely happens, by the way—this is perhaps as good a way as any. It is simple and makes no fuss, and there is an air of refinement about touching the fruit only with the knife and fork, if it be gracefully done, which recommends it to many people.

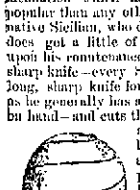
With a mandarin orange, which, as its name suggests, originated in China, none of these methods are practicable. The mandarin is a delicate little fruit, with a strong musky flavor, and its tender skin fits as loosely upon the pulp as does the silken coat of its celestian namesake. Like the Italian and Spanish oranges, its inner skin is dry, and it can be readily peeled and divided into sections. Its first cousin, the tangarine, whose habitat is Algiers and Northern Africa, is a trifle larger, not quite so musky, but possesses all the other peculiarities of the mandarin.

There is no doubt that the orange has been brought to its highest perfection in Florida; larger, juicier, and fuller-flavored fruit comes from the groves of that State than from any other part of the world. Florida malaria does not affect the orange orchards, and it is said that orange growers utilize the disease by getting up in an orange tree when they feel a chill coming on, and let the ague shake down the fruit. The navel orange, so called from the peculiar appearance of the blossom cup at the lower end, is a true seedless orange, and probably stands first among orange lovers. It has hardly any core, the flesh is solid and juicy, and the skin is thin and smooth. Tangerines, mandarins, sweet and sour oranges seem to thrive equally well on the sandy soil which looks as if it would not support a blade of grass. Orange-growers say that the long tap-root of the orange tree passes through the sand into the primeval swamp which underlies all Florida, and it sucks nourishment from the ooze covered whence the orange-grower gets his chills and fever. However that may be, the fact remains that Florida is rapidly approaching the point where she can supply the world with oranges. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than a Florida orange-lot during the season, great heaps of the yellow fruit piled up higher than a man's head; the pungent fragrance and the brilliant color delight the senses, and the low prices that they net home, after transportation and commission fees are deducted, to the farmer mind.



A word or two as to the methods of serving oranges at table may not be amiss here. A simple way is to remove the peel from the top and bottom of the fruit, leaving a girdle about an inch wide all about the equator; sever this at one side, and carefully separate the sections from each other, leaving them all attached to the skin of skin. Another fashion which is effective for table dressing is to cut the skin on lines of longitude, leaving the sections attached at the south pole. In passing on a dish of oranges prepared in this way some of the points of the peel may be bent forward under the orange and others be allowed to stand loosely away from the fruit. Carefully done this makes an orange look like a large yellow flower with a white center. Sliced oranges is too familiar a dish to require any comment, but a very palatable modification is to alternate in the dish layers of sliced banana and sliced orange and cover the whole with a frosting of desiccated cocoanut. The orange do not look quite so pretty if the slices are cut parallel with the core rather than across it, but they are easier to eat. But every housewife knows of dozens of ways of fixing oranges for the table. After all an orange is something like a watermelon. However beautiful and palatable it may be when prepared for the table, it never tastes quite so sweet as when it is plucked from the tree and sucked with the vigorous assistance of both hands to squeeze out the juice.





A Rope of Lads.

A number of boys were skating and sliding. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake and one little chap fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help, no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank, with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, in case the ice should give out and swallow them all up. But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on the ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice. It only took him a moment to remember all that; the next he spoke to his friends after this fashion:

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line quite long enough to reach poor Reuben."

Taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would soon have sunk.

His Honor's Time Was Precious.

A southwest Georgia Justice of the Peace had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded one of the lawyers rose to make a speech in favor of his client.

The Judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minutes later, he interrupted the lawyer by saying:

"Gentlemen, when you finish your speeches, you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me for awhile, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know when you have concluded, and I will return and sentence the prisoner."

It is unnecessary to mention the fact that another young lawyer had his finest effort cut short.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In a Chicago Cemetery.

Stranger—Fine monument you've got there, sir.

Citizen—Yes: that's in memory of my pet game-cock.

Stranger—Who's the little stone for?

Citizen—I ain't dead sure, but I believe one of my wives occupies that locality.—*Judge.*

A Foxy Barkman.

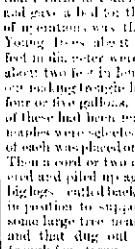
There is a Philadelphia barkman who has a regular bar-room in his carriage. A belt with pockets reaches around the inside and in the pockets are bottles holding beer, whiskey, brandy, sherry, apollinaris, seltzer and all plain drinks. There are also pockets for cigars and cigarettes. He does a rushing trade Sundays and nights after the saloons are closed. His profits outside of what he receives for the actual hire of the hack, are often $10 per day.

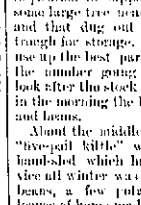
MAKING MAPLE SIRUP.

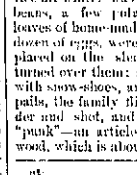
THE OLD-TIME WAY CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF TO-DAY.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times. The Sugar-Making Season. Sugar Parties in the Woods. The Old and Young Sugar Queen.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Vermont farmer and his boy, in the fall of the year when the harvest was ended, would chop their cords of wood and get in their sugar-wood, with which to boil down the sap, and then, when the sugar season came, would be found in the sugar-camp, with their sap-yokes, buckets, troughs, and kettles, all ready for business, there was a time when the sugar-making season was looked forward to with dread by the boys. Then the sap was carried in pails, and the boiling was done in huge kettles hung over a fire built in the open air. Then the sap was gathered in troughs hewed out of logs, and the boiling was done in huge kettles hung over a fire built in the open air. Then the sap was gathered in troughs hewed out of logs, and the boiling was done in huge kettles hung over a fire built in the open air.







SPARTING FOR THE WOODS.

tissue paper or young orators—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the camp the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gouged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, often times walking one-half a mile to secure two pailfuls, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done, comforted the inner man. For Java and Mocha sirup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony, and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. At the end of six weeks, when the party took account of stock, they usually had, all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that came off the trees, and now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or darling chipmunk who ventured too near the trough. This was pure Vermont maple sugar something like 100 years ago.

Another generation realized that the world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets, and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for a kettle, not built of cut stone, but of material easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near by home; the wife or daughter at noon time brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order, and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the type-writer, the idea of a girl tramping a

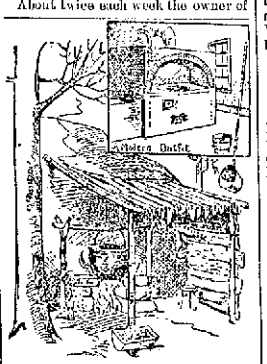
BRINGING THE DINNER.

mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl with her dinner-pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Oftentimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always enjoys. Oftimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order, and some low ranking is indulged in. Lads and lasses join "high brow pack" and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for family use although 100 pounds or more sometimes was exchanged for "store pay." The farmer who then controlled the ancient orchard of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the big men of the town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as carefully as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beech, birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmer's sugar place. Here are the finest sugartops in the world, and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and oftimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly homelike. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land—mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer, and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, reception-room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. This sap is drawn to the sugar-house, and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure sirup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off" day comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of



THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-HOUSE.

a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar-house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and a Vermont girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of puddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a soft- usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go, secure a pint or more of the sirup, and start for a snow bank, upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs eating and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

A Bold Stroke for Fortune.

Young and struggling M. D. (glad to get a small fee)—Now, madam, you will not need me any more. Take care of yourself and you are all right.

Convalescent—Then allow me to pay you, Doctor.

Doctor—Let me see. Ten visits. Well, say $10.

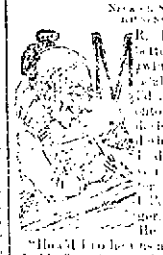
Convalescent—Only $10! Why, Doctor——

Doctor (seized with a happy thought)—Ten dollars a visit.

Convalescent—Ah, that is more like it.

(Receives his check and his fortune is as good as made.)

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.



NEVER A NOSEY HOUSE, NOR NOBODY HOME.

MR. Editor: Ever sence I've been a-livin' on a farm I've always made it a point never to be out when company called. I've always found it the best way to get rid of 'em. Then when they've gone I've always been glad I did. Well, I've come to the conclusion that I'd like to go to Congress. I'm a-goin' to run for Congress. Yours, William Henery.

"How'd I do to be a clerk in a dry-goods store?" said a applicant over to Cobbler Hall the other day. "Now, I kin shake, tell a yarn, quick as I clap my eyes onto him," says William Henery, "but you wouldn't will believe it nuthing a feller see to you, a specialty of he's the sort up an hooks stick an tattoo-ing."

"Well, I ain't one o' ther kind," sez the widder, a-helpin herself to a mode smacking leg, for we was a eatin supper, tired in, they was to bet I want a eaten match. "No," continys the old der, "I heint exactly took in be to marry."

"I shud think not, but youd like to be," sez Willum Henery.

The widder throwed a bone at him, but he dodged it an it hit a feller that was a settin 5 seats further along the on to the coal to the nose an got some grease in to his eye.

"I beig your pardning, sar," sez Sally, "but I was a goin to throw it out to the winder," an she got up an went an was bound and be it to wipe the grease often him, but he wouldnt let her, an got up an went in to another keer, an then she kim back an finished eatin.

"Oh!" sez she, "it's to bad, Miss Snooper, that you shud a got to talkin to such a bad man. Now, the man I was a talkin to was just lovely, an he cood quote potry to beat everything."

But jest then a boy kim along with peenies, an Miss Boggs sed shed take em of him if he wood, an give her 5, but when she went to pay for em she couldnt find her pocket book.

"Land sakes!" gasped she; "where did I put it?"

"Gim me back them peenies; yuno a tryin to swindle me," sez the boy.

But I bed bit mine, an so I tole Willam Henery to pay for em, an the widder cood hand him the change when she found her wallet, and so he did.

The widder looked his an low, but twasnt no where to be found. Then she asked the conductor did he no what bed went with it.

"No," sez he, purty short, "unless thet sharper you was a settin by took it," and he went off. The widder was badly beet, an Willam Henery leclered both of us tell we got up an went to a nother sete, an twant long tell I seen a gal a settin by his side, but I want nun alarmed, for after thuyd talked a while she lade her hed onto the back o the sete an went to sleep, an purty quick Wm. Henery was a seatin to with his mouth wide open, an he waked the gal an him selt to, and they talked sum more, and then she was a goin to git off the keers and he must go help her, and it seamed to me he was gone considable of a spell. When he kim back he sot down by the widder an me an begin braggin on thet gal.

"I tell you she was purty," ses he, "an jolly, to, for she throde me a kiss when she frame started."

"What time air it?" sez I, kindy hotty.

"Why—why——" ses he, fur his watch was gon, an so was his wallet; thet purty little gal hed tuck em.

"Well," ses he, "of that don't bang bob tail!"

"Willam Henery," ses I, ramly, "do not use slang!" An there we was, an not a cent betwixt us. We felt purty cheap, I tell you, but Hester Ann kim to meet us, an so we got threw all rite; an, sir, I want mutch sorry Sally an William Henery was in to the same bote with me. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

A Regular Sell.

A shabby-genteel sort of a man knocked at the door of a small suburban villa. The one servant of the establishment was out, so the mistress herself opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked, rather sharply, not much liking his appearance.

The man looked at her, opened his eyes wide as if struck with amazement, and said:

"Well, madam, I don't want anything. I see I've made a mistake. The fact is, I've come to the wrong house."

Then he murmured, but sufficiently loud for the lady to hear:

"What a complexion! Never saw such a lovely one in all my life! The pink and white seem to melt into one another. Beautiful! beautiful! If all ladies had such complexions, I might as well go into the workhouse at once!"

The lady had listened to his eulogy on her complexion with visible pleasure, and, noticing that the man had a box under his arm, asked:

"Have you anything to sell?"

"Well, madam I have, and I haven't, at least, not to you; for you don't require what I have to sell. So I'll say good day, madam, and must apologize for troubling you."

"Wait a minute. What is it you have to sell?" inquired the lady, her curiosity being aroused.

"I have, madam—I repeat, it is no good to you—I have, madam, a wonderful wash for the complexion. It's called the 'lily and rose bleach,' and is prepared from a recipe nearly a hundred years old, and was used with fascinating effect by some of the great beauties of France. But, good day, madam. I won't detain you any longer; as I said before, you don't require a complexion wash. Art, madam, great as it is, cannot compete with Nature."

He gave an intense glance of admiration at the lady, took off his hat, retreated two steps, and then stopped to fiddle with the clasp of his box.

"Is it really good for the complexion?" asked the lady.

"Wonderful, madam, wonderful! but as I have said——"

"How much is it a bottle?"

"One shilling, madam, or two bottles for one and nine. But——"

"I'm half inclined to try a bottle," hesitated the lady.

"Of course, madam, if you feel charitably disposed, and would like to make a present of a bottle or two to some lady friend who suffers from the great detriment to beauty, a bad complexion—good complexions are very rare, madam—I say, should you feel charitably disposed madam, why, that's another thing."

"Well, I'll take a bottle."

"Two for one and nine, madam," said the man, insinuatingly.

"Very well, give me two, then."

"Thank you, madam. Good day, I'm extremely obliged to you, ma'am."

Said the lady to herself as she walked indoors: "What a well-spoken gentleman—quite gentlemanly. It's a pity he can't get on with better employment than peddling."

Said the man to himself as he walked down the street with a bottle in each pocket like cases on his face: "That was an hasty bit of the worst complexion I've ever seen. I—I—I—

ROOT & COMPANY.

Check Challies!

One of the neatest, most durable dress fabrics received this season, is a lot of 31 inch challies in small and medium checks, exceedingly stylish—good for Ladies' and Misses.

Price 35 Cents.

—

ALL WRAPS

Remaining

Will be sold at

ONE THIRD OFF.

—

KID GLOVES!

Still another large shipment of new kids has reached us a five button kid—as good as any of our regular $1.25 kids. Nice choice shades.

83c a pair.

CARPETS!

LACE CURTAINS.

Do you think we could sell as many Carpets and Curtains as we do if our patterns were not superior and the quality the very best for the money. Some

CHOICE INGRAIN CARPETS

Come in Thursday. We don't know but what you would take them instead of a Brussels.

They are so handsome AND THE QUALITIES SUPERIOR.

Come and look at them.

ROOT & COMPANY

SURPRISE NO. 14,608.

Wall paper men are advertising that one might believe they would give the world for a cent, and that you ought to drop in occasionally and see their goods.

Now here are facts—just you drop in semi-occasionally or oftener, at F. H. Troop's, 68 East Main street, where you will find borders from 1 band up and in fact everything in the wall paper line, and at prices that goes them one better everytime.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.

Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.

TELEPHONE, No. 230.

RIVERS & SON,

General Contractors For All Kinds of

PAINTING and DECORATING,

No. 70 Calhoun Street.

Leave orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

WALL PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. Meade C. Williams is in the city.

Mr. J. D. Bond has sold his interest in Park place.

The O. & O. club will go to Maxinkuckee June 22.

Mr. Edwin Jackson has accepted a position with the Press.

There will be twenty one events in the coming field-day sports.

The excavation for the new O.M. Fellows block is nearly finished.

Mr. John Noegle, known as "Camp-meeting John," is in the city.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The social clubs are closing their events for a rest during the summer season.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shaffer, of 171 Superior street—a ten-pound daughter.

Mr. R. T. McDonald has purchased the property of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Keel on Broadway,

Mr. Louis Curdes, of the organ works, is erecting a handsome home in Williams' addition.

Mrs. Paul Kiedel, of Milwaukee, is the guest of her brother, D. L. Mason, of 298 Calhoun street.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAfee, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, are visiting their son and family at 331 South Hanna street.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Baldock is quite seriously ill and it is feared the little one has scarlet fever.

The State Pharmaceutical convention will meet at Maxinkuckee early in June. A number of the druggists in this city will attend.

Born to Blacksmith Rose and wife, corner of Madison and Clay streets, a young blacksmith, almost large enough to shoe horses.

Mr. Henry Heidenrich, who had his leg injured at the Fort Wayne Iron works nine weeks ago, fell and again injured the limb yesterday.

H. N. Coffinberry, who was formerly the Wabash railway company's train-master here, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for county auditor at his home, Garret, Indiana.

Mr. Frank Squires, who was chief clerk at the Rich hotel for a long time, is in the city. Mr. Squires has been managing the Ross hotel at Garrett, Ind., and is taking a much needed vacation.

The board of managers of the Fort Wayne Electric club met last night and decided to have an excursion to Warsaw, June 21. They aim to make it the biggest excursion to that resort this season.

The Talbot Paving company of Detroit, have fitted up handsome office apartments in the Pixley-Long block, where their headquarters will be while the pavements for which they have contracts are being laid.

The new bell in St. Paul's Catholic church will be blessed to-morrow. Bishop Radamacher, of Nashville, will conduct the ceremonies, assisted by Father Koenig. The Father Edward council, C. B. L., will turn out in uniform.

The officers of the different Catholic societies have been requested by Father Delaney to meet Monday evening for the purpose of electing a marshal for the demonstration attendant upon the corner stone laying of St. Patrick's church. The corner stone will be laid Sunday, the 18th inst.

The reception and hop given by the Nonpareil club at the Rifles' armory on Wednesday evening was the last of a series given by that society. It was a fitting finale to the club's social season, being by all odds the most elegant affair yet given under its auspices. The attendance numbered seventy couples. There was no dearth of happiness and the entire affair passed off a big success.

Manager Geary will pitch the tent of his new traveling show on the vacant lot on Calhoun street, near Rich's Hotel, next Monday morning and will show the people what he has for two days. Wednesday he will leave on his summer tour and return to the city again in August, when the World's Museum will be re-opened. Mr. Geary has made himself a fixture here and our citizens will wish him success in his summer campaign.

The Allen county medical society held an annual meeting yesterday afternoon. The re-election of Dr. A. P. Buchman, president, and Dr. Howard McCullough, secretary, was unanimous. Dr. McCullough was elected a delegate to the meeting of the American medical society at Nashville, Tenn., and Drs. E. K. Wheelock and G. W. McCaskey were elected delegates to the Indiana State Medical society's meeting to be held at Indianapolis.

Property owners wishing to build their own sidewalks must hereafter file a bond in the sum of $5,000. This is done to protect the city from damage suits. A case at point, and one which inspired the adoption of this rule, was one in which the wife of Mr. Frank Tyrell was awarded damages against the city for injuries sustained by a carriage upsetting over a pile of bricks on Fairfield avenue. The bricks were in front of the premises of J. A. Sperrisen, who was building his own side walk and he, not having been compelled to file a bond, could not be held responsible.

The Fawn cigar is the best 5-cent cigar in town. Try it.

Potatoes, Flour and Butter Down.

Best Early Rose Potatoes, per bushel 40c.

South Whitley Mills Flour, $4 barrel.

Best new grass butter 15c lb.

Good jar butter, 10c lb.

Cooking butter 8c lb.

Best sugar cured hams 11c lb.

Choice breakfast bacon 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The last day of the 20 PER CENT. OFF Sale at MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

If you wish to have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired, have it done at A. KOENIG'S, 176 Calhoun St., opp. Library Hall. First class work done. 8-31

Do you know Tait Sisters will sell you millinery goods next week for one-half that others ask. No. 26 East Wayne street, near Fruit House.

Phillip Phillips' program tonight is picturesque America and British Columbia. It is the best night of the series, at the Baptist church.

Home-Seekers' Excursion via Wabash Railroad.

On Tuesday, May 20th, the Wabash line will sell tickets to points west at one fare for the round trip, good for return passage thirty days from date of sale. For full information apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

7-wlt-d10t

Smoke the Fawn cigar. The best 5-cent cigar in the city.

On account of the second annual musical festival to be held at Indianapolis, May 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1890 the "Monon Route" will make reduced rates for all those desiring to attend. Tickets on sale May 13 to 17 inclusive, and returning May 18. For ticket and other information call on or address

W. H. FISHER, General Pass. and Ticket Ag't. Or City Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun street. 3-13t

WANTED—A girl for general house work. Wages $4.00 per week. Inquire at 120 West Berry street.

WANTED—Ten laborers on sewers, Monday morning. Apply to Jas. Madden, plumber, 101 Calhoun street.

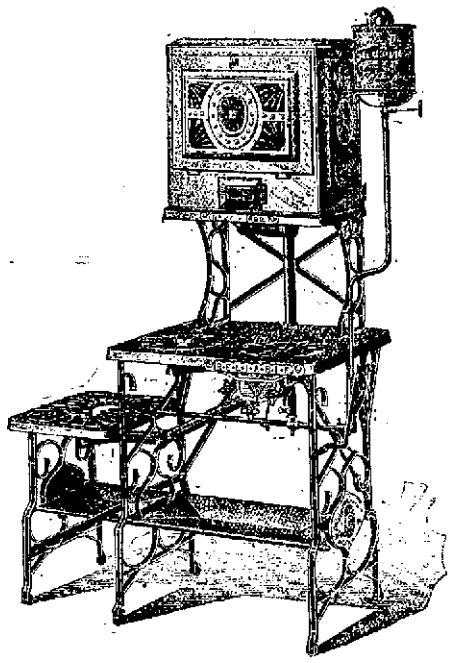
WANTED—Five men to canvass for the Lowe sewing machine. Call at 56 East Columbia street.

FOR SALE—One team of mules, harness and wagon, cheap. Inquire of W. H. Bassett & Son.

PICKARD BROS.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Natural Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Summer Use.



The above cut represents a new addition to our already large line of "RELIABLE" Gasoline Stoves. It is a stove that will do more work for the amount of floor space it takes up, than any other pattern ever brought out. The generator is placed at the end, under the half low-down shelf. The oven is below top of stove, is removable, and stands at convenient height. When oven is not in use you have two powerful burners underneath to cook on, thus making four cooking grates in the space of a two-burner end stove. This new style will be found very desirable where a large amount of work is required in a small space. "RELIABLE" Stoves are Fully Guaranteed in Every Particular.

GLOBE CLOTHING COMPETITION.

HANDSOME DRESS SUIT

to the

MOST POPULAR RAILROAD MAN.

This handsome Suit was made by Ed. Lewis, Tailor, for R. Ballentine of Salt Lake City.

Ballot closes June 15. Cut this out and send to

GLOBE,

One Price Clothiers and Furnishers, Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

MALONIA

—THE NEW—

R·U·S·S·I·A·N

REMEDY

FOR ALL LIVER DISEASES.

MALONIA Strengthens the Liver and Cures Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all Diseases of the Liver. For sale by

BENEKE & CO., No. 210 Calhoun Street.

PRICE: 50c, and $1.00 Per Bottle.

GARDEN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Twelve acres of land without improvements, south of New Haven gravel road, half mile east of toll gate. Price, $2,000.

Twenty acres, cleared and in grass on Illinois road, three miles west of city. Price, $2,000.

Ten acres improved land, frame house, two stables, frame barn and fruit. Situated three miles east of city on New Haven gravel road. Price, $2,500.

Ten acres improved land, brick house and frame barn, located just west of Hoagland cemetery. Price, $3,000.

Twenty-three and one-half acres on gravel road, opposite McKinnet farm. Two and one-half miles from city. Good new frame bath, well fenced, and young orchard. Price, $1,650.

Three and thirty-two one hundredths acres on gravel road, between St. Joe river bridges, and cars run for feeble minded. Would make good little garden, or sell in lots. Price $1,500. S. C. LEMMAN, Agent. 1671 No. 2 Archer House.

Good Music. Latest Music.

KINSELL CORNET BAND.

Best Uniformed Band in the State.

For Terms, Address,

E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,

may3-eod 1m Hoosierdom, Indiana.

LOST—On Sunday morning, between Washington and Main streets, a gold necklace, not very large, and no charm on it. Finder will please return it to this office.

BRAND NEW!

The 5 and 10 Cent Store,

At 58 Clinton Street,

—AND—

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE AND CHINA,

AT 15 COURT STREET,

Same Room in Foster's Block,

Most cordially invite you to see the

NEW STOCK

And get their LOW PRICES.

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Lamps, Glass Sets, Vases, Woodenware, Toys, Notions,

Anything you want or need. Come early and see us.

5 AND 10 CENT STORE.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

The Largest, Strongest, Cheapest and Best in the World.

Largest Outstanding Assurance. Largest New Business Written in 1889. Largest Surplus.

The following are the most important items of the THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT of the EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY:

Outstanding Assurance December 31, 1889	$691,016,666
New Assurance Written in 1889	175,264,100
Premium Income in 1889	25,857,523
Interest and Other Income	5,036,765
Total Income	30,390,288
Payments to Policy-holders	11,342,858
Assets	$107,150,309
Liabilities (per cent.)	84,329,235
Surplus	$22,821,074
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities	127 per cent.

These figures show, as compared with the Statement for 1888;

An Increase in Outstanding Assurance of	$81,800,540
An Increase in New Assurance of	21,330,565
An Increase in Premium Income of	3,809,710
An Increase in Total Income of	3,424,811
An Increase in Assets of	12,107,386
An Increase in Surplus of	2,026,359

Send for illustrations of the Equitable Society's twenty-year tontine policies, showing the following unprecedented results at maturity:

On "Endowment" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, varying according to age, from 6½ to 7 per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 4½ to 5 per cent. per annum.

On "Twenty-payment life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with simple interest, at the rate of from 4½ to 5½ per cent. per annum, or COMPOUND interest of from 3½ to 4½ per cent. per annum.

On "Ordinary life" policies a return in cash of all the premiums paid, with from 2½ to 4 per cent. simple interest, or compound interest of from 2 to 3½ per cent. per annum. Call on or address,

M. E. ARGO, Agent,

62 CALHOUN STREET.

D. C. FISHER,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

No. 32 EAST BERRY STREET.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 42 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE,

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

Leaders in Low Prices

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods

and Notions.

We not only lead on low prices but we have all the New Desirable Things of the season. We make specialties of Chenille Curtains, Lace Curtains, Irish Point Curtains, Imported Madras, Plain and Dotted Swiss, Low Price Scrims, &c., &c.

While all our other Departments, embracing Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Embroideries, Corsets, Jackets, Wraps, Umbrellas, Linens, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c., &c., will be found Complete, at popular and

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

One Price to All.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

B·I·C·Y·C·L·E·S!

The World-Renowned

SWIFT, NEW RAPID, CONVENTRY RIVAL RUDGE QUADRANT AND MIDLAND BICYCLES & SAFETIES.

BOYS' SAFETIES FOR $25.

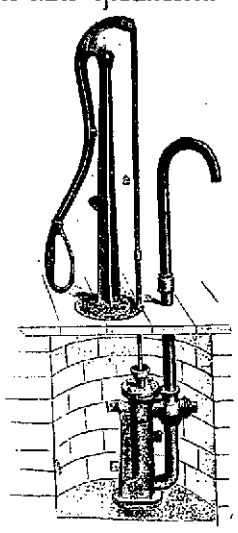
Lanterns, Cups and Bicycle Supplies of kinds, of

A. B. WHITE CYCLE CO.,

OR AT MORGAN & BEACH,

Fort Wayne Ind.

A NEW INVENTION.



Try the New Double Acting Force Pump. An excellent pump for all purposes. It works like a charm and should be in every well. By attaching a hose, can be used in case of fire, sprinkling streets or lawn. Is the best pump for cistern, windmill, kitchen or yard, always in order and the most substantial made. Pumps sold at very low prices.

AUGUST REILING,

Inventor and Manufacturer, No. 70 Pearl street, corner Ewing street. Territory For Sale.

SPECIALS for TO-DAY

THE BEST Line of All-wool Men's Suits in the city for $10

THE BEST Line of All-wool Pants in the city for $3

THE BEST Imported Pique Bosom Dress Shirt in the city for $1

THE BEST Soft and Stiff Hats, all shades, in the city for $1

THE BEST Child's Suits, all-wool ages 4 to 14, in the city for $3

THE BEST Boys' Suits, all-wool, ages 14 to 19, in the city for $6

The Best Line and Newest Styles of GENTS' NECKWEAR in the city for 25c. and 50c.

Our Stock is Replete With Hundreds of Bargains Which We Will be Pleased to Show.

Friend's Enterprise One-Price Clothiers, Hatters and Gent's Furnishers,

62 AND 64 CALHOUN ST., COR. BERRY.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photos and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

Good L. JUNK, No. 181 Calhoun St.